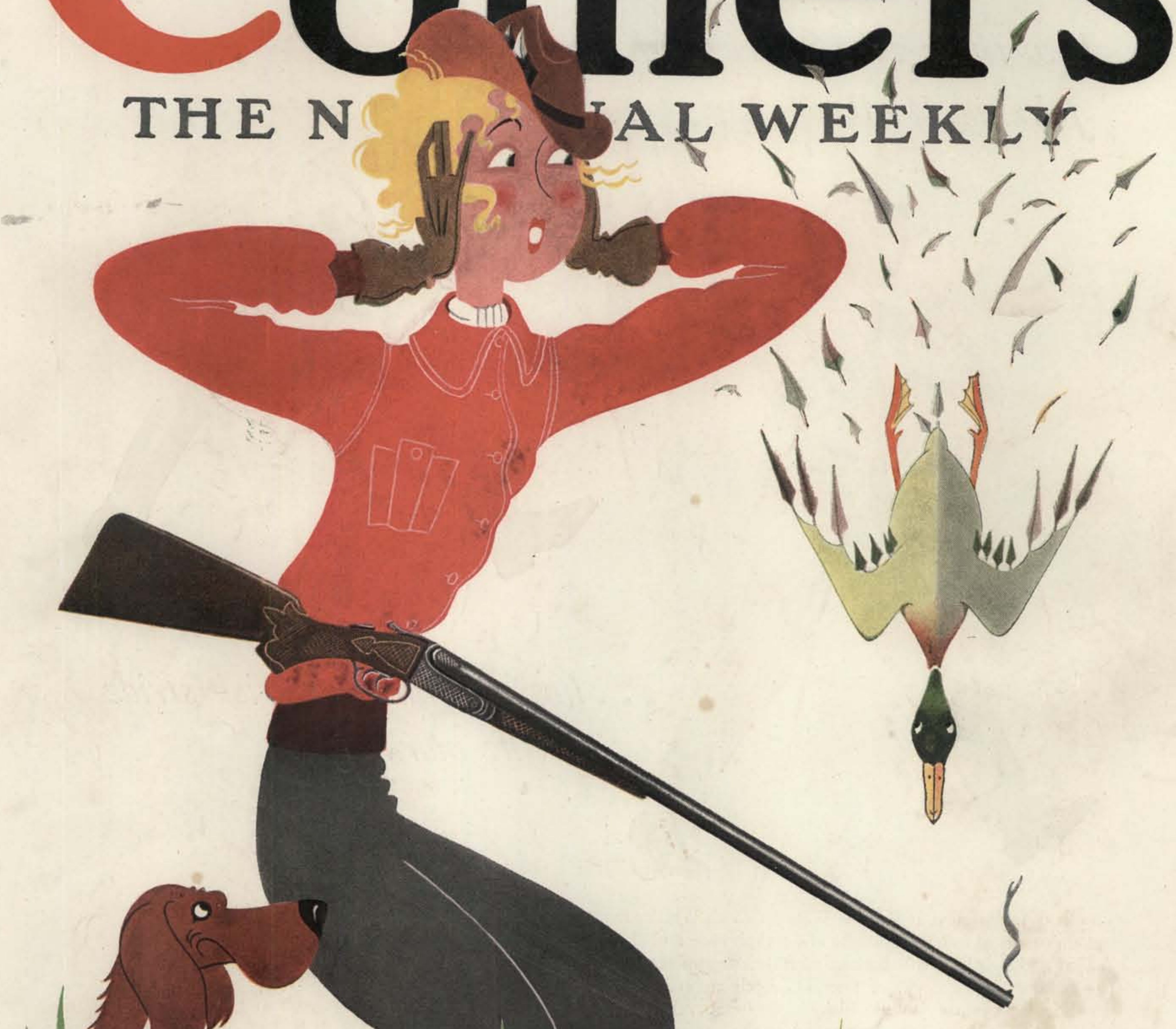
November 14, 1936

5¢ a copy

Collier's

THE N AL WEEKLY



Frederick Hazlitt Brennan **Gouverneur Morris**
W. B. Courtney **Dr. Victor G. Heiser** **Faith Baldwin**

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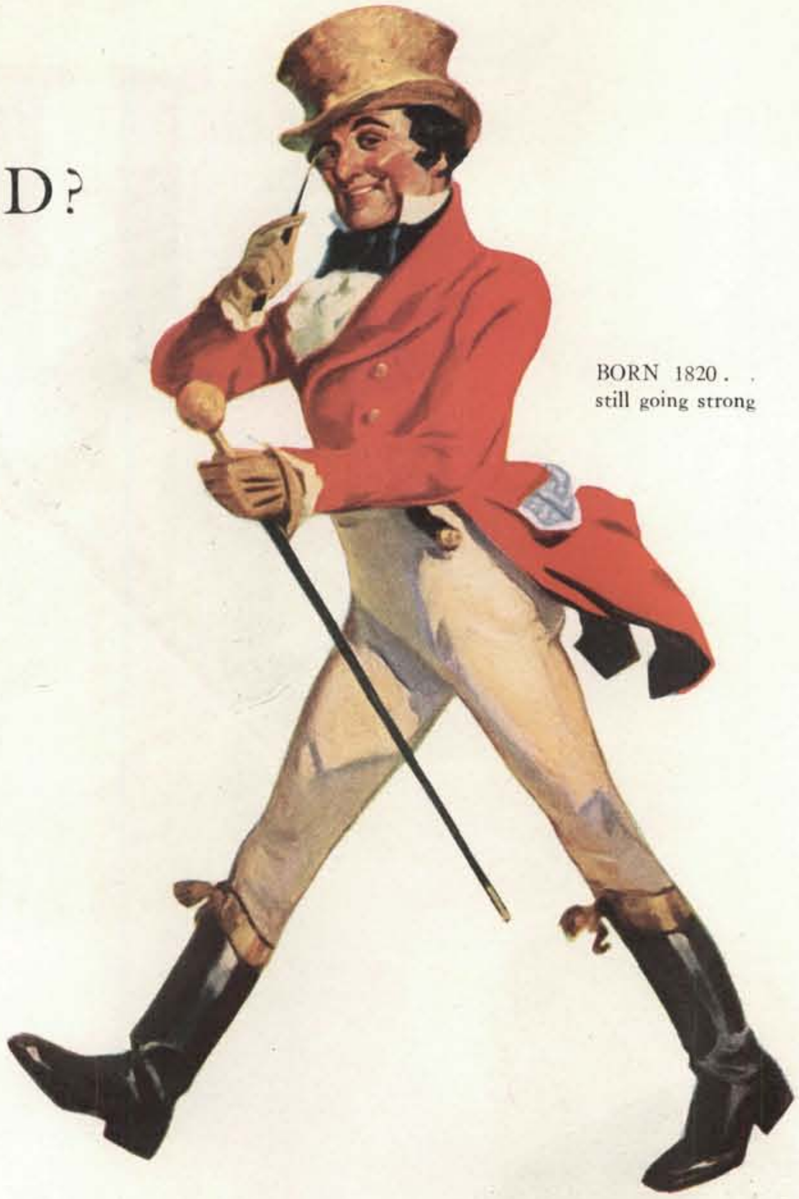
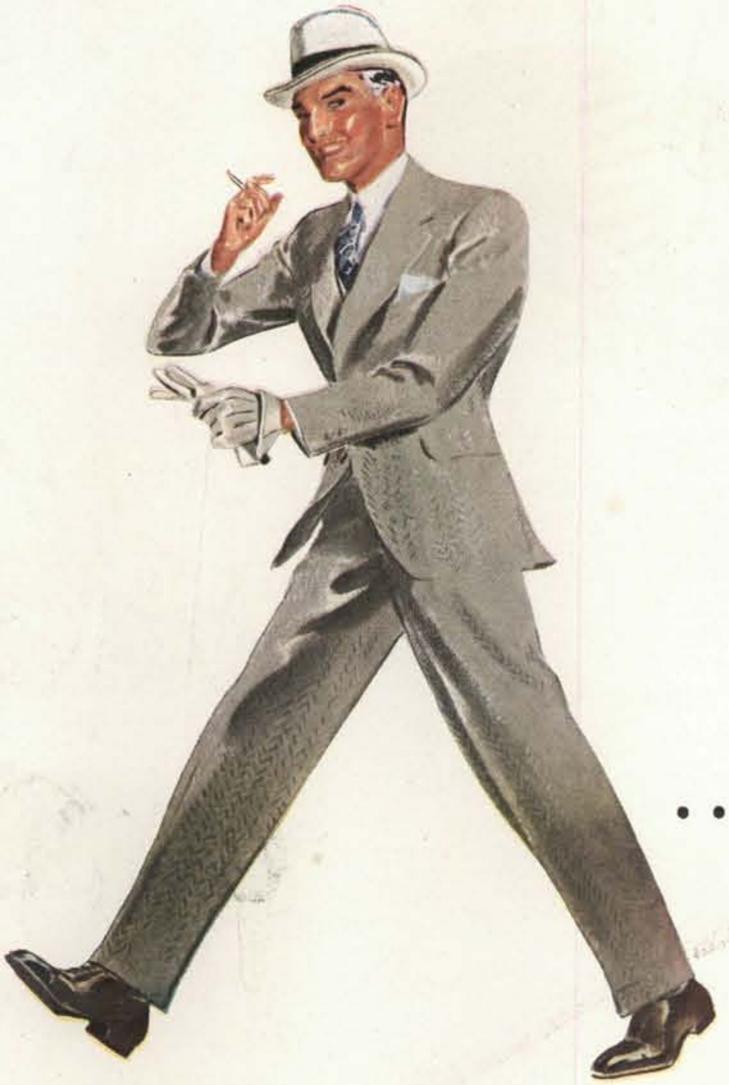
v 14 1936

HAVE YOU NOTICED?

how those who "stick with Johnnie Walker". . . . . .



BORN 1820. .
still going strong



. . . have a familiar brisk stride in the morning!

THE FINE friendliness of Johnnie Walker Scotch Whisky is not mere chance, but the result of four generations of Scottish care and skill. Since 1820 John Walker and Sons have collaborated with time to produce sound, honest whisky. Choice and ample stocks of fine old Scotch are stored away in the Walker warehouses to assure Scotch whisky at its best . . . this year and through the years to come. Not a drop ever goes into the famous square bottle until time has gently smoothed it into the mellow, delightful whisky that all the world knows as Johnnie Walker.

That's why . . . before dinner and after . . . at bars or at home . . . it's a sensible idea, to "stick with Johnnie Walker." An evening with this genial gentleman means a fresh and pleasant tomorrow.

86.8 proof.

JOHNNIE WALKER

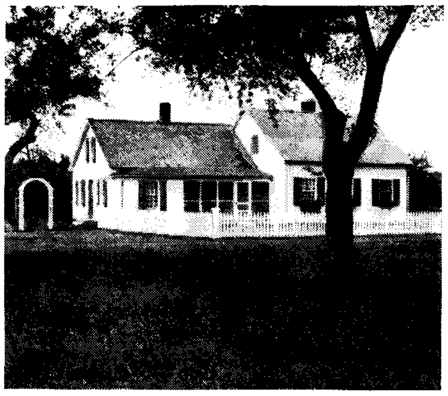
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. All Red Label 8 years old; Black Label, 12.

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., N. Y.; SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

TODAY'S INVESTMENT FOR TOMORROW'S SECURITY

World Travel — A travel fund may be conveniently accumulated by regular investment in Savings Bonds. The extra dollars added to your savings will increase vacation pleasure.



A Home in the Country — If you wish to own a farmhouse, you can accumulate funds for its purchase through investment in Savings Bonds.

HERE is a safe, simple and convenient way to add one dollar to every three that you can set aside for future security. Write a check each month, payable to the Treasurer of the United States for investment in a United States Savings Bond. This bond, held for ten years, will return 33⅓% more than you invested.

Look at the table below, select the Savings Bond you are able to buy regularly. The Treasurer of the United States will forward you full information concerning the Regular Purchase Plan upon your request on the coupon.

QUICK FACTS ABOUT UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

They are direct Obligations of the Government.

Your investment will increase 33⅓% if held for ten years. Bonds are available in the denominations shown in the coupon.

Interest Accrues at the Rate of 2.9% Per Annum Compounded Semiannually, provided the bond is held to maturity.

May be Redeemed in Cash after 60 days from issue date, in whole or in part.

Free From Price Fluctuation. The fixed cash redemption values, which are never less than the purchase price, are printed on the face of each bond.

Ownership. They may be registered in the name of an individual, a trustee, a corporation, or any other legal entity.

Ownership by Two Persons. They may be registered in the names of two (but not more than two) individuals. Such bonds may be redeemed by either person named as coowner.

Beneficiary Can be Named. You may register your bond with the name of a beneficiary to whom, on request, your bond will be payable or reissued in the event of your death.

Protection Against Loss. Should your bond be lost, or destroyed, a duplicate will be issued upon proof of loss and proper indemnity.

Tax Exempt both as to principal and interest to the same extent as other Treasury bonds, as more fully defined in Treasury Circular No. 554.

$10,000 Maximum in One Year. It is permissible under the law authorizing these bonds that $10,000 (but not more than $10,000) maturity value, issued during any one calendar year (Jan. 1 to Dec. 31), may be held by any one person. An additional $10,000 maturity value issued during each or any subsequent calendar year may be so held.

Leisure for Recreation—The security which investment in Savings Bonds brings will afford leisure to enjoy fishing, hunting, tennis and golf.

Education — Begin now to provide a college education for your child by monthly investment in Savings Bonds. Held for ten years they add one dollar to every three.

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

The Basis of a Secure Future

The maturity values of United States Savings Bonds, bought at regular intervals and not redeemed prior to maturity, will be payable, at the same intervals as the purchases, ten years from the respective issue dates.

For example, the purchase of a $25 denomination bond (present price $18.75) each month for 120 successive months will result, if each bond is held to maturity, in an ownership of $3,000, maturity value, of these bonds, payable during the following ten years by the United States Government on the first day of each month at the rate of $25 per month. Likewise—

Amount you invest each month for 120 months	Maturity Value in 120 months	Payable each month for 120 months starting in 10 years
$37.50	**$6,000**	**$50 per month**
75.00	**12,000**	**100 " "**
93.75	**15,000**	**125 " "**
187.50	**30,000**	**250 " "**
375.00	**60,000**	**500 " "**

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TO ORDER BY MAIL

TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES, DEPARTMENT 1104, WASHINGTON, D. C.

☐ Please send me without obligation your Regular Purchase Plan and forms for my consideration and optional use.

☐ Send me the following bonds for which I enclose check, draft, or money order.

NUMBER			
....	**$25** United States Savings Bonds at	**$18.75**	**$** ....
....	**$50** United States Savings Bonds at	**$37.50**	**$** ....
....	**$100** United States Savings Bonds at	**$75.00**	**$** ....
....	**$500** United States Savings Bonds at	**$375.00**	**$** ....
....	**$1000** United States Savings Bonds at	**$750.00**	**$** ....
		Total	**$** ....

Register in the name of and send to

Name {Miss / Mrs. / Mr.} ______________________________

Street Address ______________________________

City ______________________ *State* ______________

Make all checks payable to the Treasurer of the United States.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Next Week

MR. DAMON RUNYON, who is favorably known to one and all and likewise knows one and all, sometimes favorably and sometimes not, writes about a character by the name of Asleep. This Asleep is once accounted one of the greatest characters in the world in his line—which consists in taking care of anyone that somebody wishes taken care of. Asleep's feelings are hurt no little whenever some uncouth character refers to him as a torpedo or a trigger.

Now this Asleep is finally lumbered and sent to college and when he is in circulation again he cannot find any customers. Then he reads about a war in a place by the name of Spain and, feeling there must be employment for a character of his experience, goes there. "Situation Wanted" is a very unusual story.

WE HAVE spent so much time boasting about what fine roads we have that few of us realize how inadequate they are. Our roads have fallen behind our cars and it's high time we did something about it. This something will include rearranging some cities to suit the highways and a great deal of new construction, but it will be worth it to us. Dividends of safety and swift transportation will be ours. John T. Flynn presents the facts.

IF GEORGE BENTHAM had not happened to be the 300,000th patron of the St. Denis bar he might never have realized that luck had tagged him, that for a day he had "The Golden Touch." All sorts of grief might have lain in store for him, including the wrong girl. But, as Frank Kilroe engagingly explains, George was the 300,000th.

THIS winter may linger in the minds of men as of great historical importance; in women's minds it will be the year in which furs finally came into their own. It behooves you to be well posted, and Ruth Moore Morriss is here to help.

YOU will be startled to come upon Mr. Stanley Paul's popular subdeb Pinky Batchelder in the company of a bespectacled anthropologist. Anthropologists, however, are acquainted with primitive customs and one primitive custom is dancing. This one was so primitive as to be extremely smooth. The story is called "A Trick Up Her Sleeve."

ADDITIONAL entertainment and enlightenment are provided by Faith Baldwin, "Tiny" Thornhill, Alan LeMay, Jim Marshall, Frances Park, William MacHarg, Ernest Haycox, Kyle Crichton, Hugh MacNair Kahler and others. You'll feel fine.

This Week

●

November 14, 1936

Cover by George de Zayas

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
You've Got to Be Human. A girl who improved herself—too much. Page 7

KYLE CRICHTON
Camera Shy. Madeleine Carroll in pretty confusion. Page 9

FAITH BALDWIN
The Heart Has Wings, Part II. Dangerous ground. Page 10

W. B. COURTNEY
There's Music in the Air. Heroism alow and aloft at Langley Field. Page 12

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
The Baron's Lady. She had a flair for success. Page 14

LUCIAN CARY
Million Dollar Contract. They asked for it. Page 16

C. E. "TINY" THORNHILL with FRANK J. TAYLOR
Head First. Win or lose before the whistle. Page 17

ALAN LeMAY
Dark Tropic Sea, Part IV. A sharp instrument. Page 18

DOROTHY BENNETT
Nocturne. A busy evening at home. Page 20

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Beauty Treatment, by Dana Burnet. Page 22

RAY BENSON
Duck Bills. The mallards take heart. Page 24

DR. VICTOR G. HEISER
You Need a Change. Habits to get rid of. Page 28

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Odd ones. Page 51

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The Struggle for Peace. Page 74

●

Any Week

NOBODY could have been more innocent than we when we asked Kyle Crichton, some time ago, to write a story about violins—"Fiddler's Friend." Had we been in a reminiscent mood instead of thinking as usual in terms of today and tomorrow we might have foreseen the result and hesitated. Since that story was published we've had a flood of letters from you readers telling us that it sent you scurrying to your attics where, to your utter amazement, that old fiddle your family had owned since Grandpa wore short pants was the creation of Nicolo Amati of Cremona or of Antonius Stradivarius, who learned his trade in the Amati shop. Consequently, we've been offered Guarneris, Stainers and Zanetto Peregrinos, all ancient and without doubt authentic. If it keeps up we're going to begin a general sneering at the Kreislers, Heifetzes and Spaldings, who pay huge sums for Amatis and Stradivariuses, thinking they're rare.

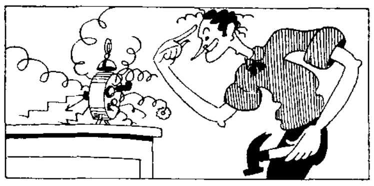
WE MAY as well confess that your letters sent us to our own attic thinking of that long-gone day when mother bought us a violin at Mr. Morgan's music store. She was sure that we were going to be a great artist like Paganini, Eugène Ysaye or Ole Bull. Father didn't hold with her at all. All he hoped was that we weren't going to turn out to be a complete idiot. But our garret explorations justified our suspicions. The violin was still there but it was just one of old Mr. Morgan's five-dollar fiddles, which, to Father's uncloaked satisfaction, we were never able to master. He couldn't even whistle straight. But he was a wow with the hammer and saw.

SOMEHOW the whole thing makes us suspect that Mr. Edmund T. Dailey of Roanoke, Virginia, isn't wholly wrong. He says that there are "too many born plumbers painting bad pictures, men behind a plow who should be behind a counter and vice versa." He thinks WPA is responsible for part of this clearly deplorable situation. "Instead of creating jobs to conform to what applicants think they ought to be doing," says he, "the government ought to find out what they can do, if anything, and put them at that. If they aren't trained to anything, give them government jobs."

BUT perhaps we'd better drop the subject and turn to the stern realities for which this magazine has become justly famous. We get away to a flying start with the aid of Mr. Edwin B. Kosterland of San Francisco, California. He's a lawyer. "A gentleman came to my office," says he, "demanding that I start action for divorce. His wife voted for Roosevelt and he for Landon. Patriotism started it all. My client told me that he refused to support her any longer because she was a red radical and that her vote was sufficient evidence."

AND the Reverend J. Y. Strunk, who writes from Billings, Montana, but who lives in a trailer and "preaches where he listeth," is sure that something practical should be done about "those gifts from God, the great mountains of our West—the Rockies, the Sierras and the Cascades. These mountains were put there by God for some fine purpose. They are His challenge to us and we have ignored it. We have used them for nothing but scenery and recreation such as climbing. I demand that the government find out why these mountains were put there by God, thus opening new frontiers for the millions."

AND yet while it is all very well to be practical, it is to the dreamers that we owe most of our progress. Valuable people—dreamers, but according to Mrs. Anna F. Sipple of Montgomery, Alabama, irritating, too. Mrs. Sipple has a brother, an inventor. Better clocks are his aim. Says she: "He spends all day in his room working on a new alarm clock. I don't know what it's going to be but I bet I know what he hopes it will be. He wants a clock that will wake him up in time to go to work and then go out and do the work for him."



AT THE rate we're going we'll be able to drive a car to the satisfaction of the license examiners in about twenty-five years. And by then, according to Mr. Lester McConnell of New Orleans, Louisiana, "the roads of America will be being paved with processed cotton and ninety per cent of the automobile you'll be driving will be a cotton product."

GOOD news for pedestrians.

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MAIN OFFICE

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—ON ONE CALL

YOU CAN make your desk a conference table—by telephone. People at as many as six separate points, any distance apart, can be linked together by Conference Telephone Service. Every one can hear and be heard.

Here are three actual instances of how this flexible, modern service saves days and dollars for business:

● The zone manager for a large motor car manufacturer keeps in close contact with field supervisors in four cities by daily telephone conferences—checking sales reports, credit information, stocks of different models—and releasing cars from one dealer to another.

● A receiver liquidating a client's affairs talked simultaneously with creditors in four different cities as much as 1150 miles apart, and secured prompt agreement on a plan of settlement.

● An executive of a filtering and bottling equipment company saved the cancellation of a large order from a distillery by a telephone conference with two distillery officials and his own field man—all in separate cities.

In each instance, conference telephone service handled the matter more quickly and more easily than it could have been handled by any other method.

Conference calls are easy to arrange. Just ask Long Distance for the Conference Operator. She'll do the rest.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
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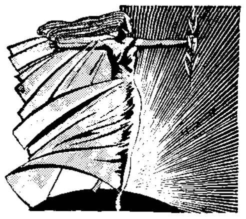
SALES BRANCH

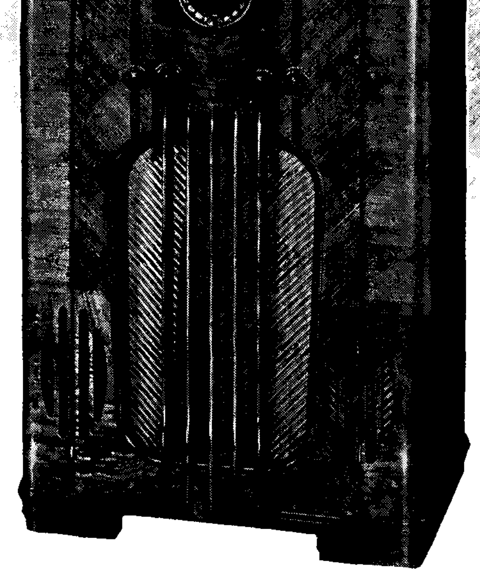


Laugh follows laugh as EDDIE CANTOR quips his way through the Texaco program. A final barrage of puns . . . and Eddie and his stooges say "Good-bye" until another Sunday. Then . . . quicker than you can say "Parkyakarkus" . . . a flick of your fingers twirls the Philco Automatic Tuning Dial to another station for a rapid-fire review of the news. No need to wait to hear if you are sharply tuned. Your Philco is not only tuned automatically . . . but it is tuned with absolute precision. A great convenience . . . and a great aid toward insuring complete enjoyment of Philco High-Fidelity reception which reproduces the full range of tones *and overtones* that make voices and instruments thrillingly true to life. Foreign tuning has been made simpler, too. On the 1937 Philco Spread-Band Dial . . . all important overseas stations are named, located, spread six times farther apart to assure freedom from interference and more dependable reception.

CBS
TOWN HALL QUARTET . . . on the Ipana-Sal Hepatica Program "Town Hall Tonight" Starring Fred Allen
NBC
JEAN DICKENSON . . . coloratura soprano heard over the National Broadcasting Company
KGC
WPRT
KMT
PHILCO
AUTOMATIC
TUNING
WMIQ
WEB
EDDIE CANTOR . . . leading the new Texaco Program
KENNY BAKER . . . tenor on Jack Benny's Jell-O Program
NBC
TRUDY WOOD . . . [illegible] Packard Program

Radio's Greatest Convenience—PHILCO AUTOMATIC TUNING

On the Philco 116X De Luxe . . . call letters of your favorite American stations are inserted where the mythical call letters appear above. One twirl tunes the station with unfailing precision and true High-Fidelity Tone. "Boom" is eliminated by Acoustic Clarifiers . . . and every note brought to ear level by the Philco Inclined Sounding Board. Five Spread-Band Tuning Ranges cover all that's interesting in the air . . . while the Philco Foreign Tuning System and High-Efficiency Aerial double the foreign stations you can get and enjoy! See the classified telephone directory for your Philco dealer. Buy if you choose, on the Philco Commercial Credit Easy Payment Plan.



PHILCO 116X DeLUXE* . . . $195 (Less Aerial)

*Sold only with Philco High-Efficiency Aerial to insure greatest foreign reception.

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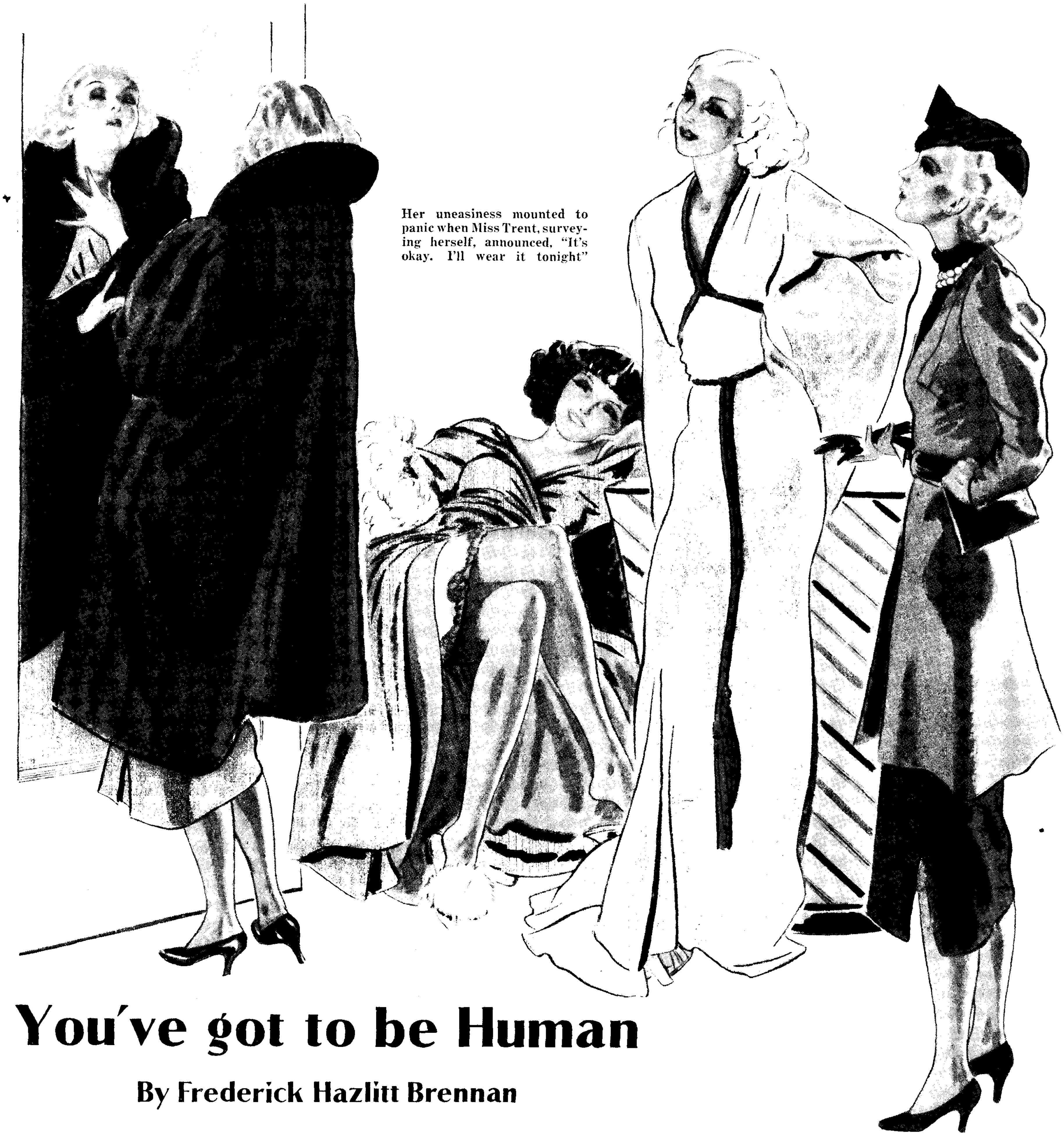
SPECIFY A PHILCO FOR YOUR AUTOMOBILE



Her uneasiness mounted to panic when Miss Trent, surveying herself, announced, "It's okay. I'll wear it tonight"

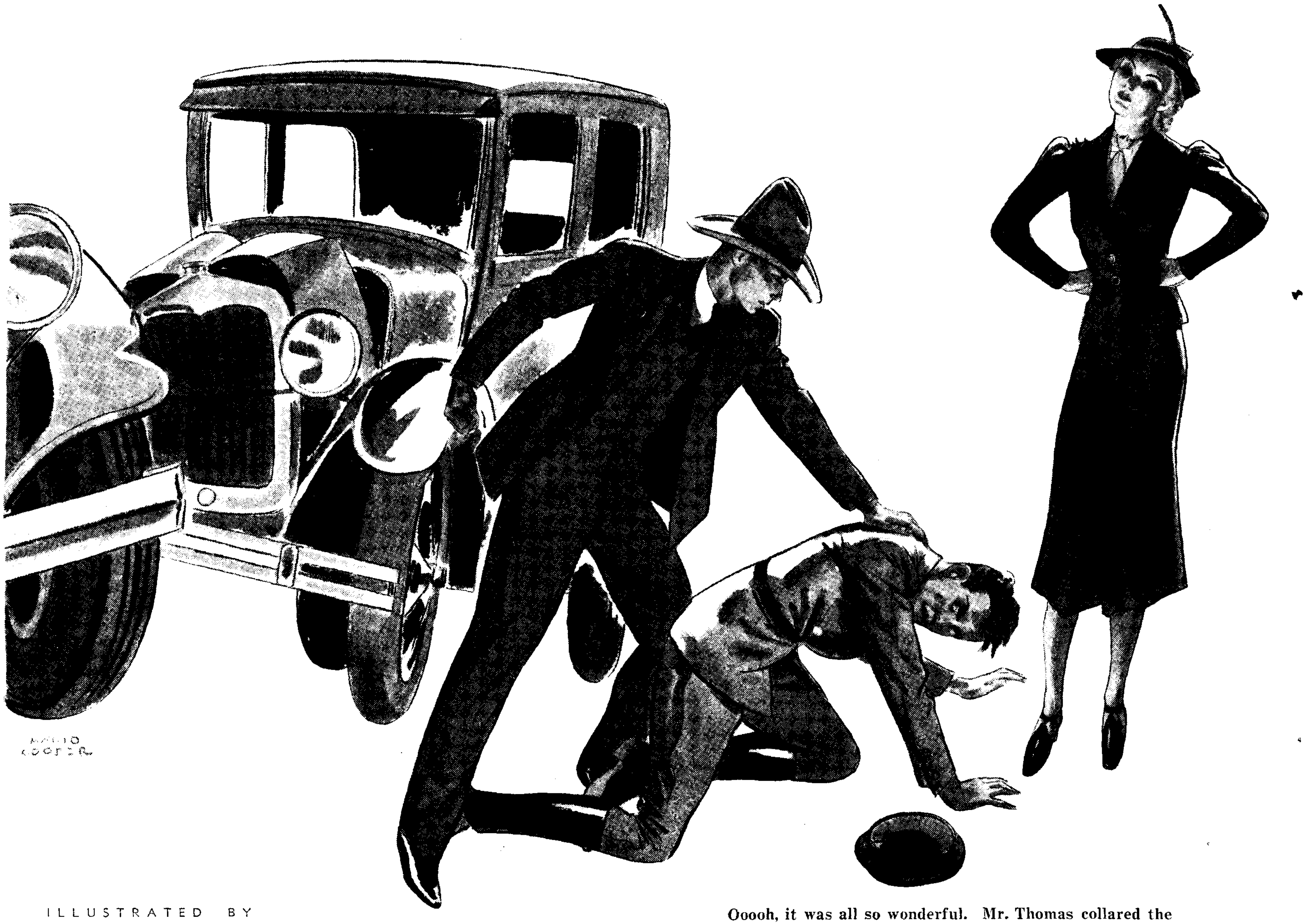
You've got to be Human

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

The romance of Miss Sybelle Connor and Tom Thomas, hog rancher, who had everything in common except refinement. Sterling proof that it takes more than manners to make a man

SYBELLE (now listed as Miss Sybil Connor on the stipend sheet of the Dodd-Brookshire Department Store) simply did not care what Pop and Mom and Harry said—life was better at Dodd-Brookshire. Like—look, for instance, what Dodd-Brookshire had done for her in teaching her correct grammar and a more refined taste in clothes.

Sighing for the stubbornness of Pop and Mom and Harry, Sybelle gazed languidly around the Dodd-Brookshire fur department. Chromium, glass and white leather concealed the fact that furs, or indeed, anything at all, was sold here. The fur department looked like the enclosed deck of an ocean liner circa 1950. A great curved plate-glass window protected by a surgically glistening triple-barred rail; chairs of solid geometry and showcases straight from an interior decorator's fevered imagination ban-



ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Ooooh, it was all so wonderful. Mr. Thomas collared the truck driver and made him apologize on his knees to Sybelle

ished all trace of sordid commerce. It was awful swell, gee!

Sybelle could not demonstrate her Dodd-Brookshire grammar right at the moment—it being too soon after lunch for the store's leisurely clientele—but Sybelle could prove to herself what Dodd-Brookshire had done for her physically. Looking into a futuristic mirror, Sybelle saw and applauded the wonders which Miss Pritchard, Women's Adviser, had wrought.

You see, when Sybelle worked in The Big Store's basement in downtown Los Angeles, she had worn her hair with bangs. Now her hair was parted in the middle and kinda fluffed to a roll on the nape of her neck. The Big Store's Sybelle had used mascara, medium brunette powder, lipstick, rouge, tweezers and Christmas Night perfume. Dodd-Brookshire's Sybil had been advised by Miss Pritchard to wear no artifices save a little lipstick and a teeny whiff of Fleurs de Rocaille.

Miss Pritchard herself had selected the casual, simple woolen dress which clung so lovingly to Sybelle's lithe figure. Pop and Mom and Harry just needn't cast sarcastic remarks about Sybelle going Beverly Hills and being stuck up and snooty. Had not a woman customer, eying Sybelle's ensemble and looking twice at her piquant, rather delicately modeled face, inquired, "I suppose you'll be going back to college in the fall?" College—gee!

Sybelle frowned. She must not even think "gee" any more. Mr. Ashleigh, the Dodd-Brookshire personnel director, would have fits. Saying "gee" was simply not ladylike—it was not the Dodd-Brookshire attitude. Mr. Ashleigh talked to Sybelle and the other employees every Thursday noon about the Dodd-Brookshire attitude. Sybelle admired Mr. Ashleigh tremendously—even above Miss Pritchard. The latter dealt merely with physical things; Mr. Ashleigh, so Sybelle devoutly believed, had given her a new soul. Mr. Ashleigh had—

"Miss Connor!"

"Y-yes, Miss Hughes?"

"Did Miss Evens put No. 14 Schiaparelli back in stock?"

"I would presume so, but I shall see!"

"Please do so."

IN THE Big Store basement someone would of yelled at her, "Hey, Sybelle, did Gert sell No. 14 dollah ninety-fi'?" and Sybelle would have answered, "Ask *her*, why don'cha?" But now Sybelle went obediently and smilingly to search for the Schiaparelli model.

Several customers came in while Sybelle was finding the missing No. 14. But customers meant little, as yet, to Sybelle. She was only an apprentice saleswoman, and her duties were, despite Mr. Ashleigh, described as "shaking lookers." This meant that any full-fledged saleswoman in the fur department finding the idly curious or "just looking" variety of customer on her hands could call upon Sybelle to watch them while they looked. But Sybelle had been assured that this humble duty partook of the sublime.

Pop and Mom, who lived in Glendale, thought Sybelle was very foolish to leave The Big Store basement, where she was to have been made a buyer. And Harry, the boy friend, simply felt like the bottom was falling out of his life. The sad truth was that while she still liked Harry better than any other fella, why somehow it seemed like she had outgrown Harry. It really hurt Sybelle's feelings to have to think that, but—

"Miss Connor!"

"Yes, Miss Maguire?"

"Telephone—if you are free."

"Who is it?"

"A gentleman's voice."

"Tell him I'm busy and will call, will you, please?"

"Certainly."

It was that Harry again. Alla time calling her up to make dates 'way in advance. He prob'ly wanted to go to Venice—wanted to pile she and Phyllis and Minna and Art and Bud into that awful little tin-can car of his and go to the beach. Phyllis and Minna would wear sailor pants over their swimming suits and think her stuck up if *she* didn't wear sailor pants. And what if Miss Pritchard, who belonged to a real private beach club, should just happen to see her? What if Mr. Ashleigh—

"Miss Connor, would you mind showing this gentleman some more coats?" It was Miss Evens' voice, sweetly modulated, and now Miss Evens was apologizing to the customer: "Mrs. Wilkins had a prior appointment with me. Do you mind? Thank you."

"Naw," said the customer. "That's okay."

Thus ruthlessly torn from her musings, Sybelle gave a startled look at the customer. She saw quite the tallest and most helpless-appearing man who had ever stumbled into the fur department. Some farmer fella, gee. That cowboy hat. That oil-stained leather jacket. That sunburn . . .

"MAY I help you?" Sybelle intoned. The customer ducked his head.

"I was lookin' at fur coats for a lady, but I don't know her exact size or what kind of fur would please her."

"For your mother, sir?"

This question quite shattered the customer's poise. His face turned a deeper red.

"Naw, Miss—a lady friend."

Sybelle resisted an impulse to giggle. Gee, whatta hick! He's certainly wandered into the wrong store, if he thinks . . .

Dodd-Brookshire employees are never to assume that a customer is unable to pay for such items as he or she expresses a desire to inspect. Such an assumption is class-conscious snobbery. . . . Ashleigh.

"Certainly, sir! We have some splendid values in Jap weasel—"

The customer followed her to a showcase where Sybelle proceeded to display a number of coats ranging from a hundred and twenty-five dollars to two hundred and seventy-five. He listened politely and poked a thick, bronzed forefinger at a coat.

(Continued on page 61)

Camera Shy

By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY JAMES DOOLITTLE

The story of Madeleine Carroll, star of The General Died at Dawn and The Case Against Mrs. Ames, who spends her spare time dodging cameras and trying to get out of the movies

IN THE old silent days things were better. When you went in to interview a movie star, she said, "Hi, bum," and you said, "'Lo, Toots," and then you listened to the story about how her family was descended from the Dukes of Avignon and how she liked nothing better than slipping on an apron and messing up the pans in the kitchen. That was before intellect became supreme in Hollywood. Now when you go in, the star is taking a last nip at Plato or Nietzsche and you know that one fresh remark from you will bring Anthony Adverse popping up from behind the sofa to attend to your case.

This is a libel on the subject of this inquiry, who happens to be a lady of looks named Madeleine Carroll. It is true that she majored in French at the University of Birmingham, England, where her father was a professor, and equally true that Papa ordered her out of the house when she became an actress, but she has never acted in an obnoxious way just because she could read. When she was doing The General Died at Dawn for Paramount, she never mentioned the subject.

After finishing that picture, she started off to Europe with her husband, Captain Astley, and then came right back again.

"Bright folk, the Astleys," she was saying in New York. "We hunt around for years to find a good quiet country place and get just what we want near Barcelona. All we had to do to get to it was blast our way through the rebel and loyalist armies in Catalonia. We didn't succeed."

To get back to her career: She was going along with her French at Birmingham, minding her own business, when everybody began insisting that a girl with looks like that should be in the annual play. The university had always been proud of this performance and had previously imported leading actors from London for the principal roles. This year they were going on their own and they needed anybody around the premises who looked better than a bag of meal. The play was Salma, and Madeleine had the lead role and everybody said she was just great. Barry Jackson of the Birmingham Repertory Company came back after the performance and signed her up. This pleased everybody but Professor Carroll, who didn't want his little girl fooling around with such nonsense.

"I felt a little silly but I went down to Mr. Jackson and he called it off," says Madeleine.

Pedagogic Interlude

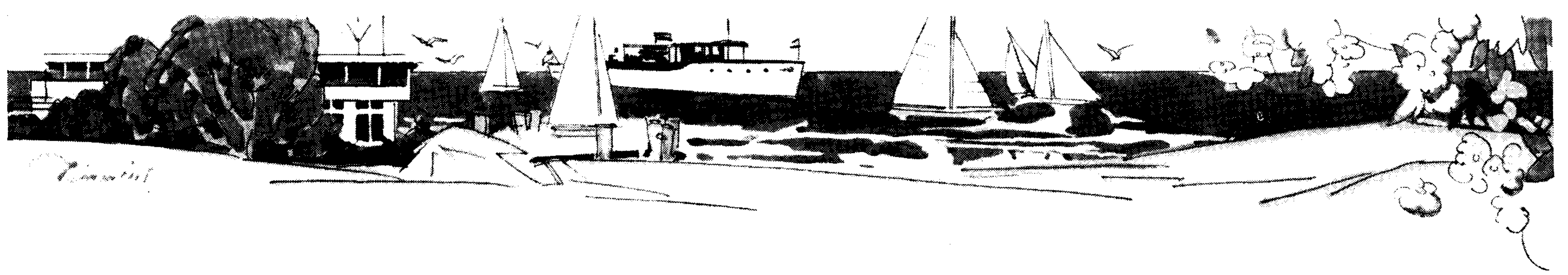
Having had a French mother (which accounted for her facility with the language) and an Irish father (which accounted for her paying attention when spoken to), Madeleine was next reported teaching in a girls' seminary at Brighton. She will not commit herself on this experience.

"They were ver-r-y nice little girls," she says in a voice which might mean anything but definitely reveals traces of homicide. In any event, when the year was up she deserted the little treasures and went off up to London, where she let it be known that she might accept a job as an actress. Not a single line of traffic in London stopped, but Miss Carroll did. She stopped for hours in the offices of theatrical agents and began to get discouraged. Before leaving home she had exchanged a few words with her father, breaking the news as deferentially as possible. The good professor had taken it ill. He had pointed a finger in the general direction of the universal meridian at Greenwich and cried:

"Go, and never darken my door again!"

The upshot of it was that she was soon out of money and so desperate that she felt that she might safely venture

(Continued on page 60)



The Heart Has Wings

By Faith Baldwin

The Story Thus Far:

AT THEIR Long Island estate, Peter ("Speed") Harris, wealthy aircraft manufacturer, and his wife, Hildreth, give a party to announce the engagement of their daughter, Dolly, to George Crosley. Among the guests is Crosley's cousin: Gail Williams, noted girl flyer from the Middle West.

Arriving late, Gail does not meet her host. Slightly bored, she encounters a man (no longer young but extremely interesting) who fascinates her. He is, he informs her, a manufacturer of airplanes; he invites her to inspect his plant. His name (as she learns after accepting the invitation) is—*Peter Harris!* . . . While motoring back to New York, she is hailed by a young man who, when the car stops, informs her that his car has broken down and that he must reach the city quickly, if he is to hold his job. She gives him a lift to Manhattan. When they part, she knows his name (Bill Jones), and he has her address. . . . Gail lunches with Peter Harris, inspects his plant. On the way to the Harris estate, where Gail is to be a dinner guest, Harris, who is driving, swerves to avoid a parked truck; swerves and strikes a tree. For a few moments, Gail knows nothing. Then, opening her eyes, she finds Peter's arms about her. "Darling," he is saying, "darling Gail, are you hurt?"

And as she drifts back into oblivion again she knows that she is in love with Hildreth Harris' husband.

II

HILDRETH HARRIS, whose chauffeur was driving her in from New Jersey, sighed with relief as they crossed the Fifty-ninth Street bridge. It had been a trying day, the clubrooms warm, packed with women, smart in their spring prints or tailored suits; intelligent women, for the most part, and apparently sincerely interested in peace, not as a dream, a Utopian vision, but as a solid and permanent thing. But the air had been heavy with French perfume, the scent of lilacs in great bowls, and the odor of coffee, cake and the bread and butter of sandwiches . . . the voices had been shrill, crowding in upon one another. The chairwoman had taken an unforgivable length of time in which to introduce the speaker of the afternoon.

"And now I want to present to you one of the most earnest and influential workers in our great movement, Mrs. Peter Harris—"

Hildreth had risen to speak, waiting her moment, waiting for the courteous mechanical applause to die down, watching the audience with her still blue eyes, gauging them correctly. Sometimes she hated herself because she had grown so clever . . . because she had learned to pull out just the right stop, timing with exactitude the moment when the emotional chords must be touched, when the references to rosy and threatened flesh of babies must be woven skillfully into her pattern, and when the little, not too obvious thread of humor must be picked up by the low, resonant shuttle of her voice.

She had been a shy girl, and a woman bewildered, ingrown, and afraid. It had taken a long time to acquire her present poise, her complete command of the average situation. The long, hard, often discouraging work for Peacepaths had helped her enormously. In this movement she had found something into which she could completely fling herself, not as an escape—although she needed an escape—not as an outlet, although that, too, God knew she needed, and not as a sop for her ego, a bolstering up of her defenses. No, not because of these but because, with her heart and mind, she believed in Peacepaths. . . .

She had talked. She had held the interest of her audience.

Then the questions had come. The one she dreaded most had been asked. Always from the back of a room a woman would rise and ask it:

"Isn't it true, Mrs. Harris, that the next war will be fought from the air?"

Sometimes she asked it with innocence or interest; and sometimes from sheer malice.

Yes was the answer, and yes to the new poison gases, and yes to the deepening threat to civilian populations. And all the time Hildreth would be thinking. . . .

Peter and a French formal garden; Peter with wings on his breast and laughter in his eyes, very young, very gallant, and careless. Wings over France and Peter trying those wings, a young god flying.

It had all seemed so marvelous to her those many years ago, so heartbreakingly beautiful, exciting, romantic.

The word sickened her, the mere thinking of it. Romance . . . and War. The curious, inevitable alliance. Beauty and the Beast.

SOME day—and this she feared very much—she would go to pieces on the platform, shriek at these women, the intelligent and the stupid, the smug and the dissatisfied . . . scream at them . . . "Can't you understand, can't you know what it means? . . . I lived in a war country and married a youngster who went to war because he thought it a great adventure. Everyone thought it a great adventure. The newspapers told us so and the writers of books and the makers of songs. And I lost my baby because I could not get to a hospital and because there were no doctors near me . . . I was eighteen years old, and I was frightened . . . I had an old French woman, superstitious and afraid, to attend me and a woman of my own blood who, three hours previously, had been informed that she was a widow. Neither my mind nor my body had known pain . . . nor had I known loss. And in a sense I had lost the father of my little son, for he was not there. He was miles away, flying, laughing at death. But I could not laugh at death. Women were not created to laugh at death, but to bring life."

After that, the long waiting and the terror, the little flat in wartime Paris and Peter coming home on leave. And then the day when she knew that she was again pregnant . . .

Home, on a British ship, to wait for the second child, and for Peter, who was not with her. Alone. Waiting. Afraid.

These were the things she could tell these women out of her own experience, screaming it at them in short and brutal words, bringing them to their feet and their senses. But she could not. She could only, even for Peacepaths' sake, present her statistics and her carefully calculated speeches.

JUST before turning into her own driveway she saw another car come out and drive away in the opposite direction. She leaned forward and spoke to her chauffeur, rolling down the sheet of glass between them.

"Thomas, wasn't that Dr. Elliot's car?"

Thomas hadn't noticed particularly. Hildreth leaned back again, faintly alarmed. It must have been Elliot's car; she'd know it anywhere. Was Dolly ill, had anything happened?

The car drew up before the door and she got out, a little stiff with long sitting. She walked into the living room.

Gail Williams was lying on a couch. There was sticking plaster on her forehead, a rakish little dressing on one side of her head. Peter was sitting beside her, talking. He jumped up as Hildreth entered.

"I didn't hear the car," he said.

"Peter . . . ! My dear, what has happened?" She ran over to Gail, dropping down beside her, flushed with anxiety, all her remoteness gone. Gail smiling, saying hastily, "It's nothing, don't be alarmed," was aware, with a quick catch at her heart, that Hildreth Harris was not always poised and cool but could be quick with tenderness and informed with warmth.

Peter was explaining, swiftly. The accident had been minor, thank heaven, and entirely his fault. No, he hadn't been hurt at all, aside from a bruise or two. Gail had been knocked out. . . . His wife noticed how easily he said "Gail." He'd been damned frightened for a moment or two. But she'd come round, assured him gamely that she was all right, the truckmen, scared out of their wits, had gone off for help and to send back a wrecking car, and a passing car had driven Peter and Gail to the house. Luckily they weren't far away and he had telephoned at once for Elliot. Gail was fine. Elliot had assured him a few days in bed and she'd be right as rain. But she was making a nuisance of herself insisting that she must return to New York. He'd put a stop to that, telephoned Mrs. Wayne, told her about it, reassured her and explained that Gail would stop on, for a few days.

Gail said, "But I can't . . . I mustn't impose on you to that extent . . . I haven't, moreover, any clothes. Just what I had on and they, I'm afraid, aren't fit to be seen."

Hildreth said, at once:

"I'll call your godmother . . ." She hesitated, smiled and added, "Gail, Thomas will go to town and pick up a bag for you. Of course you must stay here, we wouldn't think of your leaving."

"You are very kind," Gail murmured. As a matter of fact she was only too glad to stay. She had shuddered away from the idea of the trip back to town. Every bone in her body ached, her head hurt and she was limp from shock. Yet her mind, which ignored her body, warned her, "You mustn't stay, you have no excuse, you must get away from here—and from him—as soon as you can."

But her body, being weaker, was the stronger, and so conquered.

It was Gail who had her dinner on a tray, there in the living room. Dolly and George came in shortly after Hildreth's return to commiserate with her. Later, she lay back against the pillows, in a state of discomfort not entirely unpleasant, and watched Dolly and Peter trim George and Hildreth unmercifully at contract.

GEORGE was staying too; it was his last evening. He and Dolly disappeared into the garden after the rubber was finished and Hildreth said, briefly:

"Thomas has come back with your things. They're being unpacked for you. I think, Peter, if you and George could get Gail to her room—?"

"I can walk," Gail announced instantly, and threw the soft homespun blanket aside and tried to get to her feet before Peter could reach her. Pain came to instant and sickening life in her arm and head. No fractures, said Dr. Elliot. Well, maybe not but it all hurt twice as much as any fracture, she thought childishly and rebelliously. Her breath caught and the tears were in her eyes. She sat down again, too precipitately for dignity.

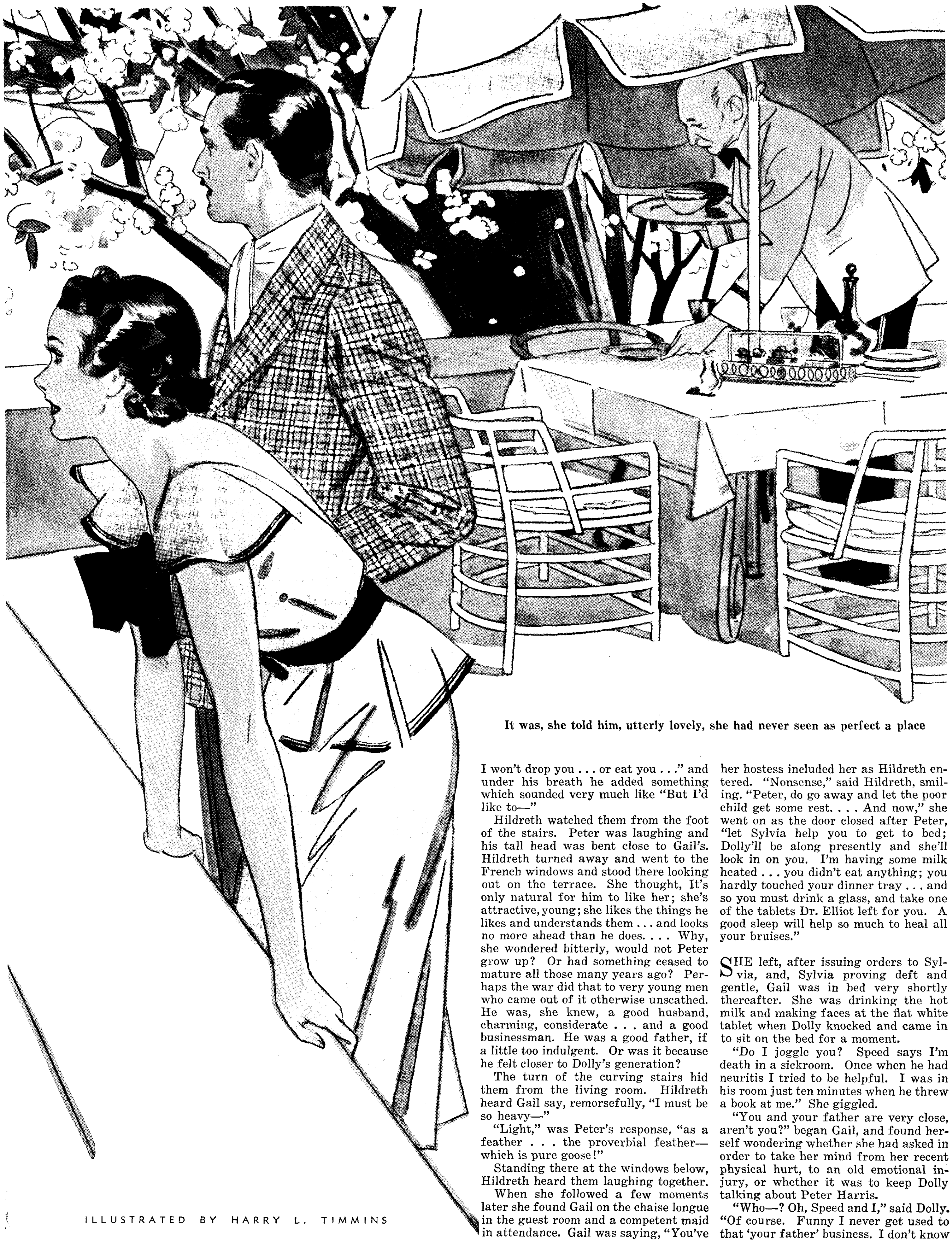
"I'll call George," offered Hildreth, moving to the French windows.

"No," said Peter. "Let him alone. Love's young dream. Being a man and incurably romantic, I understand it. You practical women wouldn't." He did not look at Gail. He looked fleetingly at Hildreth and smiled, a very little.

"As for you," he went on, advancing upon Gail, "you behave yourself."

He picked her up in his arms, with, it seemed, no effort. She was a slender girl but she was tall and she weighed a hundred and twenty pounds. She said, "Please—George would help—I mean..."

He said, low, caressingly, "Be quiet.



It was, she told him, utterly lovely, she had never seen as perfect a place

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

I won't drop you . . . or eat you . . ." and under his breath he added something which sounded very much like "But I'd like to—"

Hildreth watched them from the foot of the stairs. Peter was laughing and his tall head was bent close to Gail's. Hildreth turned away and went to the French windows and stood there looking out on the terrace. She thought, It's only natural for him to like her; she's attractive, young; she likes the things he likes and understands them . . . and looks no more ahead than he does. . . . Why, she wondered bitterly, would not Peter grow up? Or had something ceased to mature all those many years ago? Perhaps the war did that to very young men who came out of it otherwise unscathed. He was, she knew, a good husband, charming, considerate . . . and a good businessman. He was a good father, if a little too indulgent. Or was it because he felt closer to Dolly's generation?

The turn of the curving stairs hid them from the living room. Hildreth heard Gail say, remorsefully, "I must be so heavy—"

"Light," was Peter's response, "as a feather . . . the proverbial feather—which is pure goose!"

Standing there at the windows below, Hildreth heard them laughing together.

When she followed a few moments later she found Gail on the chaise longue in the guest room and a competent maid in attendance. Gail was saying, "You've been so good. . . ." Her quick smile at her hostess included her as Hildreth entered. "Nonsense," said Hildreth, smiling. "Peter, do go away and let the poor child get some rest. . . . And now," she went on as the door closed after Peter, "let Sylvia help you to get to bed; Dolly'll be along presently and she'll look in on you. I'm having some milk heated . . . you didn't eat anything; you hardly touched your dinner tray . . . and so you must drink a glass, and take one of the tablets Dr. Elliot left for you. A good sleep will help so much to heal all your bruises."

SHE left, after issuing orders to Sylvia, and, Sylvia proving deft and gentle, Gail was in bed very shortly thereafter. She was drinking the hot milk and making faces at the flat white tablet when Dolly knocked and came in to sit on the bed for a moment.

"Do I joggle you? Speed says I'm death in a sickroom. Once when he had neuritis I tried to be helpful. I was in his room just ten minutes when he threw a book at me." She giggled.

"You and your father are very close, aren't you?" began Gail, and found herself wondering whether she had asked in order to take her mind from her recent physical hurt, to an old emotional injury, or whether it was to keep Dolly talking about Peter Harris.

"Who—? Oh, Speed and I," said Dolly. "Of course. Funny I never get used to that 'your father' business. I don't know

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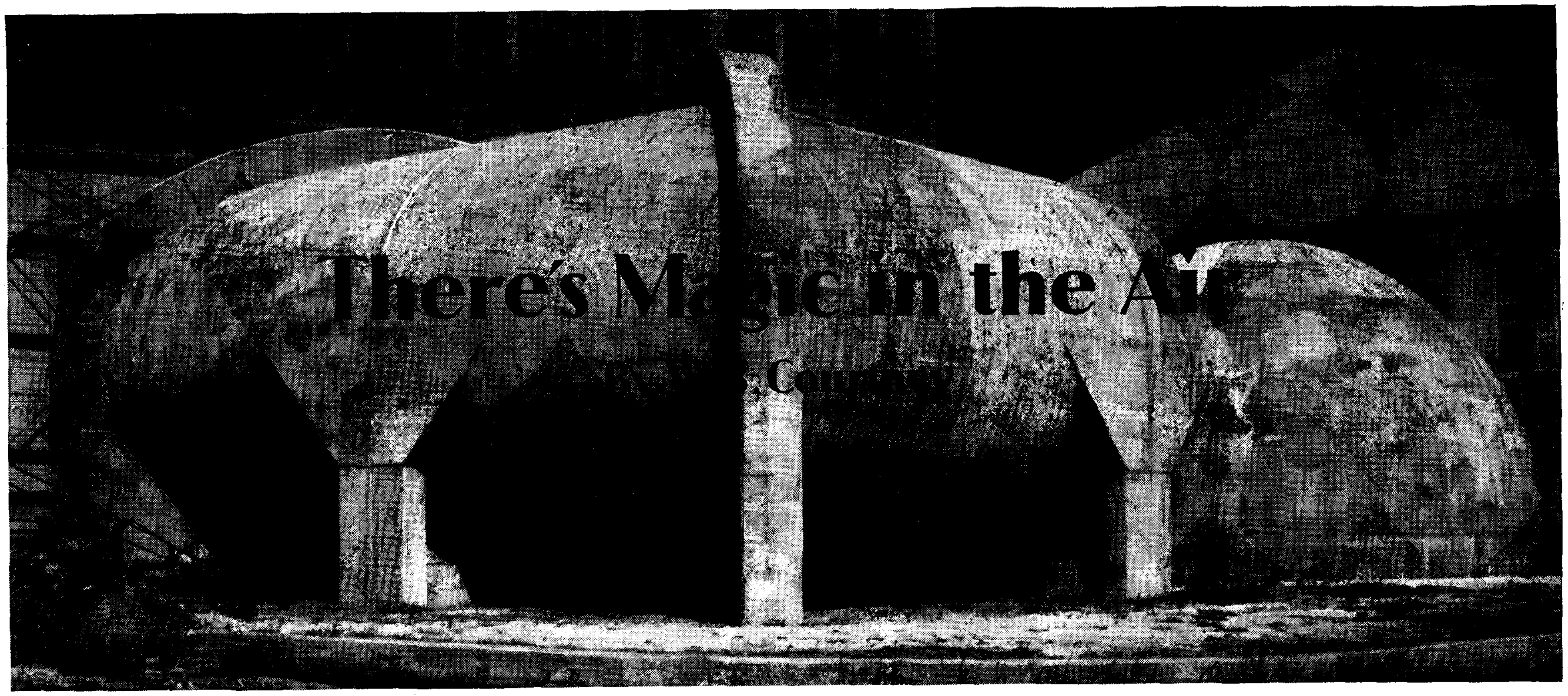
There's Magic in the Air

By W. B. Courtney



The new 500-mile-per-hour NACA wind tunnel is the largest high-speed tunnel in the world

There's a struggle ahead of us—the battle for the air-trade leadership of the world. We are getting ready for it now; the headquarters of our preparation is at Langley Field near Washington. There the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics is patiently exploring the mysteries of the air. Already it sets the aviation standards for the world. They don't say much about the heroism of their pilots, of course—that's just a by-product of the everyday laboratory humdrum

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

THINK of young Tom Carroll. One day in winter, alone in the high air, he sat upon the farthermost tip of a lower wing of his biplane, with a screw driver and a box of sand and—no time to pray. When he crawled out here, the deserted controls had let the little plane into a mad spin. It seemed bent on hurling the man from his thin grip on its wing end, precisely as a bronco with a bur under the saddle-cloth tries to shake off its rider.

Tom Carroll was not a professional wing-walker; moreover, he would tweak your nose if you called him a daredevil. Tom was chief test pilot for the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, which selects a flyer for his intelligence, his engineering knowledge, the soundness of his technique, his common sense. Merely brave and skillful pilots are commonplace. The planes of the Committee are, in a sense, extensions into the air of its laboratory tables. The Committee's funds are meager, its planes are few, and when each ascends it is laden with rare and precious instruments. The financial, the scientific responsibilities upon a Committee's test flyer are monumental; and he suspects, too, that if he should crack up he is probably the last thing the engineers would remember to salvage from the wreck. Along with the manual job of flying a crate that may have been deliberately rendered unsafe, and packed with gadgets some of which are unique in this world, he is given "home-work" to do upstairs.

Tom Carroll's specific problem this bitter day was to determine the controllability of a biplane with uneven load distribution. A box of sand was lashed on each wing tip; normal balance was thus preserved for the take-off and flight to necessary height. When he had put lots of "money in the bank," as flyers call altitude, Tom pulled a string and out into space fell the sand from the box on the left wing. Tom moved his stick to compensate for the disturbed balance caused by a full and very heavy box of sand on the right lower wing tip. For a long time he carried on with his systematic flight, every step of which had been laid out on the plotting boards in the laboratory long before he left the ground. He made notes on the pad strapped to his knee; read the accurate tales of numerous recording instruments; checked the operations of those which could not be consulted until they were unsealed in the lab after the flight. He flew as you might shell peas or sell hats; for it was just another routine working day for this test pilot of science, until—

He and the instruments had finished their jobs, and it was time to bring the flight to an end. It had not been particularly difficult to fly the unbalanced plane at that speed and altitude; but now, in order to make a safe landing, which required greatly lowered speed and good trim, the ship would have to be restored to normal balance. So Tom, thinking of the home radiators and the evening paper, yanked on the string to open the right wing-tip box and permit the sand to empty therefrom. The line worked all right, the box hatch opened—but, no sand came out. Tom blinked. He tilted the plane; rocked her a bit; but that sand was just about as movable as a Victorian sofa.

A Cool Mind Ruling Instinct

The sand had been dug from the beach and it must have been moist when put in the box. In the high altitude it had frozen! The only way to get it out would be to chip it, while any attempt to land the ship with the full box still on there could only result in a serious crack-up.

Tom had a parachute, and bailing out was the obvious course open to him; the simplest and the safest. That would get his name into the papers, and there would be fulsome things said about air soldiers of science. But Tom thought of all the work he had done this afternoon, and the records set down by the cockpit—full of valuable instruments. He looked around for a possible chipper; there was a blunt screw driver, little else. Tom undid his safety belt, and climbed out upon the lower right wing, screw driver in his teeth. He needed both hands to hold himself against the terrific beat of the wind, and to drag himself from strut to strut, from guy wire to guy wire, until he reached the sandbox.

Meanwhile, the plane, unbalanced still further by his weight added to the sand, fell off into a spin. Down and down, around and around. He wrapped one arm and both legs around a strut, and with his free hand he dug and hacked into the sandbox. While the earth swirled closer every second, Tom clung and jabbed and sweated. You do not have to be either a flyer or a scientist to realize the power of will that made it possible for him to concentrate on loosening the sand, while every instinct urged him to get back to the controls; or to appreciate his ability to keep a clear head although opposing every normal reflex, and with every nerve blurred by the hymn and the rush of doom.

The sand gave, finally, and shot away in chunks.

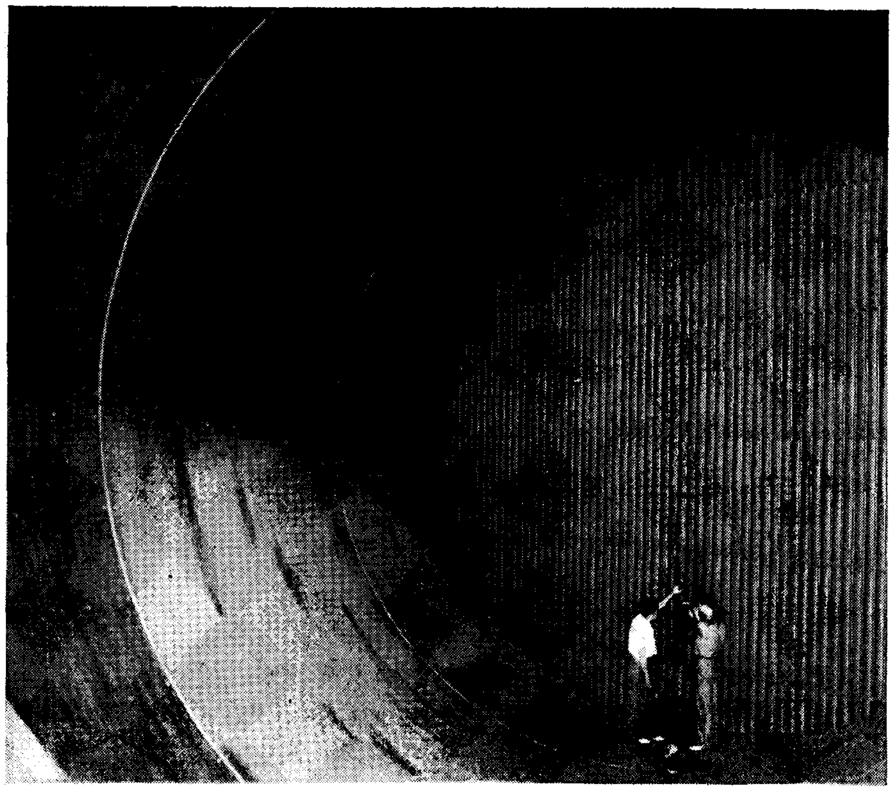
Now Tom had to fight and heave and pull his way up the careening low wing. Imagine yourself, dressed in heavy boots and Arctic clothing and thick mittens, climbing a ladder that is twirling rapidly on the end of a rope in the teeth of a hundred-and-fifty-mile gale, high in the free air. Maybe you would rise to such unusual circumstances. He did; he got a hand on the cowling, presently, strained and tugged and drew himself into the cockpit. There were still a few hundred feet of blessed altitude; so it all became routine again.

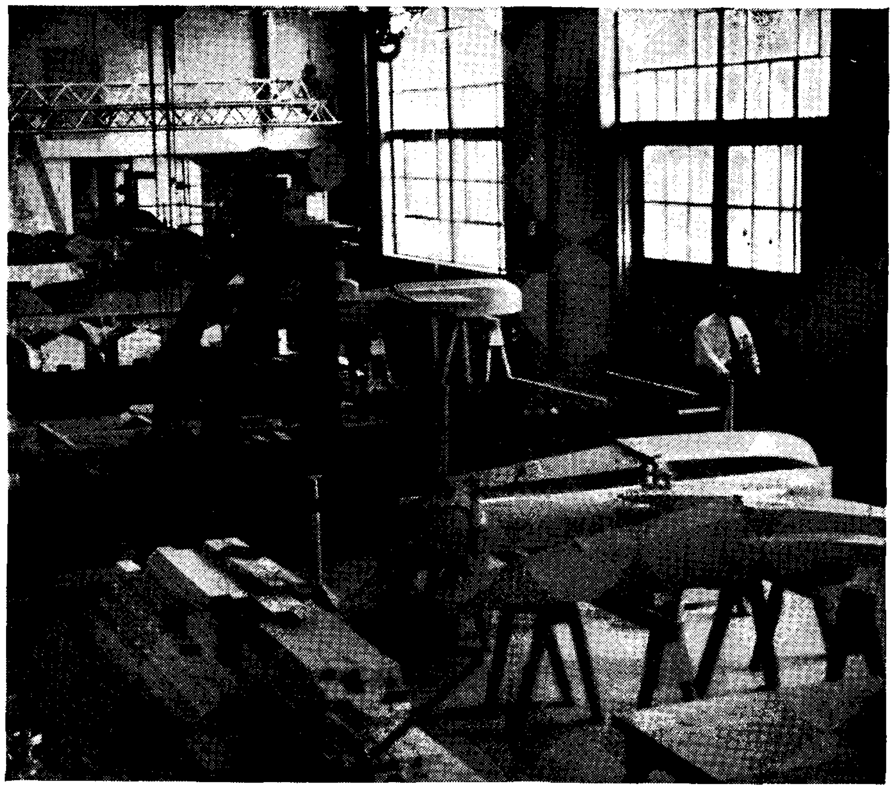
The Problem is the Thing

The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, in addition to the anticipated records of value, got from their pilot supplementary data as important and fascinating as it was unexpected. It was presented with a notable selflessness; the fact that he had scorned the easy and reasonably safe parachute way, and set his teeth in the hard line against unknown and virtually unimaginable odds, colored his report far less than jubilance upon discovery that it *was* possible to climb up the wing of a spinning plane. Adventure, physical danger and mental fortitude were subordinated to technical comment.

Therein you may perceive the spirit of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, which extends from its distinguished chairman to its least grease monkey. Derring-do, heroics, have no place in its cockpits any more than its drafting boards; the problem is the thing. Decisions such as Carroll's, leaving his own neck out of it, are the rule in the flight annals of the Committee.

There was, for instance, the day that pilot Will MacAvoy, in search of specific recordings, was hurling a ship through the most dangerous of all maneuvers—power dives. You go away up, point the nose toward the earth, open the engine to its meanest. Terrible forces seize you and your machine: the weight of both may be increased tenfold. If you weighed 200 when you began this dive, within a few seconds, when you begin your "pull-up"—that is, ever so gingerly endeavor to change the direction of the rocketing plane from vertical to horizontal flight—you weigh 2,000 pounds. The pressures and strains exerted upon a plane in this connection





Above: The entrance to the 500-mile-per-hour high-speed tunnel. Above, right: A workshop in which plane models are constructed for test. Right: Will MacAvoy, NACA test pilot, whose experiments in flight have added much to aeronautical development. Far right: A worker poising a model plane for test in a wind tunnel

are quite well determined by charts and graphs; what happens to the sensitive human organisms of the pilot has not been so thoroughly determined. What happens to the heart when its weight is suddenly changed from, say, two pounds to 20? Or the blood, that rushes with a weight of dozens of pounds into your bursting head, and then, abruptly, when you ease back on the stick, drains out completely in the general direction of your tother end. You are pasted to your seat, able to move only at the expense of cold sweat and terror: your eyes, bereft of blood, cease to function. This is when, as the pilots say, you "go .black." Once you regain level, upright flight the blood comes back and so does your sight—but you've had a hellish one or two minutes. It's nice work, if you are thinking of wages; but most pilots hope they won't get it.

MacAvoy was approaching hard ground at a rate of perhaps a mile in eight seconds when he noticed that the fabric was ripping from his wings. Then—another ominous sound above the roar of motor and air! His ship's nose was crumbling in! Before he could jump, he must get the ship out of the dive. He began his pull-up, as cautiously as you would ask your mother-in-law please to go home. When the old head cleared, and he was straightened away—he found to his astonishment that, although the nose looked as though he had collided with a meteor, and you couldn't find shelter from rain under the shreds that were left of his wings, he still had some control. MacAvoy forgot his parachute, and thought of all the expensive dials and gimcracks, and how awful Doc Lewis and the boys would feel if those got smashed up. He coaxed and whispered that ship to earth; fluttered in like an old battle flag, and not a thing was jarred.

If the plane had been reduced to a heap of splinters and a mess of wire, all record of the pressures that caused the failure of wing fabric and of nose structure would have been lost. MacAvoy brought the news to the laboratory tables; and you are safer in the air today, accordingly, when you fly on your business and pleasure. It is this happy correlation of practical and theoretical activities, this meeting of sure brains and steady hands, which has given the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics its unique social, military, economic and commercial value to the nation.

The Committee are in the extraordinarily fortunate position, among public bodies of this ballyhooed era, of not wanting or needing publicity. They want problems. If you manufacture sport monoplanes, and the pilots keep falling out of same through the floor, go see the Committee. But they are the last people in aviation to whom you might go for predictions.

A Chaste and Moderate Conquest

The romance and the glamor of one of man's greatest achievements, the conquest of the air, are in their files; the very name of their laboratory memorializes one of aviation's most renowned and tragic pioneers; and today you cannot look at their buildings or apparatus without having your imagination ignited. But the Committee workers draw chaste, moderate, and prosaic lines on this canvas. There are no Tennysons here, with visions of future skies: just a lot of splay-thumbed engineers, seeking facts.

Flight by humans through the air in powered machines was an unpredictable and mysterious phenomenon in the days of the Wrights and the Bleriots, the Sopwiths and the Beacheys. The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics analyzed the miracle, flicked the supernatural out of it, and put its formulas on paper; rescued flight from the circus, and gave it stature in the science of aerodynamics.

In England recently, aircraft manufacturers, perplexed and handicapped by the lag between government research findings in aeronautics and their distribution to the industry, held an indignation meeting in London. "Why," they

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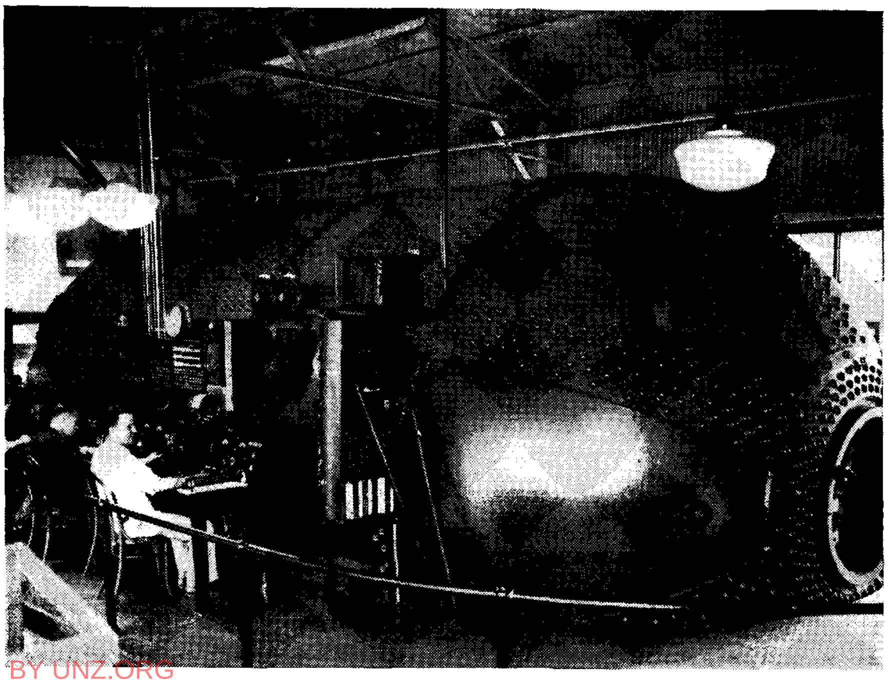
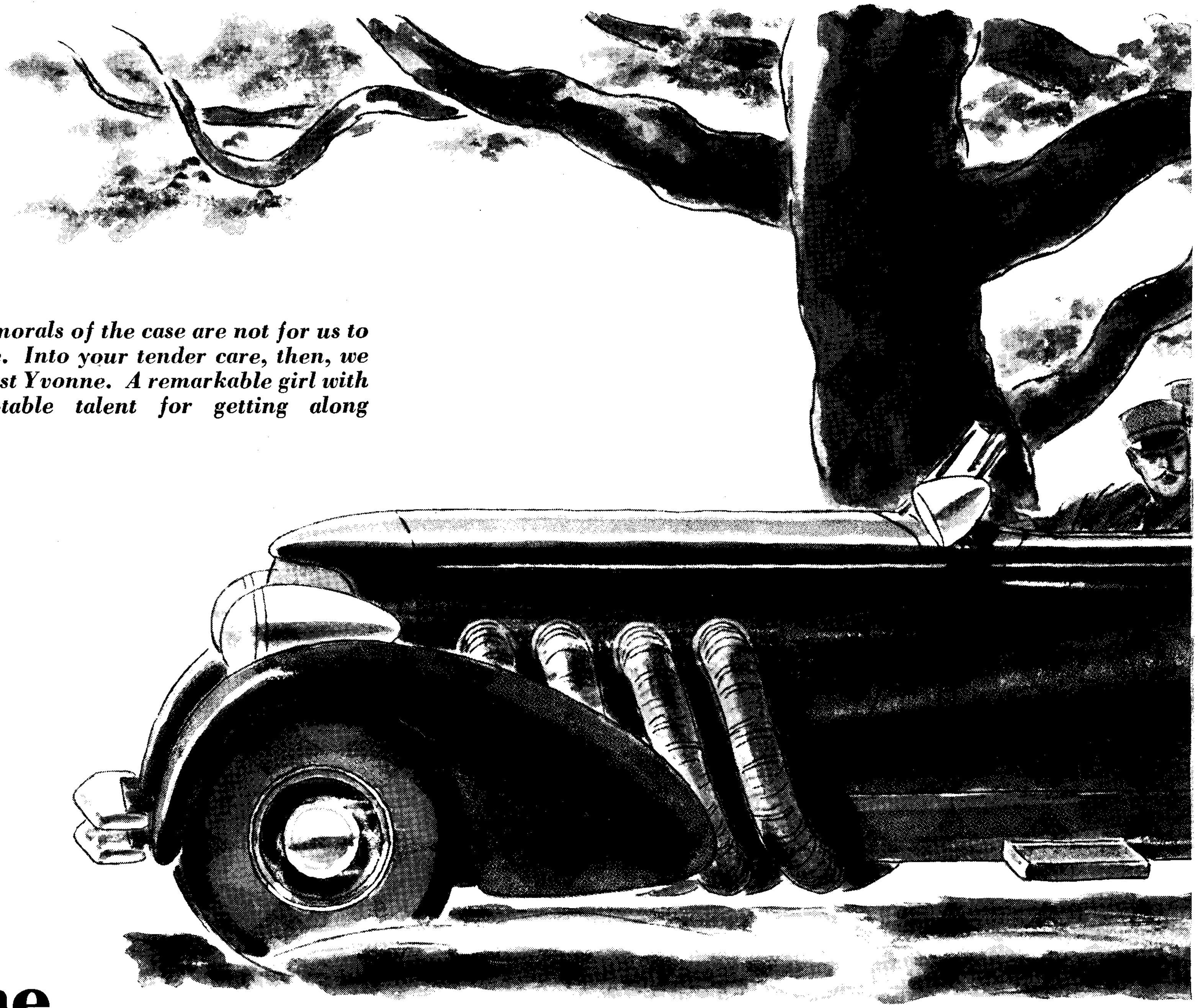


Right: The NACA variable-density wind tunnel. Here small models of airships are tested to obtain full-scale results

The morals of the case are not for us to judge. Into your tender care, then, we entrust Yvonne. A remarkable girl with a notable talent for getting along



She must have made some sign, for the Baron's car slowed down, stopped

The Baron's Lady

By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

YVONNE'S was really a beast of a job, but she didn't know it. Her raw supplies resembled the left-over odds and ends which the average American housewife throws into the garbage can, but the French family—consisting of a father, a mother, a son and a daughter, and a grandmother with dependable moles and a mustache—for whom she cooked, made beds, mended, dusted, laundered, ironed, economized and worked fifteen hours a day, for a nominal wage, lived far better than the family of the average American housewife. But this is not to say that Yvonne was a genius. It is merely to say that she was French.

Those people over there haven't what we have, or used to have: Opportunity. To keep alive on any terms, always requiring the hardest kind of work, is about the most that the most of them can hope for. One of our commonplaces, "To begin at the bottom and work up to the top," is almost unknown over there. So are baths, among the middle classes. So is plumbing that works. But there are still an infinite number of people who accept fate and hang on to their good-natured smiles and dimples longer than we do.

There is one really blessed thing about an average middle-class French family. Everybody is keenly interested in everybody else's job, and full of praise when it is well done. And the servants, if they are worth their salt—and they had better be—are members in good, and sometimes superior, standing with the family.

THE Rousse family lived in a suburb of Paris and employed two servants, of whom Yvonne was the female. She had been their female servant for five years. She was now nineteen and almost pretty. She had steady gray eyes, level brows, a slightly cleft and most chuckable chin, and there were reasons to think that if you could see her without her rather frumpish clothes you might be even more favorably impressed.

The name of the male servant was Blaise, and he was the son of the son of the son of precisely the kind of person he was himself. He removed stains from and pressed business and collegiate suits. He removed the mud and dust from boots and replaced them with polish. On less than an acre of ground (in this case it would be more accurate to say potting soil) and with the aid of glass domes shaped like church bells, and the warmth of old stone walls, he raised all the vegetables and fruit, with the exception of grapes and potatoes, that he and the female servant and the family who employed them could eat. In short he was just one of those French, Scotch, Chinese or Japanese gardeners who tell the climate of Mesopotamia to move a little more to the right, or the sea-deep peat of the Sacramento Valley to step lively and get under those tomatoes or the frost to stop freezing. Sometimes in the night it seemed as if he heard a shell of baby peas whimpering aloud for nitrogen. If so he would go down to them, lovingly, and give them what they wanted.

Blaise was twenty-five.

His orchard was one gable end and side of the Rousse house, the gable end of the tool house, over which he slept in a beatitude of grime, and some hundreds of feet of ancient stone walls almost nine feet high. Against these walls, in various exquisite shapes of fans and fountains, grew cherries, peaches, nectarines, apples and pears.

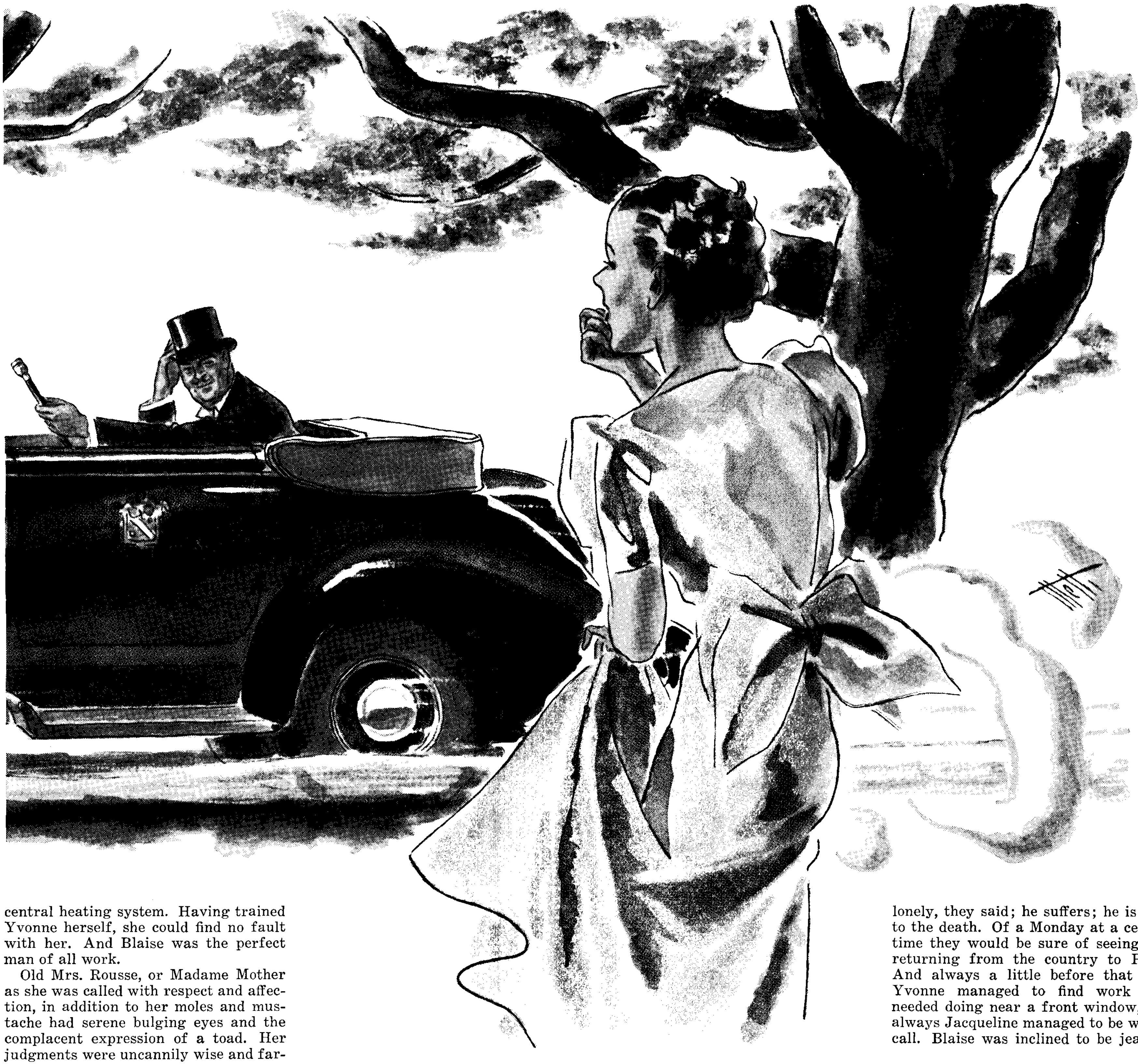
The pear tree which completely and architecturally filled the entire gable end of the dwelling house was a hundred and fifty years old and had been planted by his great-grandfather. It was one of the few aristocrats which had escaped the cry, "From now on, everything different," of the French Revolution.

To keep the fruit trees in their decorative and prolific shapes was child's play if you knew how and when. The saws and shears and clippers with which we Americans now and then hack and slash our orchards to pieces and think that we have pruned them find no market in France. To keep a fruit tree in shape the French, before the buds have sprouted and become hardwood limbs growing at cross-purposes, use the ball of the thumb, and in emergencies the thumb and forefinger.

AGAINST such insects as sting and spoil fruit out of sheer malice, because they are too little to eat it, blaise made no use of patent insecticides or kill-alls. Here and there in the orchard hung widemouthed white-ware jars which contained a mixture of beer, honey and little corpses. But Blaise cherished the fat Roman snails and fed them regularly so that they spared his plants and in turn fed him.

Mr. Rousse, next to his mother the head of the family, resembled a cross between a monkey and a chrysanthemum. But he was a lawyer in good standing.

Mrs. Rousse was a pretty woman who bathed once a week in summer and was calm at all times. She had the husband she wanted to live with and the house she wanted to live in. She had the boy and girl she wanted. She wouldn't have exchanged her mother-in-law even for a



central heating system. Having trained Yvonne herself, she could find no fault with her. And Blaise was the perfect man of all work.

Old Mrs. Rousse, or Madame Mother as she was called with respect and affection, in addition to her moles and mustache had serene bulging eyes and the complacent expression of a toad. Her judgments were uncannily wise and farsighted. Her word was law. She was a benevolent despot.

Jacques, the son of the house, was a brilliant student at the Lycée. He was troubled by red lumps which never came to anything. He ought to have begun to shave six months before this narrative opens. He wrote verse, and made goats' eyes at Yvonne, of whom he sometimes dreamed.

His sister, Jacqueline, was Yvonne's age almost to a day and a pretty girl in her own right. She was about to be presented to society in the garden of her rich aunt, Madame Rousse-Carroux, and the dress for this great occasion had been ordered from the Printemps, also the stockings, the underneath things, and the high-heeled slippers. Jacqueline and Yvonne were close friends and often discussed subjects of which they were supposed to know nothing.

Jacqueline was responsible for an occasional breach of household discipline. And when her father and mother were both out and her grandmother was asleep the urge to exchange confidences often carried her into the kitchen and interrupted and delayed a little whatever Yvonne happened to be doing at the moment. There were certain topics to which they most often returned. One was Yvonne's own personal romance which would never come to anything until between them she and Blaise had saved out of their pitiful wages the precise sum which both were agreed was the minimum upon which a happy marriage might be based. That was a wistful, sad little topic, because Yvonne was very deeply and steadfastly in love, and Blaise, who had plenty of red blood in him, was fretting his heart out.

THOUGH both the girls were virtuous, another favorite topic of theirs, almost a hobby, was birth control.

A third was Jacqueline's chances of marrying above her station in life, if she should be sufficiently admired at her aunt's garden party.

A fourth and very favorite topic was the only fast woman that either of them even knew by sight.

Sitting beside her keeper, the old Baron de la Ferre, this light woman quite often drove past the house on her way to the Baron's castle in the country, or to his palace in the city. The car in which they rode was the deepest imaginable brown with coats of arms on the doors and platinum fittings. The driver and the footman looked to have swallowed a ramrod apiece and to have been poured into uniforms which matched the car.

The old Baron de la Ferre had rosy cheeks, a twinkling eye and the profile of a sheep. The light woman had the expressionless beauty of a perfect jewel. Her eyes were coal-black in a camellia-white face. Her mouth was vermilion. She dressed with impeccable taste and seldom wore more than two or three kings' ransoms at one time. She was said to have started her career as a girl of all work in a middle-class family. Sometimes when this notorious pair had passed, there lingered in the street a heavenly perfume of Turkish tobacco.

But one day the Baron drove by without his lady or the twinkle in his eye, and thereafter Jacqueline and Yvonne were never to see her again. And in their conversations they began to ennoble the old Baron's emotions. He is lonely, they said; he suffers; he is hurt to the death. Of a Monday at a certain time they would be sure of seeing him returning from the country to Paris. And always a little before that time Yvonne managed to find work that needed doing near a front window, and always Jacqueline managed to be within call. Blaise was inclined to be jealous.

BUT one Monday, owing to the exciting arrival of the garden-party outfit from the Printemps, the flighty young things forgot all about the saddened Baron. Papa was at his office, Mamma was out shopping. Madame Mother was asleep. Jacqueline could not wait. The boxes were opened and the contents, the simple, gay dress, the high-heeled slippers, the stockings and the underneath things were displayed upon her virginal bed.

"Oh, mademoiselle," exclaimed Yvonne, "you will be a dream. And one thing at least is sure, you will be admired to distraction and you will marry far above your station."

"Clothes aren't everything," said Jacqueline, almost wishing that they were. "There has to be in addition a certain dash of I-don't-know-what."

"To be a Frenchwoman," said Yvonne, "is to have that. I wonder how I'd look all dressed up the way you're going to be."

"There's no sense wondering about such things," said Jacqueline, "when all the materials for the experiment are at your disposal."

(Continued on page 40)

Million Dollar Contract

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY DON BENDER

The cutthroat business methods of Joe Bentley and Linda Falls. A romance of the advertising world, where no, it seems, doesn't mean anything

I GUESS it's up to you, Joe," Bill Hodges said when the conference was over and the client had gone.

Bill Hodges's tone was sympathetic. He knew how difficult it would be to get those drawings out of Roget. But the client wanted drawings by Roget and what a client who spends a million dollars a year wants he must have. Joe Bentley knew he had to get those drawings. He had to get them in two weeks. And who had ever got anything out of Roget in two weeks?

Joe had never met Roget. But he knew about Roget. The town was full of stories about Roget, who began with the most ordinary excuses and rose to fantastic heights of invention.

It was after five o'clock when Joe got back to his office. He told his secretary to put in a call for Roget.

"Come on down," Roget said.

Joe took a taxi down to Twelfth Street. A Japanese boy in a white jacket opened the door and Joe heard the sounds, the unmistakable sounds, of a cocktail party. He might have known there would be a party. There was always a party at Roget's.

There were two rooms, with a wide arch between, full of chatter. Beyond was a third room in which two couples were dancing to the music of a muted radio. He saw a girl he wanted to know—a tall, dark, handsome girl in brown. She had fine eyes and long, lovely lines.

Joe accepted a canapé and a cocktail from the Japanese boy. He stood watching the girl. She was listening to a young man who didn't matter. But now a big man with a curly chestnut beard that almost covered his face joined her. That must be Roget. Joe had heard about that chestnut beard. He waited until Roget saw him and came over and introduced himself.

"Art directors get younger every season," Roget said, smiling at Joe. "Or perhaps it is only the very young ones who have the patience to wait for drawings from the so unreliable Roget."

"It is our client who has no patience," Joe said. "He wants three drawings in two weeks."

"I never make promises any more," Roget said. "But I will try to do your drawings."

Joe thanked him. He felt that the stories he had heard about Roget were maliciously exaggerated. The man was transparently honest.

"And now," Roget said, "isn't there someone here you would like to meet?"

"The girl in brown," Joe said.

Roget chuckled with pleasure, as if Joe had given the answer he hoped for.

"That is Linda Falls," he said, and took Joe over and introduced him.

"Let's dance," Joe said.

"Let's," she said.

THEY said little while they danced. They danced three dances and smiled at each other. Joe wondered how he was going to see her tomorrow. But he did not worry about it because he knew it was going to happen. He was going to see her tomorrow and every day after. They were both so preoccupied that they did not see Roget approaching.

"I wish you'd go to dinner with me," Joe said.

"Why—" she said. "Why—" She was altogether charming in her hesitation because he knew she was going to say yes.

"Ah," Roget said, "it is good to see two art directors so entertaining to each other that they do not bother Roget."

Joe Bentley was startled at the effect of Roget's words on Linda Falls. All the warmth went out of her face.

"Are you an art director?" she said.

"Hodges & Hodges," Joe said.

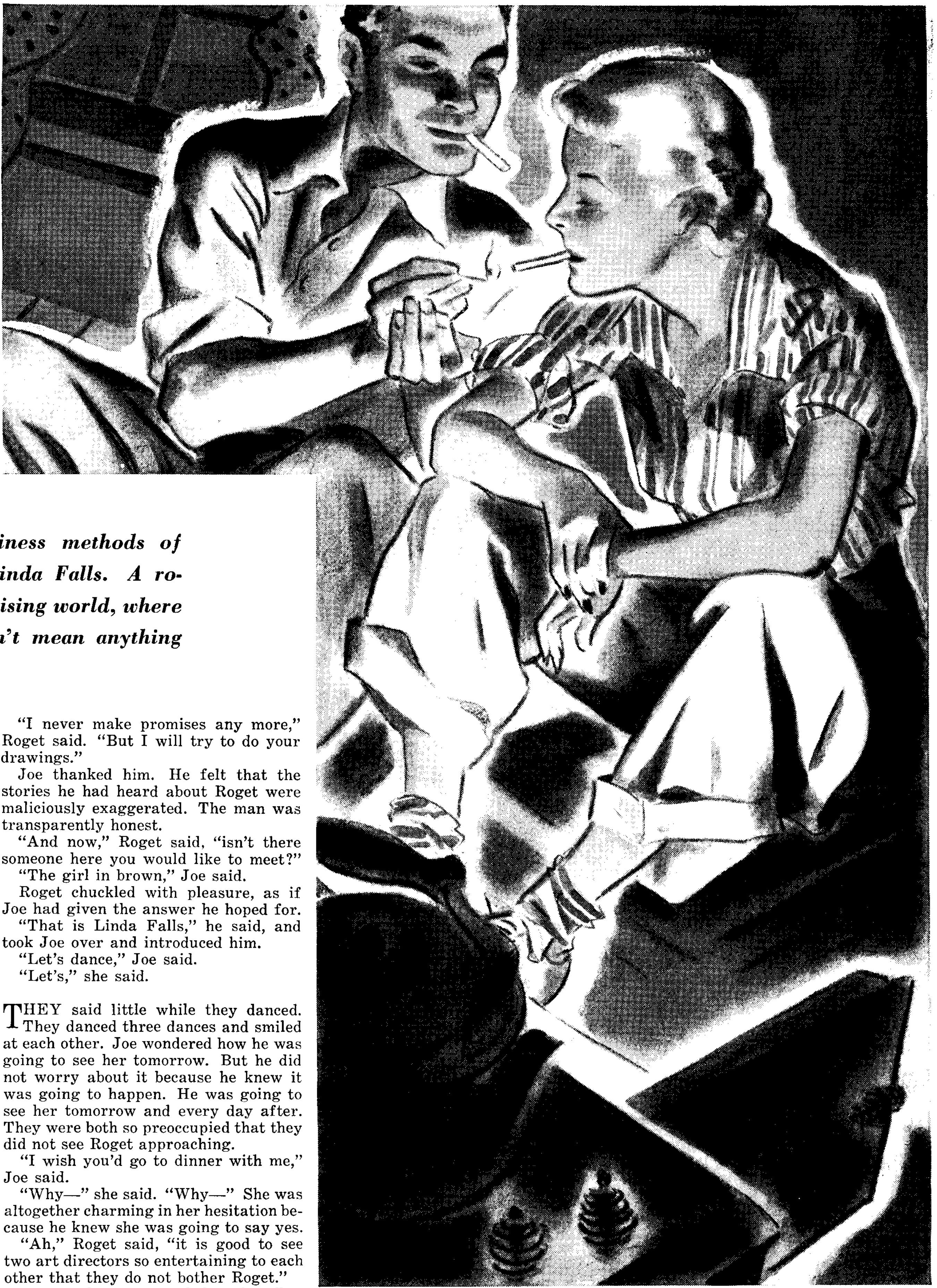
"You want a drawing from Roget?" she said, and it was clear from her tone that if he did he was something to be stepped on.

"He wants three drawings," Roget said, "and he must have them in two weeks."

"You can't have them," Linda Falls said.

"Why can't I have them?"

"Because we were here first," she said. "I'm assistant to George Wood at Gales, Daly and Gales. We've been trying to get a single drawing from Roget for a month and we are just getting to the interesting excuses."



They sat side by side with their feet on the warm door and smoked cigarettes while the teakettle bubbled and sang

"It is true," Roget said. "Roget loves parties and he hates to work. And why should he work as long as there is a bottle or two in the pantry and fresh caviar in the icebox? It is better to have his friends around him and to see them enjoying themselves."

"Oh, Roget," Linda Falls said, "I should think you would be proud of your work."

Roget shook his head. "Only a little," he said. "But I must be serious," he continued. "Suppose, Bentley, you drop around tomorrow noon and tell me just what your people want and perhaps I can make a preliminary sketch or two."

"I'll be here," Joe said.

"I will try to be here." Roget smiled as he said it. "And now I must speak to those people who just came in."

"Roget," Linda Falls said, "you won't—whatever you do—you won't do this man's drawings first, when I'm a month ahead of him?"

"If I promised you that, Linda," Roget said, "the imp of the perverse would force me to do the other thing."

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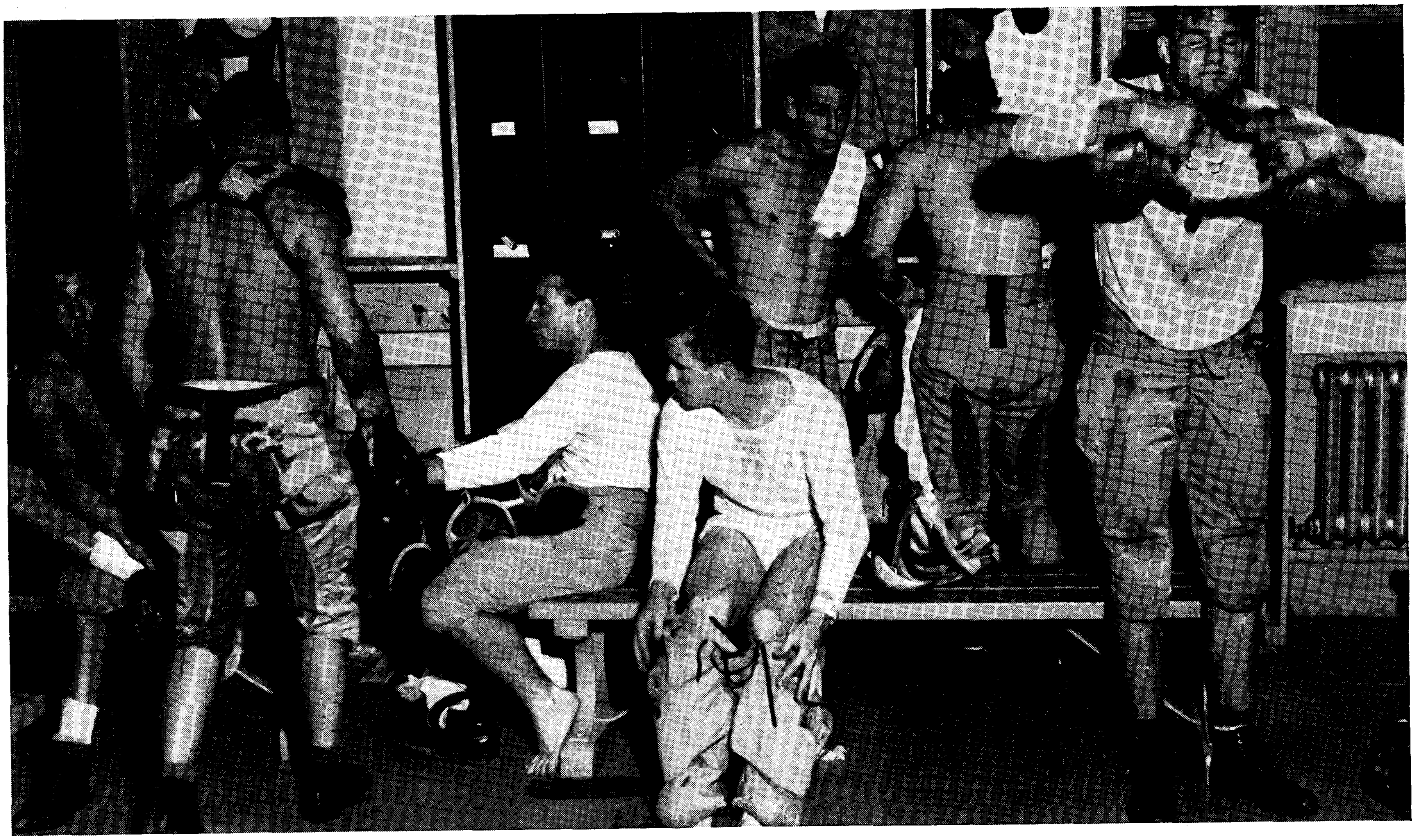


Post-mortem discussions of the game in the Stanford dressing room after the early-season defeat this year at the hands of Santa Clara

Head First

By C. E. "Tiny" Thornhill with Frank J. Taylor

Every man on the team is in perfect physical condition, plays have been run off in practice like clockwork—and the big game is lost to an inferior rival. The answer? A monkey wrench has been tossed into their psychological machinery. Here's the way Stanford's coach deals with this menace of Old Man Psychology

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GABRIEL MOULIN

Coach Thornhill with Williams, Shannon and Callaway after the Santa Clara game

EVERY time a Stanford team journeys up to Seattle to meet the University of Washington, the Stanford team has to play not only the Huskies but Old Man Psychology as well. There is a jinx that always seems to attach itself to the Stanford squad when the boys cross the Columbia River. Out of six games played up there, they have only managed to win one. They have beaten themselves, rather than let Washington do it.

Washington has always had a good ball club and has played good football against us, particularly on home grounds. There is a great sectional feeling in the Northwest. So they always played their best up there and we always played our worst. It was all a mental proposition handed down from year to year and built around the idea that the Stanford team couldn't play in the mud. Just psychology!

A football coach has to know more about psychology than a professor of psychology. He doesn't get it out of a book, either. He gets it from real life. When you sit down and think about it after a tight game between two well-matched teams, you realize that in four contests out of five it was psychology that put the ball game on ice.

Last season I figured I could beat the psychology angle in the Washington game by working out a new mental strategy for the Stanford team. What always licked us up at Seattle was the idea that no California team could beat the Huskies on a muddy field. That's what the weatherman always dished up for us in Seattle. Down at Palo Alto we had taken the Huskies regularly, but never upon their home field. A week before we left the Stanford farm I started working on the boys.

"We're going to leave our dry-field offense at home," I told them. "All we're going to take up to Seattle is our wet-field offense. Then let her rain."

In practice I concentrated on ten plays to carry us through a game in the mud. We forgot all about our passes and spinners and the other plays that were hard to handle when it was slippery. The boys were all set to beat the Huskies at their own game and in their own mudhole.

Then it happened! When we got off the train in Seattle, the sun was shining bright and clear. We went out to the field and it was dry and hard. The kids looked at me in disgust. The psychology was all wrong again.

"Well, we got our offenses mixed up," I said. "I have wired back to the farm for the dry offense. See if you can't hold them until it gets here."

That is all I said by way of changing their attitude. It had the right effect. They held the Huskies scoreless. In the second quarter the boys kicked a field goal. In the fourth quarter they kicked another. It was the first time Stanford had won from Washington in Seattle in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. It was purely a psychological win.

(Continued on page 69)

Dark Tropic Sea

By Alan LeMay

IV

The Story Thus Far:

JOHN BARRETT finds a woman—young, beautiful and apparently suffering from shock—wandering aimlessly about the Island of Tunganan, one of the Philippine group. In a daze, she cannot answer Barrett's questions; but he insists on taking her to his home, on the near-by island of Malangai.

Barrett has other guests: Justin Lowry, who is backing him in the development of some plantations; Lowry's daughter, Marise, to whom Barrett is engaged; and the extremely conventional Mrs. Holderness, Marise's chaperone. The trio accord the newcomer a frosty welcome. . . . Barrett learns that she is Tonai Merriam, wife of Neal Merriam, a coconut planter. A room is assigned to Mrs. Merriam. And there, that same night, Henry Shane, Barrett's right-hand man, is murdered—stabbed to death with a knife or kris!

Protesting her innocence, Mrs. Merriam claims that Shane (she asserts that she had never before even heard of him) had entered her room and been killed by someone standing just outside the window. But the evidence is all against her.

Barrett reports the tragedy, by wireless, to the constabulary post at Jolo. "Hold Mrs. Merriam," is the answer, "for questioning concerning the disappearance of Neal Merriam. Good man will come to you by plane in morning."

An hour or so later, Nural Hakim, one of Barrett's Moro boys, leads Barrett to a clump of bamboo in the compound; he points to a body—the body of a houseboy, Gagahan, who, like Shane, has been stabbed to death. On the ground beneath the body is the imprint of a white man's boot heel.

Utterly mystified, Barrett turns for help to "Suva Jim" Cooper, an authority on the islands and their people. Suva Jim refuses to co-operate; he and Barrett quarrel, part enemies. Further questioning of Mrs. Merriam elicits her statement that, having been separated from her husband for several months, she had returned to his plantation only to find the place deserted. And again she states definitely that she had never known Henry Shane.

But George Bates, a sea captain, informs Barrett that she *had* known Shane. "He worked for Neal Merriam a full month," he says. "Of course she knew him."

And again John Barrett wonders if—

I WENT into the room off the portal which I used as my headquarters. I had expected Justin Lowry would be there, full of simple and unnecessary instructions, but he was not. Instead, Lon Llewellyn was there, lounging moodily in a big chair, one leg hung over the arm. He was looking about as gloomy as I felt.

"Some mess," he said.

I was annoyed with him. "It looks to me," I said, "as if you might have shown up last night, when you were needed."

Llewellyn shrugged. His gray eyes returned my stare steadily from under their black brows. "I was counting the soap."

That was characteristic of Lon Llewellyn. If Lon Llewellyn was counting soap he would continue counting it until it was done—a stubborn, persistent man, accustomed to walk in his own ways.

"Of course you know what's happened?"

"I heard of Shane and Gagahan. But if you know what really happened, you're 'way ahead of me."

"Lon," I asked him, "do you know this Mrs. Merriam?"

"Yes; some. Danced with her a couple of times at Zamboanga. Saw her once or twice at Kivasawan. Always wished I knew her better. Couldn't manage it."

"How long have you known her?"

"Knew her before she was married. Knew Neal Merriam, too. John, don't let anybody tell you that Tonai is in any way—"

"Lon, did Tonai Merriam know Henry Shane?"

"She might have. He worked for Neal Merriam, once, for a while. I couldn't say, one way or the other."

"Well, George Bates says she did know him. And he said you'd back him up."

"George Bates," said Lon Llewellyn, "has a head made out of the best grade of mancono wood that money can buy."

That was the trouble with Lon Llewellyn; he would have said the same thing to George Bates—probably had. His idea of honesty, no doubt. In another way, that same honesty made Llewellyn a poor trader, for he contemptuously threw away advantages he might legitimately have obtained. He had a keen mind, a dogged persistence, and no fear, but he had no idea of how to get along with anybody. Hardly anyone ever liked Lon Llewellyn, except me.

"That plane is going to sit down on the Balintang Lagoon," Llewellyn said now. "We'd better—"

There was a faint, fluttering tap upon the door, which immediately opened before I could answer it. Marise Lowry came in; then stopped as she saw Llewellyn.

"I'm sorry; I didn't know you were busy."

I hesitated; and then sent Lon Llewellyn on ahead to meet the plane on the Balintang, a mile away. Lon nodded and went out, taking his time in his own exasperating way.

"John," Marise said, as soon as the door had closed after him, "there's something I have to tell you." Her voice was small and restless and her eyes, smudged this morning with violet shadows, were unhappy.

I moved toward her, holding out my hands. It seemed to me a long time since I had had a moment with this girl alone; and just looking at her stirred me deeply, as it always did.

She drew away from me with a queer, involuntary movement, and her eyes were strange. "John—please!"

I STOPPED, and dropped my hands, sharply hurt. At this time I had carried the image of Marise Lowry in my mind almost constantly for three years. Dozens of photographs of her were always about me, wherever I was, mixed in among my things; but my more important pictures of her were in my mind. They came to me in my sleep, and continued with me when I was awake. And these were more real than the photographs, because they included the sound of her voice, the feel of her arms, the smell of her hair.

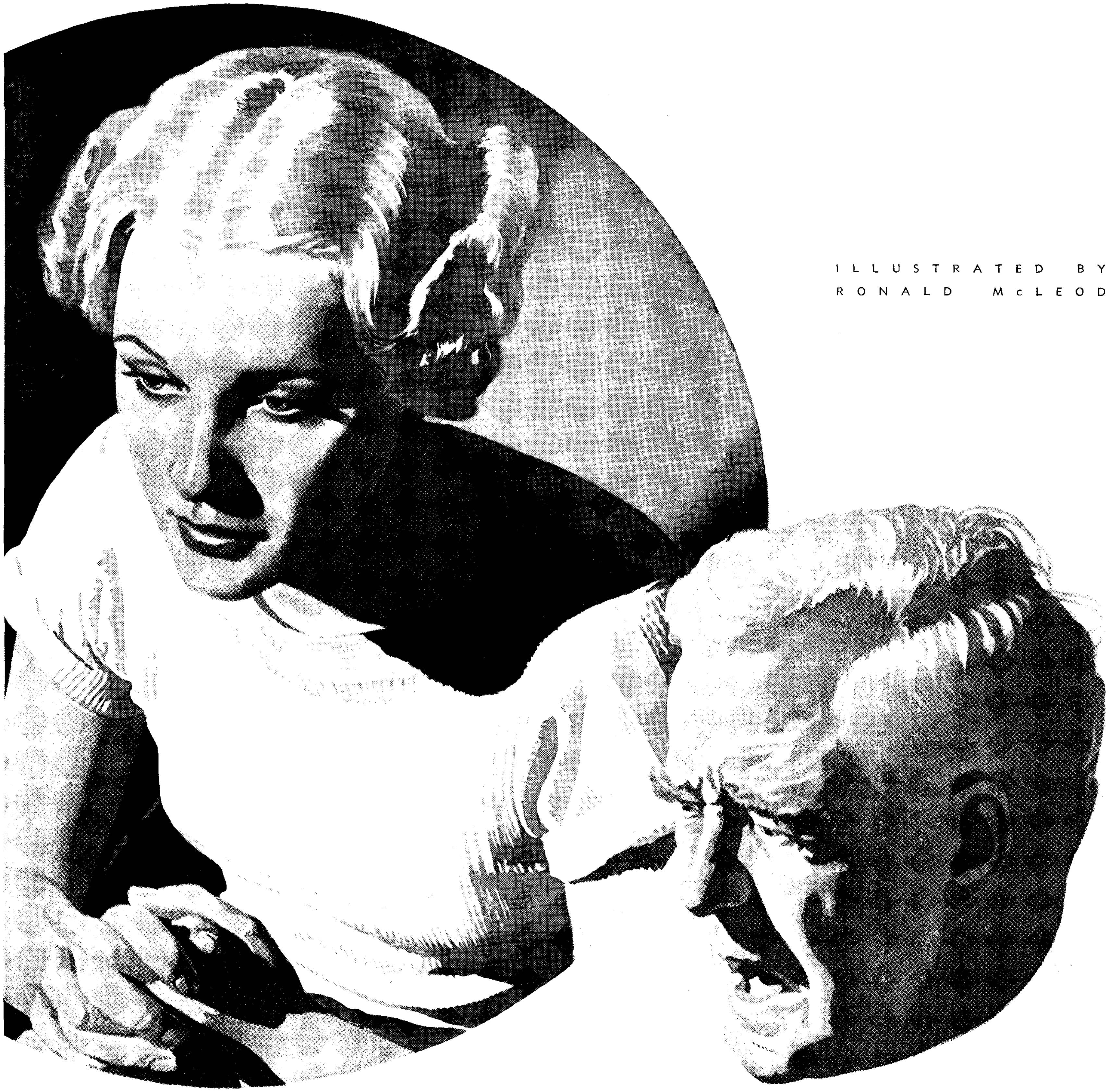
Justin Lowry purpled. "Why, damn it, I have a right to walk around my own plantation, haven't I?" "No," Norse told him. "Not just now"

But I was realizing now that to lose Marise Lowry would mean a more searching loss than even all this implied. I had as good as pledged my life to the tropic seas, and though my exile was voluntary an exile was what it was. Marise represented to me everything precious which neither the islands nor the Asiatic waters could ever offer. Sometimes when she was with me I could see the quiet elm-shaded streets of the little mainland town where I had been born. I could sense again the heartening frosty nip of half-forgotten Octobers, and see the big flocks of blackbirds sailing into the sunset, and smell apples and burning leaves. To a man immured in the wet heat of an island no more than four degrees off the equator, these were gifts from another world.

I stood looking at her now, biting at my lips, and unable to think of anything to say. When I had defended Tonai Merriam, and gone against Justin Lowry, I had known that I was asking for disaster. But it was only beginning to dawn on me how much this might mean.

Marise dropped her eyes, and her words came rapidly.

"I want you to know that I believe in you, John. I want you to believe that. I don't understand you; I don't suppose I'll ever understand you, but I want only



ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

the best for you. I want you to vindicate yourself in every way, and to succeed in everything, now and always. I think—I think—" Her words trailed away and stopped.

"Holy smoke," I said. "That is just about the most ominous-sounding beginning I ever heard!"

There was a taut-strung sharpness in the girl's voice which she could not repress. "Ominous? I? I shouldn't wonder! Everything about this terrible place is ominous. I hate this unspeakable country! And if I ever get out of here I'll never—"

"Well," I mumbled, "after what's happened here I don't blame you, I guess."

"This country does strange, terrible things to people," Marise said, "perfectly incredible things. It's done something strange to you, John. I don't feel as if I know you any more, at all."

"I—I don't think I know what you mean."

She turned upon me abruptly. "Who is that awful woman?"

"I only know what she told you herself. How she ever got to Tunganan I haven't the least idea. Until she suddenly turned up there, just before we sailed, I'd never seen her before, so far as I know, in all my life."

Marise Lowry's voice sounded lost, despairing. "Oh, John, why can't you at least be honest enough to— I *suppose, of course, that I've been a fool; only, I made* myself think that you—" She broke off. "That is not what I came here to say."

I waited; and I saw now that she was looking at me strangely, but with darkened eyes. It took me a moment or two to realize that the emotion in her eyes was definitely recognizable as fear. Even then I was unable, at first, to believe the evident truth. Marise Lowry was afraid of me! Her words came breathlessly, very low and quick.

"JOHN, I have to tell you this. I have to, because—because it's my idea of what is fair. I wish I didn't know this—hadn't seen it; but I can't help it. I couldn't sleep last night. How can anybody even think of sleep in this ghastly place? I opened a shutter, there when—where—I mean, in the bamboo, where that—that little houseboy was killed. I'll have to tell it—I'll have to. I had to warn you that I'll have to tell that."

"But—but—"

"I saw your face." Her voice had turned murmurous and dim and she no longer would look at me. "There was a flashlight, or something. You were out and I was looking out at the rain. I—I saw you in the compound, John."

No question now of the downright terror in the girl's eyes. With a curious detachment I recognized that Marise, in telling me this, was doing a tremendously brave thing. Very possibly she supposed that she was taking her life in her hands in telling me this. Then the full shock of her meaning struck me: Marise Lowry believed that I had murdered Gagahan—perhaps Shane, too, for all she knew!

I was profoundly shaken; but after a moment I turned impatient and cold.

"I have already described to your father," I told her, "the exact circumstances under which I was in the compound. I immediately reported to him, at the time, exactly what I found there. I thank you for your generosity in disclosing to me your very remarkable opinions. And I am sorry to add that I am afraid they will not be any great help to the constabulary."

"Oh, John, everything has been so horrible— When I think of that poor native boy lying out there in the rain—"

"Gagahan," I said grimly, "was well past giving a damn for rain."

It was the wrong thing to say. Irrepressible tears welled into Marise's eyes, and her breath caught in her throat in the beginning of what would probably

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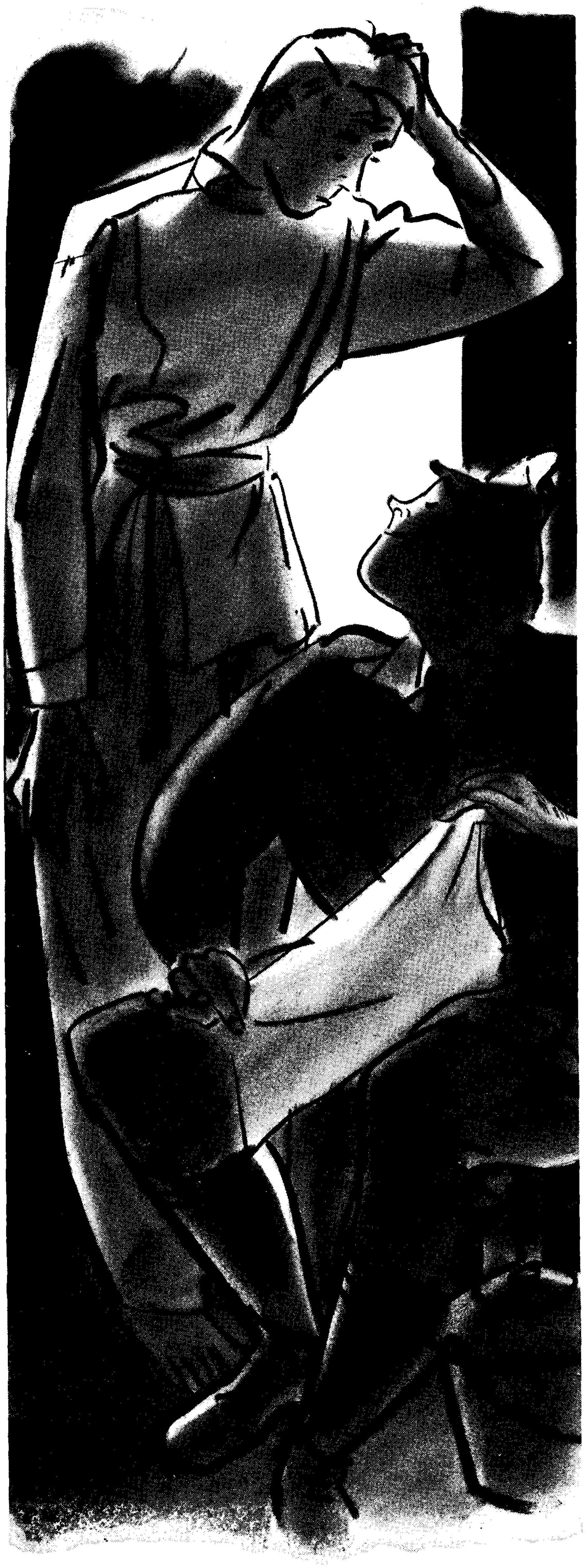


"Uh-uh," he shook his head. "You'll never get anywhere with that, brother. Like this, see?" He gave an expert whisk or two with the white cotton square

Nocturne

By Dorothy Bennett

A demonstration of practical heroism for the home by Henry Thompson, father. Required reading for every young man who's thinking of marriage

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

THE nurse said, "Good night, then. I'll see you in the morning—nine o'clock. I'm sure you'll be all right, Mr. Thompson."

She smiled brightly, and her heels went brightly click-clicking down the hall outside the apartment. Tall, blond young Mr. Thompson, courteously holding the door open for her, closed it carefully and turned around and his own small domain came in a rush to close around him.

Everything he had in the world was here. Kay, young Henry Thompson, Susa and McGlintoc. Under his charge this night—the first night the nurse had been away since young Henry came home from the hospital with his young mother, Kay.

Mr. Thompson ran his hand through his hair and had a brief but fervent attack of buck fever.

Tonight he'd have to do everything—for that appallingly small, fragile scrap of humanity only two weeks and three days removed from nothing! His son Henry. He'd never even handled him before tonight.

How did babies ever survive, anyway? So small—so much care and technique for them, it seemed. And how on earth did Kay ever agree—

They'd both felt a lot differently about things then, only this morning, over this morning's coffee. Sunshine on the sun porch, small table beside Kay's bed, smell of hot coffee steaming up from their wedding cups, smell of crunchy, buttery toast, orange juice . . . Of course Nurse Carter could go home nights now. She'd be with them here all day. Only one feeding at night. Nothing to it.

He'd felt a lot too much like God then, Mr. Thompson now agreed with himself bitterly.

Buck fever. Get over it in a second. Kay was calling. But he was still shaky when he went in to see Kay. She'd begin to worry if he stayed out here in the hall too long. This was his small heaven and earth, right here, in these three rooms and sun deck, and he was lord and master of it all. But right now he grinned waveringly to himself; he knew how God felt. Kind of a big responsibility sometimes, running things. It came over you in a rush.

"Gosh!" said young Mr. Thompson fervently.

He stood looking down, tall and thin and young, at his young wife lying there in the big double bed. She was a dark girl, quite small, with dark waved hair soft about her small head, and big dark eyes, and a slow smile. She was so little. Had a husky son, too. Young Henry. Kay. Dear Kay. What would he do if things—

"Honey," Kay said, "is everything all right?"

"Sure," he said.

"Will you take McGlintoc for his evening walk? His leash is on the telephone chair in the hall."

"Sure. Hi, Glinty. Here, boy!"

Kay had a son. But she had a dog, too. McGlintoc didn't have to worry about babies. He had his own place still, and it was in that corner of her heart he had selected and curled up in long ago, a small black Scotty pup, very still and wise-looking and warmhearted.

"We'll just go around the block, dear. Won't be a minute."

"And did you leave the kitchen window open for Susa?"

"Sure. I left her bowl of milk up on the drainboard, up where McGlinty couldn't get it."

"Susa'll be in early. She's going to have her kittens pretty soon. I do hope they'll be nearly all black Persian," said Kay hopefully. She was too much of a realist to expect all-Persian kittens from Susa.

"Well, they're sure to be *some* Persian," said Mr. Thompson tactfully, "since she's all-black Persian herself."

"Yes, that's right."

THE book slid from her hand, and the light shone down full on her face from the headboard reading lamp. Kay slipped away from him like this lately, all of a sudden, borne clear out of the current of their world.

"Tired, honey? Do I turn off the light now?"

"Please." The black-pansy eyes deepened as she smiled at him slowly, and yawned. "Is our son Henry—"

"Snoring his head off. I looked."

He heard Kay's gurgle, in the dark, at his sheer imbecilic valiancy, understood as such. "We are not amused," said the mother of an emperor primly. "You remember, dear—two o'clock?"

"Sure. I know," said young Mr. Thompson, bringing that tall blond head down to hers. "Two o'clock. Pick him up and change him. Bottle from refrigerator. Okay. Sure I know. Go to sleep." He whispered, head against hers, arm beneath her shoulders, "Good night, good night . . ."

McGlintoc took young Mr. Thompson out for a walk every evening. Now they went out to walk in the cool of the evening, under quiet stars. When they came in, Mr. Thompson tiptoed through the darkened house, out to his cot on the sun porch; McGlintoc dropped off silently at his box beside Kay's bed; young Mr. Thompson, turning on his pajamaed shoulder to tuck things in, heard the thump as Susa came through the kitchen window and landed on the sink drainboard; then a pause and soft lap-lapping dainty sounds.

They were all here.

THE first scream brought him upright in his cot, hands clutching the bedclothes. The night had fallen into a deeper coldness and lateness around him. Then another scream came, and he knew what had awakened him. That first scream was a line with a hook on it, casting, to land neatly in his heart and bring him up gasping. Instinct, or something. The screams were from his small son.

"My God!" thought the distracted father. "He'll break something!"

He was in the dining room now, where the baby slept by himself for quietness. Should he turn on the light, to reassure his son? Should he go through to the kitchen, warm up his bottle without wasting time on the amenities?

Mr. Thompson cravenly bought peace by turning on the light and leaning over the baby's crib. The baby gazed at him through tear-dimmed blue eyes, and shut off his yells. He broke into an enchanting, radiant sunburst of a smile. He gurgled, tried to kick his feet, to rise; found himself pinned in by four huge safety pins. He whimpered. Young Henry felt restricted.

Already he was threatening another cloudburst of tears and thunder. Mr. Thompson fought with blanket pins, stiff as train couplings. He was surprised to find what strength young Henry had. He seemed to be supplied with a good many arms and legs, too. More than the usual two apiece. They all waved frantically against him.

Young Henry gave another mighty lurch and wriggle that brought the open point of the pin up against his tender stomach. His father's heart came up with a mighty lurch into his throat. He protected the point with his thumb. Okay so far. Night pants into the blue covered laundry pail. His son's nightshirt was damp with sweat, though. Was he feverish? Mr. Thompson touched the deeply folded neck, and decided not. Henry's cheeks, plump as peaches, were cool and smooth. Satin. No, rose petals. He'd catch cold. Better get those other pants on pretty fast. . . .

THE hall closet where the linen was kept wasn't quite closed, he noticed. His foot bumped the door edge. Darn it! If Susa was sleeping there again, Kay would have fits.

Susa was there. Only Kay wasn't having fits—Susa was having kittens. They had arrived—were arriving—on one of Kay's best linen and lace wedding sheets! She was a young cat, and these were her first kittens. Maybe her last. It looked to him that way.

How could he help her?

Behind him then in the deserted dining room nursery he could hear that young Henry had comprehended his desertion. Henry'd now settled down to the serious business of blasting the whole situation wide open. His yells tore from his throat in terrible intensity. He'd break something. No human being could produce that roar of sustained sound undamaged. And from that fragile baby!

Then Mr. Thompson heard, between these layers of sound, as a separate radio wave, Kay's voice calling to him, from the bedroom, coming nearer. Kay appeared, hanging wobbling onto the door, dark eyes enormous in a white face. She wasn't supposed to get up!

"Henry," she moaned, "what's the *matter?*"

"The baby's crying, and Susa's having kittens on your best linen sheet!" he said. "In the linen closet! Kay, what'll I do?"

Kay closed her eyes in utter misery and began to cry.

"I f-feel so ill!" she sobbed. "I c-can't help it. Henny, I feel so ill."

Indeed, she was pale as a ghost. That new, old pang of darkness and terror tore through him again. Only this time he closed up inside of him after its passage. He didn't have time for terror now.

Everything happening all at once washed over his head in a great cold wave, and he emerged from its wreckage with calm.

He gathered Kay up firmly and put her on the bed again. Put on the headboard lamp, and the pretty light closed around them in the familiar room, banishing forbidding darkness.

"Stay here, Kay," said Mr. Thompson, "and I'll get you some warm milk. You'll be okay, honey. You just got cold a little. McGlinty, you look after her, boy."

He raided the bathroom closet of a big package of absorbent cotton, took it through with him into the tiny kitchen. He put a distracted head briefly into the nursery, sized up Henry, who was performing contortions in his crib, and decided Henry's lungs weren't going to explode yet.

SUSA in the hall closet was crying again.

Mr. Thompson lit a couple of gas burners, put on a saucepan of water to warm, a saucepan of milk for Kay. He took the baby's bottle from the refrigerator. He thrust the bottle into the saucepan of warming water, and dumped out a box of groceries into the sink, and began lining the box with the roll of absorbent cotton.

The doorbell rang.

He grabbed the cotton-lined grocery box and brought it along in one hand into the hall with him. The door was being thumped heavily now. There were a couple of cops in uniform on the other side of it when he opened it—in uniform with Sam Browne belts and leather hip holsters.

"We're police," one of them began.

"We don't need a policeman, thanks," said Mr. Thompson, and started to close the door. They shoved in anyway.

"Hey, wait a second!" said the broad one. Then the combined volume of sound from Henry, Susa and his own voice roaring above the tumult struck them full. They recoiled.

"What is this, anyway?" he said in a more subdued tone.

"A madhouse," said young Mr. Thompson, briefly. He was on his knees before the door of the linen closet, his hands out to help Susa into her new and more permanent home for new kittens.

"Your kitchen window's open—ground floor. We think he musta climbed in—take a look. . . ."

Susa seemed to be a lot more comfortable when he had settled her and her family in the warm, cotton-lined box. She looked up at him gratefully, a glistening black cat with green eyes, graceful as water flowing. Mr. Thompson, backing out with the box carefully in his hands, discovered the superintendent of the building bustling anxiously at his side.

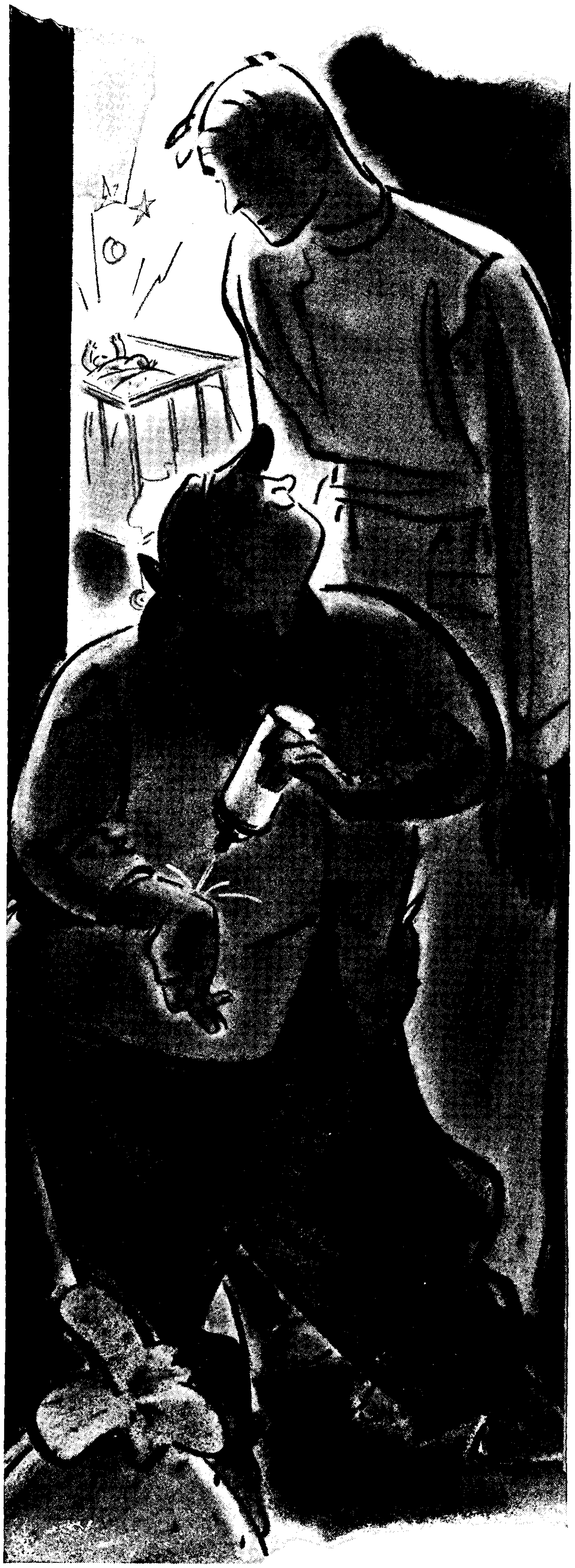
"Do you know why the police—?"

"No, I don't," said Mr. Thompson, who was in a hurry. "Listen, take her box down to the furnace room and keep her warm, will you? And take this sheet and burn it down there for me, will you?"

"Why, certainly."

The superintendent departed. Mr. Thompson scooted for the kitchen,

(*Continued on page* 48)



"I'll show you," he said. "Like this." He flicked out an expert drop onto his wrist, considered it briefly, eyes screwed up, nodded. "That's okay. Not too hot"

Beauty Treatment

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Dana Burnet

ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. ELDRIDGE

WILLIE LORD had lost his pants. They were his favorite pants, his hunting pants, and when I tell you that he lost them on a day in October, just a month before the opening of the deer-shooting season down East in Maine, you will understand the enormity of Willie's bereavement. Intrinsically his loss was negligible, for the garments in question were merely a pair of stained and shabby corduroy trousers, whose only distinction was their great age. But Willie believed, with an almost religious conviction, that they brought him luck in the woods, and, since he was notoriously successful as a gunner, this belief was shared by the entire male element of the village of Manasquot. Presumably it was not shared by the female element, for it was Willie's own wife Jenny who had given away his lucky pants. She had donated them, in the frenzy of her fall house-cleaning, to the monthly church rummage sale.

These melancholy facts were reported to me by Willie himself over a glass of beer in the village legal-beverage parlor.

"I wa'n't to hum when it happened," Willie said. "I ain't never to hum when the woman gits one o' her cleanin' spells. This time it's ben wuss than ever, cuz my wife's sister, Allie Parker—she's a widda—has come to live with us and they is the two of 'em a-ragin' through the house same's if they was Samson slayin' the Philippines. But when I come hum to supper last night, I found out that Jenny had give away my pants to char'ty. I got right in the car and druv down to the Christian church, where they was havin' the rummage sale, and, by gorry, there was Baldy Jeff Bascom comin' down the steps o' the church with my pants over his arm."

"Baldy Jeff Bascom?" I said. "You mean he bought your pants at the sale?"

"Ey-ah," said Willie. "He paid two dollars for 'em. I offered to buy 'em back from him, but he jest stud there and grint at me."

"I know Baldy Jeff," I said. "He's just about the stubbornest man in this village. I'll bet you a case of ale you don't get your pants back before the gunning season opens in November."

"Might as well take that bet," said Willie. "Cuz if I lose, I cal'late to drink 'bout half the case anyhow."

"Have you any ideas as to how to proceed?" I asked, well knowing the fertility of Willie's mind in times of crisis.

"Nary an idee. A man can't do no real thinkin' when his women folks is turnin' his hum upside down."

"How long is your sister-in-law going to stay with you, Willie?" I asked.

"I cal'late she's permanent," he answered. "She lost her job right after her husbent died. Allie used to work in a beauty shop in Biddeford. She—" He stopped, looking thoughtful.

"You've had an idea," I said.

"Well, no," he pondered. "I wouldn't call it an idee exactly." He emptied his glass and rose to go. "I'll be seein' ye," he said.

A few days later I met Willie in front of the barbershop.

"You seem pleased about something," I said. "Have you got your pants back yet?"

Willie did not reply, for at that moment Baldy Jeff Bascom came out of the barbershop. Baldy was hatless, and the naked top of his head shone like a polished apple. "How a' ye?" he said, with a nod in my direction; but his gaze was fixed on Willie.

"What's the name o' that there salve," he demanded, "your sister-in-law used onto her husbent's head to make his hair grow?"

WILLIE'S pale blue eyes were blank for a moment; then they brightened with apparent recollection. "Oh, ey-ah!" he said, and turning to me he explained: "I was jest tellin' Baldy 'bout a salve that Allie Parker learnt how to make when she was a-workin' in that beauty parlor in Biddeford. Her husbent, he was a mite shy o' hair, same as Baldy. But she kept a-sockin' that salve to his scalp, and the day he died he had a full head o' hair."

"I'd like mighty well to git a-holt o' that salve," said Baldy.

"I could git ye the salve all right enough. But I dunno as it would do any good without ye had the treatment that goes with it. Allie, she says it's the way ye rub it in that does the business. But I'll speak to Allie. I'll do what I kin."

Baldy's native caution now asserted itself.

"Ye needn't do it," he said, "if ye think I'm a-goin' to give ye back your lucky pants on account o' you doin' me a favor."

Willie looked hurt. "Why, Baldy," he protested, "I never thought o' sich a thing. I'm a-tryin' my best to show ye I don't hold no grudge agin ye fer buyin' my pants at the rummage sale."

A fortnight passed. I did not see Willie Lord again until the night I was to leave for New York.

"What's the matter?" I inquired, as we stood on the platform waiting for the State of Maine express to arrive. "You haven't said a word for half an hour."

"Well, there," Willie replied. "I al'ays hate to see ye go. And then, I had to speak to Baldy Jeff Bascom this afternoon."

"You mean about those pants of yours?"

"Oh, no," said Willie. "It was 'bout his comin' to the house to git his head rubbed. Ye see, ever since I told him 'bout that wonderful salve Allie Parker uset to put on her husbent's head to make his hair grow, Baldy has been a-comin' to our house every day to git the same treatment. Well, sir, I found out the neighbors was startin' to talk, so I had to put a stop to it."

THE headlights of the express gleamed suddenly in the darkness. "Well, Willie," I said, "it's a sure thing now that you won't have those pants to wear on your trip down East this fall."

"It does look kind o' doubtful, don't it?"

"It looks hopeless," I said, as the train pulled in.

That was about the middle of October. Early in November I received a letter from Willie Lord. It read as follows:

"Dere Frend:

"I hope this finds you in good helth as I gess it will be sum shock to your sistem. Well, I am writeing to say Baldy Jeff Bascom and Allie Parker is married. Allie is now Mis Bascom. They druv over to Alfred and got jined in wedlok one day when I and Jenny was to Portland.

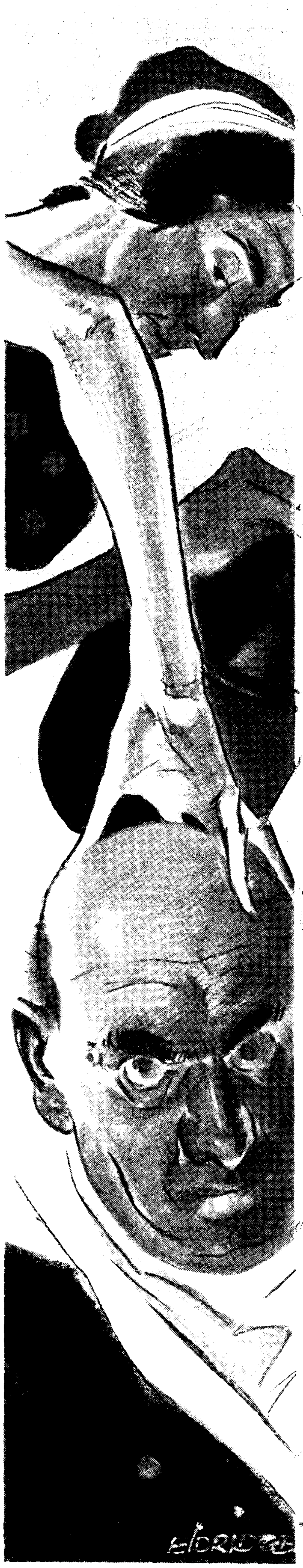
"Now I do not claim no credit fer this part of it as a ½-witted child cud tell that Baldy bein as stubborn as a mule would not give up them treatments even if he had to marry Allie to git them wich he done like I calcated. But I take sum pride in figgerin out the rest of it, becuz I was countin on the nature of the feemale when she gits to be a wife and this here feemale nature come out jest like I figgered.

"Well, Allie hadent no mor than got setteled in Baldy's house befor she startid cleanin house on him. That was what I had figgered on, so I waited til the church was havein there Nov. rummidge sale and then I got wun of the church leddies to go and ast Allie did she have eny ole clothes to give to the rummidge sale. Well, sure enuf Allie sent the church a pile of Baldy's ole clothes and their was my lucky pants at the bottom of the pile and I was rite there to buy them for one seventy five wich is a quatter cheeper than Baldy got them.

"Well, frend, I am startin down East tomorro and I will have them lucky pants to wear and when I git my deer I will send you a hanch of vennison. Hopein you are well and prosporous,

"Resp'f'l'y, W. LORD.

"P. S. You needn't to send me that kase of ale now as I would injoy haveing you help me drink it nex spring."



"Ever since I told him 'bout that salve, Baldy has been a-comin' to our house every day to git the treatment"

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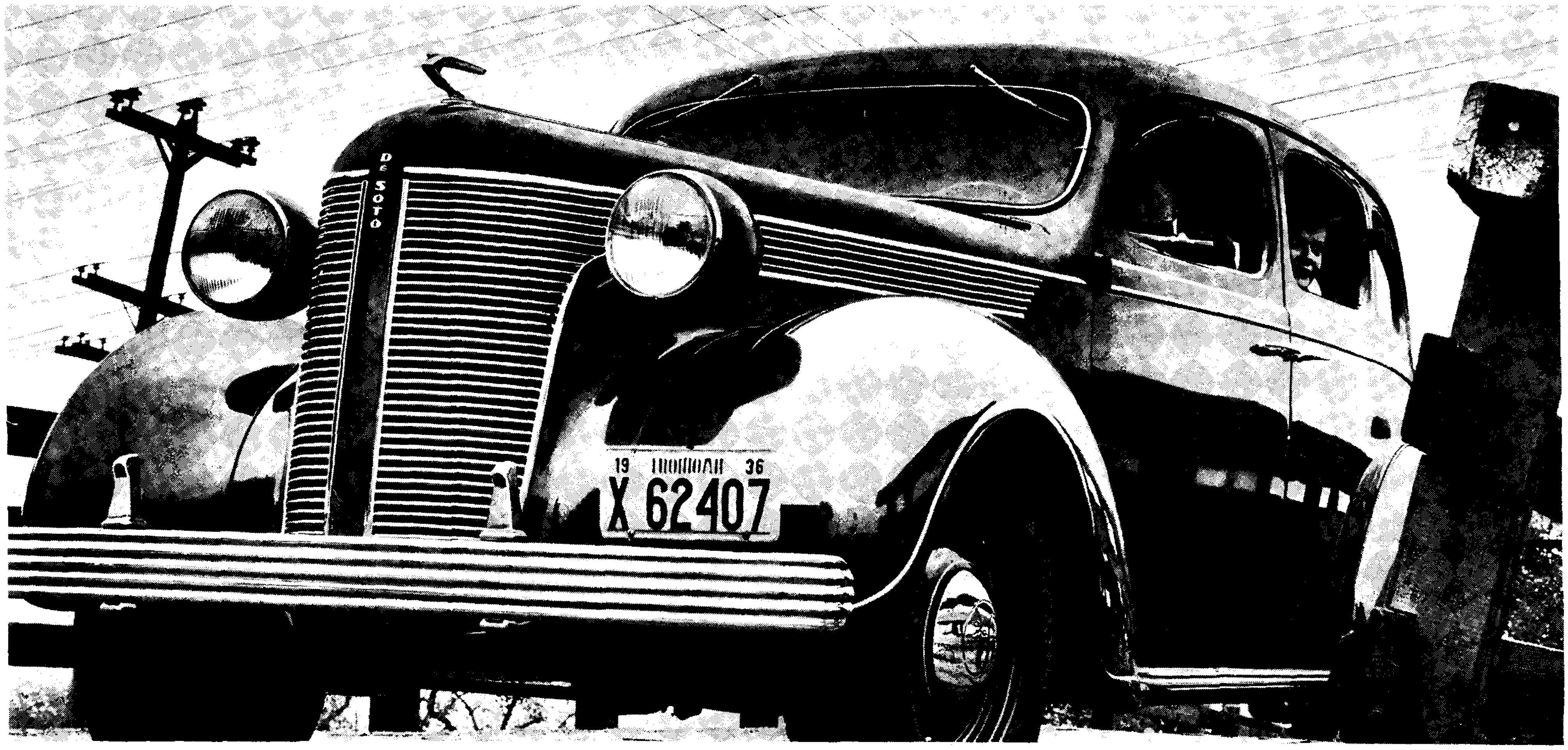

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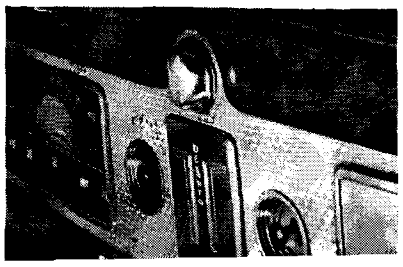


Duck Bills

By Ray Benson

A $100,000,000 sport is suffering from malnutrition. Specialists have got together and prescribed treatment. All that remains is to carry it out

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IVAN DMITRI

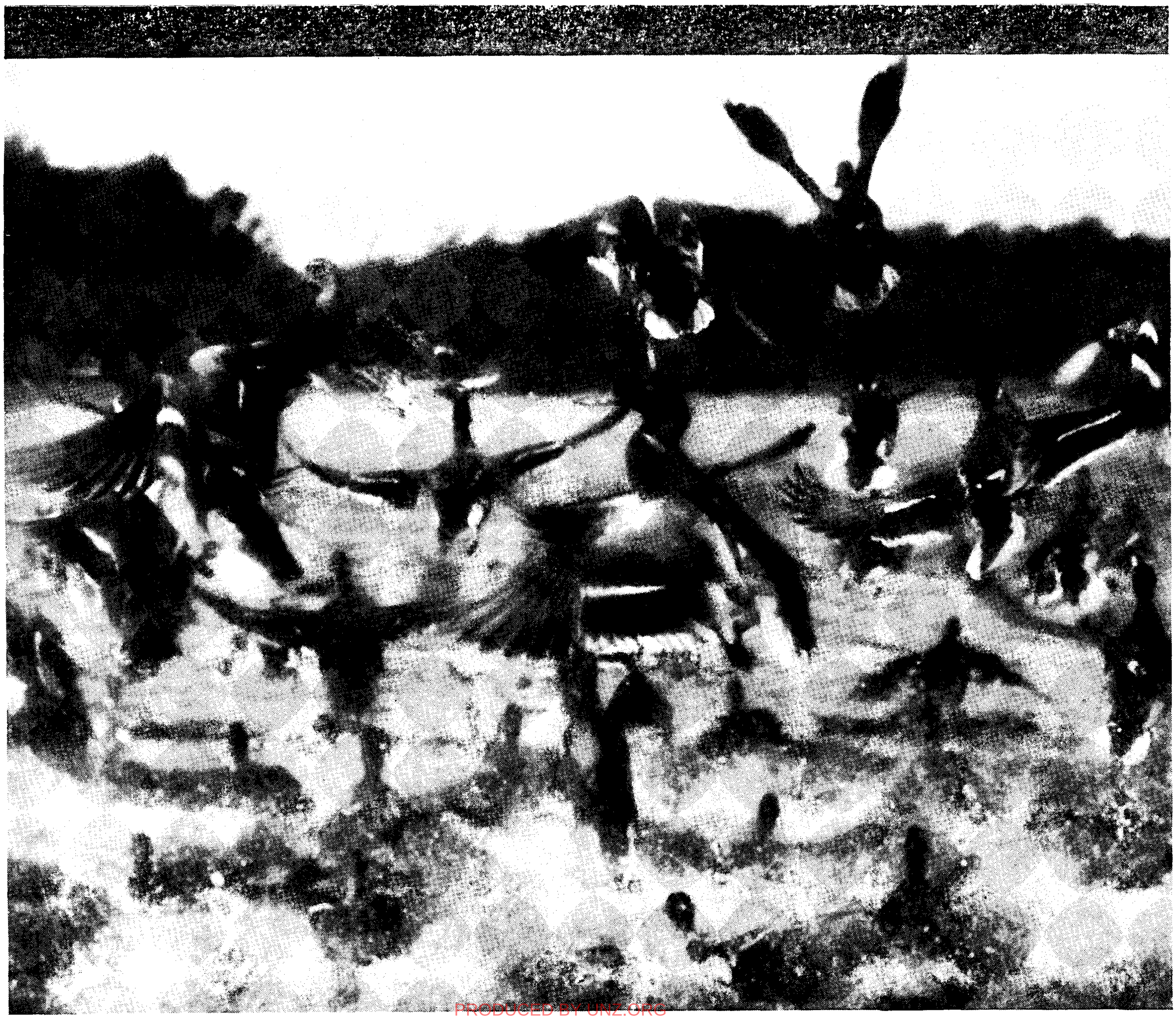
OLD "Wink" Bowley used to be a gunman. Yes, Wink was a rip-snorting two-gun fire-eater who was feared by every duck who played the Eastern Maryland circuit. Not that Wink killed for sheer pleasure. Not at all. He killed because he could sell all the canvasbacks that fell before his artillery to the Baltimore market at 80 cents a brace. Of course, that was a long time ago. That was back in the days when Grover Cleveland used to slip away from the White House of a week end to shoot canvasbacks at Spesutie Island on the Chesapeake. That was in the days when no one ever thought that the supply of ducks would ever decrease. Why, there had always been ducks—there always would be ducks.

"Them were the days," Wink Bowley sighs now. "I mind the time when my brother Jim, the best shot on the eastern shore, and myself, would go out in the morning and come back at noon laden to the gunwales. Why, one morning we went out and everything was froze up except the channels 'crost the flats. The open water of them channels was just black with redheads, canvasbacks and every other kind of duck you ever heard of. In them days we used black powder. Well, Jim took aim and let go. We just sat there in the boat waiting for the black fog to clear and when it done so there was 178 birds waiting to be picked up. Now that's shootin'—178 birds with one shot."

That was shooting. That was killing. But Wink Bowley is reformed now as thousands like him are reformed. We don't want to mix up our birds even in a metaphor but Wink and his colleagues finally came to realize that they'd killed the duck that laid the golden eggs. At eighty cents a brace those duck eggs were golden eggs, too.

But things have changed since the days when gunning for the market assumed the aspect of roaring naval engagements. The Migratory Bird Law passed by Congress in March, 1913, and the Migratory Bird Treaty Act, which followed five years later, practically disarmed the duck-slaughtering armadas and consigned to attics and the salty rafters of baymen's shacks the lead-throwing monstrosities.

Today the burning of the wild-fowl candle at both ends—lessened production on one hand and increased consumption on the other—is reaching the inevitable result. Duck hunters are being served with an increasing volume of federal and state wild-fowl conservation laws necessitating a working knowledge



of navigation, astronomy, ornithology, ordnance and perhaps a little occult crystal gazing to decipher.

Your duck hunter mustn't shoot from a "powerboat, sailboat, any boat under sail, and any craft or device of any kind towed by powerboat or sailboat." Neither can he try to catch up with a fleeting duck with the family gas buggy or a dirigible balloon, these optimistic federal lawmakers have gone so far as to decree. Furthermore, one mustn't shoot ducks before 7 A. M. "standard time," or after 4 P. M. And one must be able to distinguish wood duck, canvasback, redheads, ruddy ducks, buffleheads, snow geese, Ross' goose, brant and swans from the 30-odd species of other waterfowl. The wood duck, Ross' goose and swans are now illegal game at any time and snow geese and brant may not be taken along the Atlantic coast. That's where a knowledge of ornithology comes in handy.

That is just one of the legalistic tribulations of a duck hunter in this year 1936. Thus must he suffer for the profligacy of "civilization" and the carelessness of his predecessors in lambasting North America's web-footed resources. But that's only the half of it. There are those other essential details involving licenses, permits, etc. In Michigan one must first obtain a permit to set up a blind. If the site happens to be located on navigable waters, another permit must be secured. Then one must obtain a state hunting license. After which he marches down to the stamp window at the post office and purchases a dollar "duck stamp" to fix things up with the federal authorities. That makes four dispensations in all which a Michigan wild fowler must obtain before essaying to shoot a duck in strict accordance with Hoyle. Similar requirements prevail in Massachusetts and Maryland, where three licenses in all must be purchased if one proposes to shoot from a blind.

What to do about [illegible] wild ducks has had a million sportsmen, bird lovers and officials of the Bureau of Biological Survey scratching their heads and calling one another names in increasing crescendo for years

A New Deal for Ducks

The rules of the game are becoming somewhat complicated. But they all represent a regulatory effort to preserve one of America's greatest outdoor sports in which $100,000,000 has been invested by duck clubs alone.

Development and operation of duck-club properties, employment of guides by sportsmen and the supplying of goods used by duck hunters mean jobs for 50,000 men. "Prior to 1935, when the duck-hunting season was cut to 30 days, at least 1,000 persons were connected with the hunting of wild waterfowl in Maryland territory as guides, caretakers, boatmen, etc.," E. Lee LeCompte, Maryland State Game Warden, declares. Using that figure for little Maryland as the well-known yardstick, and applying it to the great duck-hunting states of Illinois, Minnesota, Missouri, Virginia, the Carolinas, Louisiana, Arkansas and California—and allowing for those engaged in manufacturing wild-fowling essentials ranging from shotgun shells, rubber boots, outboard motors to corkscrews—the 50,000 employment figure appears as not so far awry. Some of it is mainly seasonal employment, of course, but it means coffee and cakes for the coming winter in many homes.

What to do about the wild ducks? That's a question that has had a million sportsmen, bird lovers and officials of the U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey scratching their respective heads—and calling one another names in increasing crescendo the past few years. The bureau, charged with the promulgation of waterfowl-hunting regulations that will conserve and increase the birds, stands between two fires. On the one hand it is a target for gunners who believe there are just as many ducks as ever and that present regulations are too stringent. On the other hand, bird-protection groups opposed all duck hunting this year.

Ira N. Gabrielson, bureau chief, sums up his predicament by saying: "We realize thoroughly that no matter what regulations we can make we are going to be damned by one group or the other, or both. We do not even have the choice of electing whether we shall be damned by the radical conservation group or by the radical sportsmen group. The only thing that we can do in justice to the future of America and the conservation of some of our most interesting forms of wild life for coming generations to enjoy, both from the standpoint of sport and other uses, is to get the facts and do the best job of interpreting them that we can."

So the bureau has steered a more or less middle-of-the-aisle course, meanwhile going ahead with the expenditure of something over $15,000,000 allotted the past two years for the establishment and development of the greatest system of wild-duck breeding and refuge areas ever conceived—while its regulations were holding duck consumption in check. And in that process of checking consumption and increasing production lies the future of the $100,000,000 sport of wild-fowling.

"Five years ago, after many years of effort," Gabrielson says, "the Biological Survey was provided with a small annual fund for purchasing waterfowl refuges and developing new nesting areas. The amounts were so small and came in so slowly that it seemed certain that the birds would be gone long before the waterfowl-refuge program could have time to become effective. But, with the securing of allotments of emergency funds and, later, an additional appropriation by Congress, the picture changed, and we now have a constructive program which, while carrying no positive guarantee for the future of wild-fowling, at least allows me to have a more hopeful outlook on the situation."

Let's take a look at one of these duck factories the bureau is repairing in the Souris River valley of North Dakota—formerly one of the great canvasback, redhead, gadwall, pintail and teal breeding grounds of the United States, but practically ruined by drought, and that old debil, "civilization," these many years.

The Souris rises in the southeastern corner of Saskatchewan, flows southward across the Canadian border into North Dakota and back again into Manitoba in a great horseshoe curve, having something over 300 miles of its gently sloping valley within the borders of the United States. It was one of the first projects undertaken in the new deal for ducks. The federal government now owns 100 miles of that valley, divided into two vast tracts of low hills and prairies.

The Wild-Fowl Paradise

One of these tracts is just south of the international boundary, where the meandering Souris enters the drought-parched expanse of North Dakota. Here relief labor is working a wild-life and water-conservation miracle. A simple earthen dam has been constructed, capable of storing no less than 112,000 acre-feet of water. And that 112,000 acre-feet is calculated by engineers to be sufficient reserve.

The eastern leg of the Souris horseshoe bends back north across the Canadian border. Fifty miles of this leg is contained in the Lower Souris project—a new-found wild-fowl paradise if there ever was one. Here, too, low earthen dams, holding back waters fed from upstream as needed, maintain permanent water levels essential to the growth of sago pondweed, redhead and widgeon grass—

(Continued on page 31)

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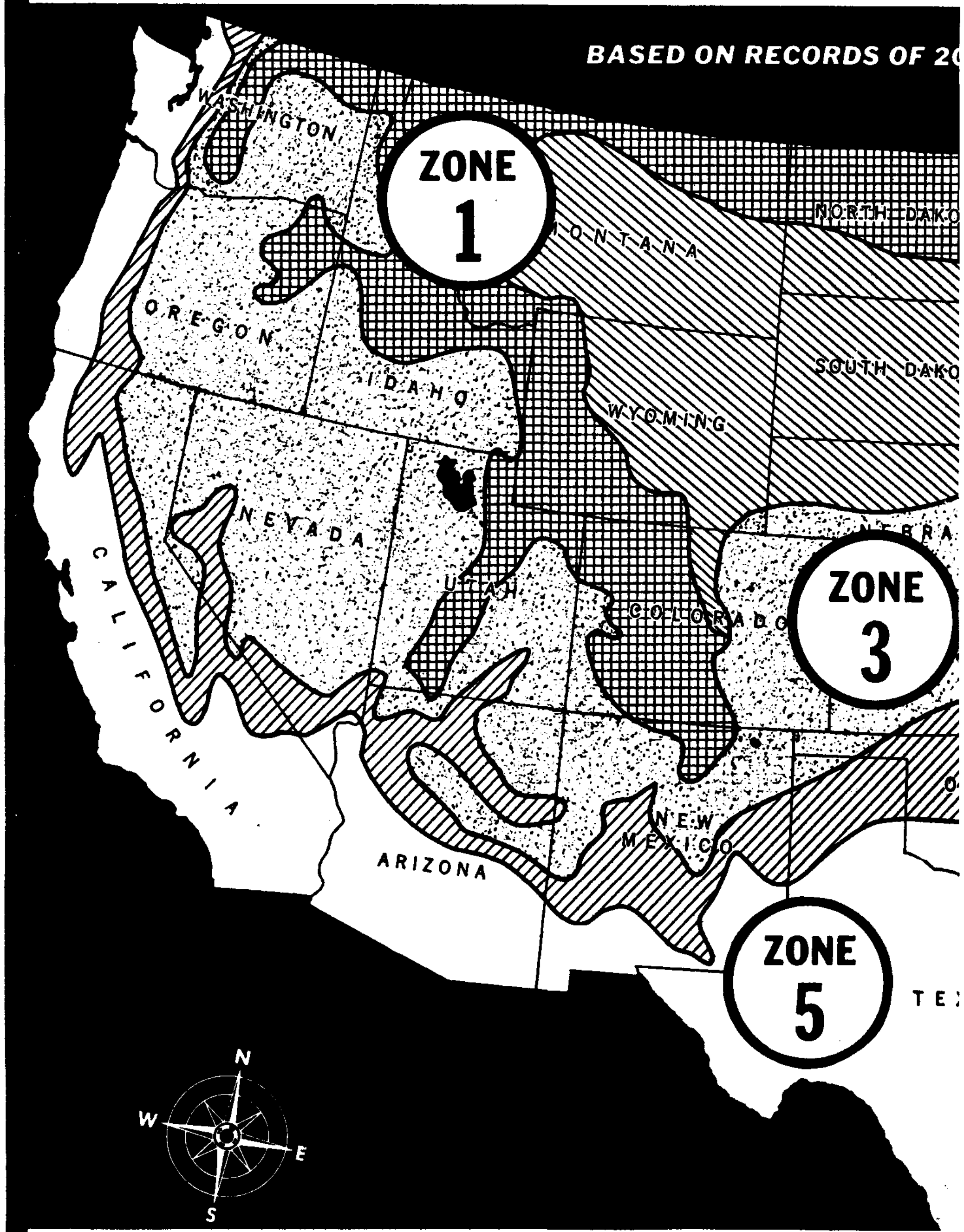
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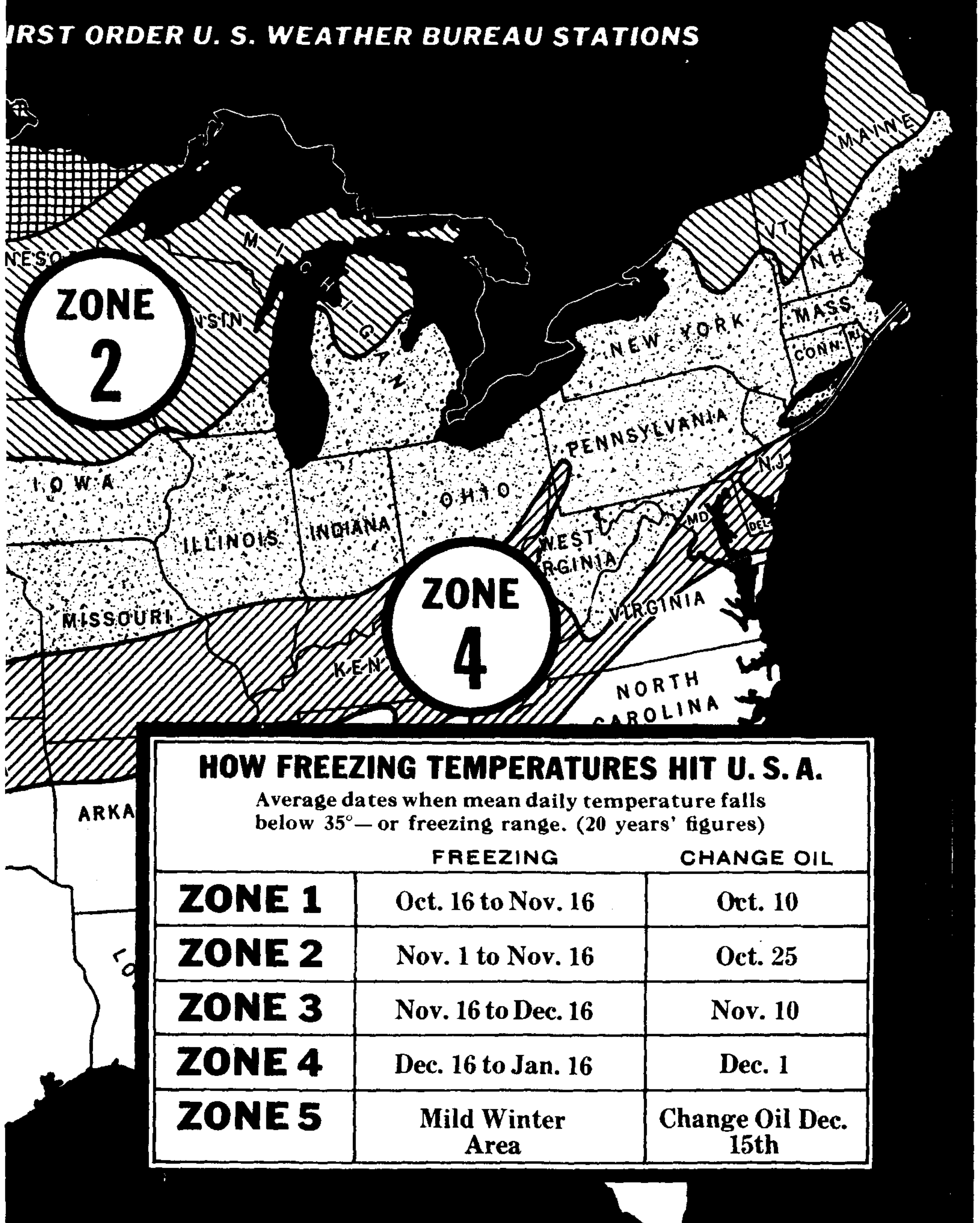

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KEN
ARKA
NESO
NSIN
M
ZONE 2
ZONE 4

HOW FREEZING TEMPERATURES HIT U. S. A.

Average dates when mean daily temperature falls below 35°—or freezing range. (20 years' figures)

	FREEZING	CHANGE OIL
ZONE 1	Oct. 16 to Nov. 16	Oct. 10
ZONE 2	Nov. 1 to Nov. 16	Oct. 25
ZONE 3	Nov. 16 to Dec. 16	Nov. 10
ZONE 4	Dec. 16 to Jan. 16	Dec. 1
ZONE 5	Mild Winter Area	Change Oil Dec. 15th

STS! Above freezing dates are *average* only. Cold may strike much earlier. See your Mobiloil dealer at once—And remember this: when you change to Mobiloil Arctic, get *Mobiloil Winter Gear Oil*—for safe, easy shifting.

Start Quick Shift Easy-

protect your engine at high operating temperatures.

That's why you can change *early* to Mobiloil Arctic—avoid ie risk of stalling and dangerous wear...yet count on a safely-ıbricated engine if warm spells return.

Follow the example of millions who are changing oil now—et Mobiloil Arctic for a safe, quick-starting motor. Where elow-zero weather prevails—ask for Mobiloil Arctic Special, specially made for the most extreme cold-weather conditions.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INCORPORATED

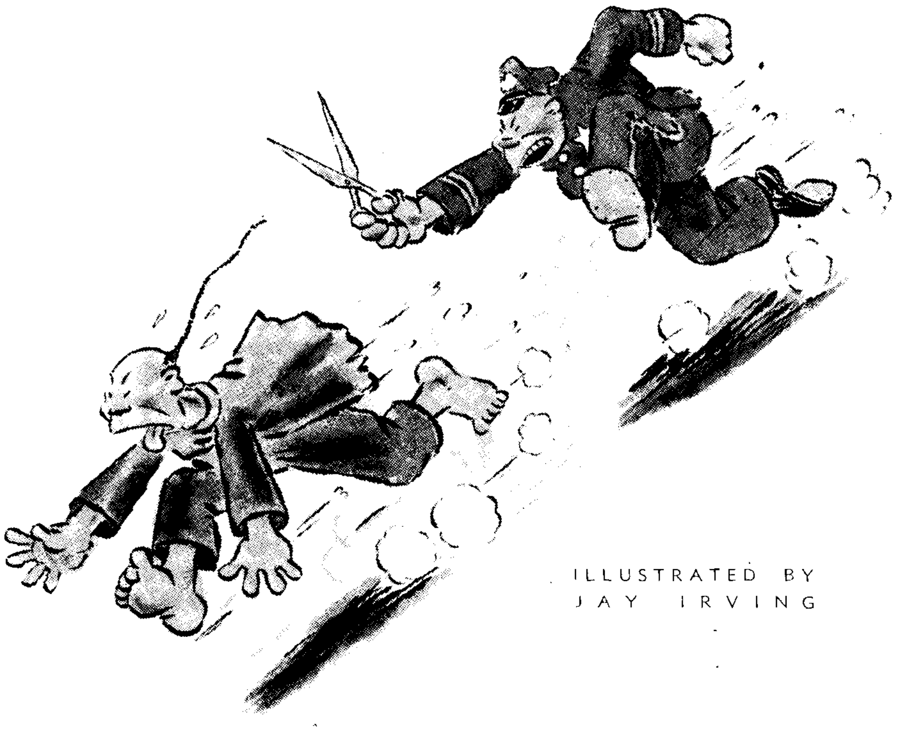
GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
SOCONY-VACUUM

STOP WHERE YOU SEE THESE SIGNS

You Need a Change

We're too modest. What was good enough for Grandpa isn't good enough for us. We know better. Science has taught us. But we cling to the old ways, cost what it may

By Victor G. Heiser, M. D.

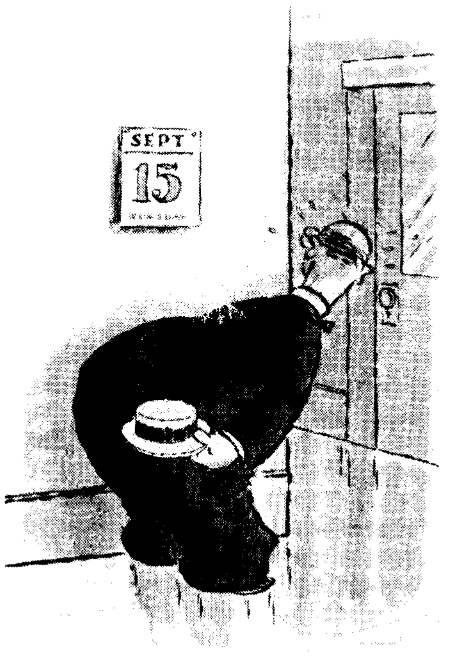


ILLUSTRATED BY JAY IRVING

In China the new republic has ordered off the pigtail, changing a custom of centuries

MUCH of my life has been spent in the attempt to uproot Orientals from sanitation and diet habits stretching back unchanged to dim antiquity. It is a peculiarity of the human race that we keep on doing things the way we have always done them. We are surrounded by custom and we cling to what is familiar.

Europeans carried to their Eastern possessions their own sanitary practices. But they found themselves among peoples whose habits were far from sanitary, and with whom habit was more than second nature—in addition, it had almost sacred significance. Under these circumstances such was the immensity of the health problem confronting them that they seldom made any attempt to alter living conditions among the natives. Unclean personal habits are responsible for cholera epidemics. People in plague areas generally continue to build houses according to the ancestral prescript long after it has been proved that such construction is an open invitation to rats, which not only give them plague but eat them out of their houses and homes. The Japanese persist in eating live crabs, although it is known that in each one may be the organism of Paragonimus, which causes a dangerous lung fluke disease.



There is no more punctual custom than our own straw-hat season

Beriberi is an affliction which could be prevented simply by eating unpolished rice. But the Oriental will not be weaned away. And even though his children may lustily sing health songs dealing with beriberi and its cause, they will still go home and eat the polished rice, still drag around emaciated or paralyzed limbs and dropsical bellies, eventually becoming hopeless cripples or dying.

But the Orientals are by no means alone in their insistence on the ancient, and therefore honorable. The Dutch wooden shoes are uncomfortable and heavy. They clump and there is no warmth to them. Nevertheless the clatter of wood on cobbles echoes throughout the dike country. The kilted Scotchman shivers in Highland winds, the Bavarian exposes bare knees and ankles to Alpine snows, and British at home and abroad wear waistcoat and black broadcloth in tropic heat and humidity; not even the exhortations and example of the former Prince of Wales sufficed to turn them from this folly. Relics of the seasonal change habit still prevail in America. I remember at noon hour September 14th looking down from my office on a white wave of straw hats surging up and down lower Broadway. Twenty-four hours later the wave had been replaced by a monotone of sad gray felt. No custom more punctual or complete than this prevails anywhere else on earth.

Modern Shoes, Bunion Style

The World War did more than kill many million people: it actually altered thinking and living habits. But even a war could not alter footgear. Men and women alike are slaves to fashion at the cost of corns and distortion. We used to regard the Chinese bound feet with horror, yet we complacently continue to deform our own through habit. Very few Americans really enjoy walking.

The human foot is naturally straight on the inside. We provide that our children's feet, up to a certain age, shall develop naturally. But once they have outgrown the child sizes, the effects of parental care are soon undone, and the chiropodist reaps a rich reward.

Adults' shoes are generally curved on the inside, thus warping the great toe. Bunions, or enlargements of the joint, commonly result from the strain. A glance along the beach or even down the aisle of any subway car will reveal the telltale bulges. Hundreds of sufferers limp eventually to the hospitals to have a wedge cut out of the bone, thereby straightening the foot and allowing the victim once more to walk with ease.

Even before the World War, with Yankee ingenuity, the United States Army authorities appended to the truism that an army marched on its stomach the equally brilliant notion that it could not march long or far on crippled feet. General E. L. Munson was deputed to make a thousand casts to classify the deformities of the American masculine foot. "How beautiful upon the mountain are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings." The general designed the Munson last which made it possible for our army to move from four to eight miles a day farther with less discomfort and more efficiency than any other. Likewise, thousands of women in the war—nurses, munition workers, and the like—began to suffer excruciatingly from being on their feet all day improperly shod. For their relief a special Red Cross shoe, also straight on the inside, was devised.

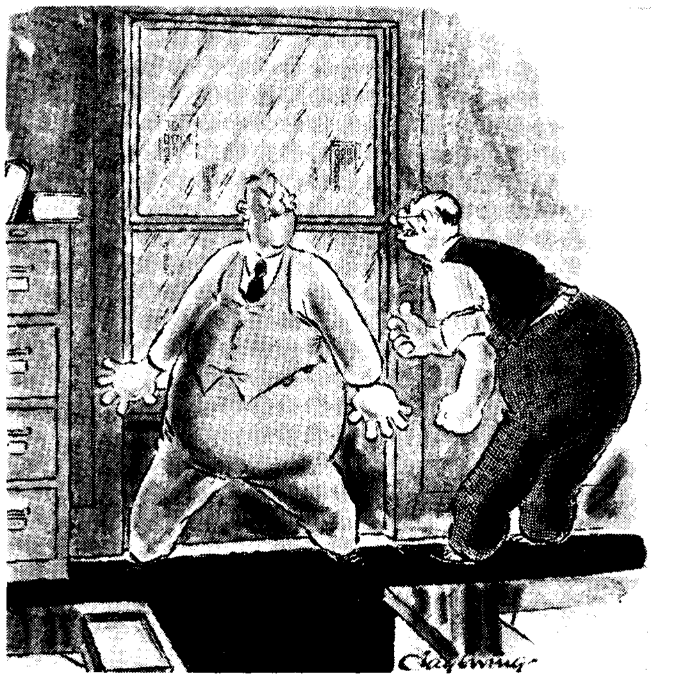
These shoes were designed for comfort and not for beauty. Twenty years of propaganda have failed to make them acceptable to the public because the vital style factor has been omitted, although fancy uppers, colored leathers and ornamentation could be imposed upon this last as easily as not. If it were made compulsory, instead of being manufactured only to meet a limited demand we would soon become so accustomed to the sight that straight shoes would no longer seem unattractive and bunions would disappear.

Where There's Smoke There's Waste

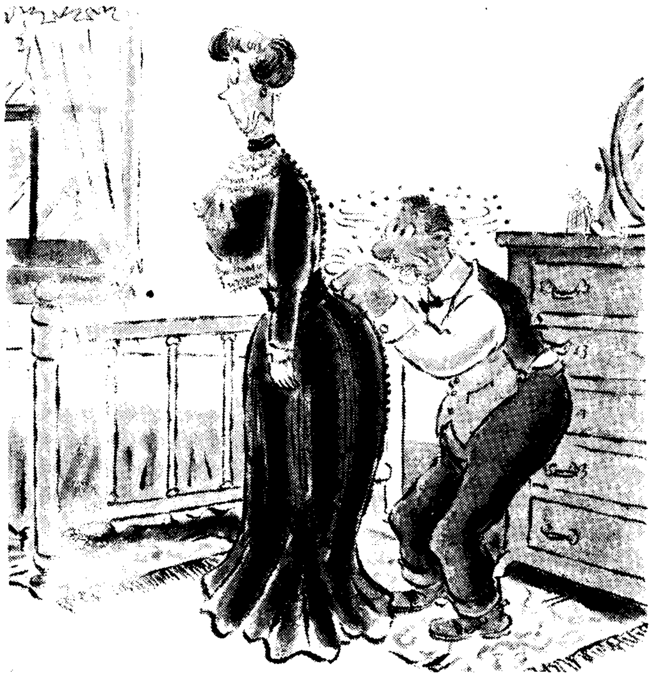
Inventors and manufacturers of new products, even by employing the most expert methods of propaganda, direct and indirect, have encountered consistent opposition to their adoption. Many of our cities are covered with smoke and soot from the burning of soft coal. When I am in Chicago or Pittsburgh I find it necessary to wash my hands a dozen times a day, and each time the water turns black.

Heating engineers have proved that the installation of smoke consumers would produce such economy in the amount of fuel burned as to pay for themselves in about a year's time. But

(Continued on page 66)

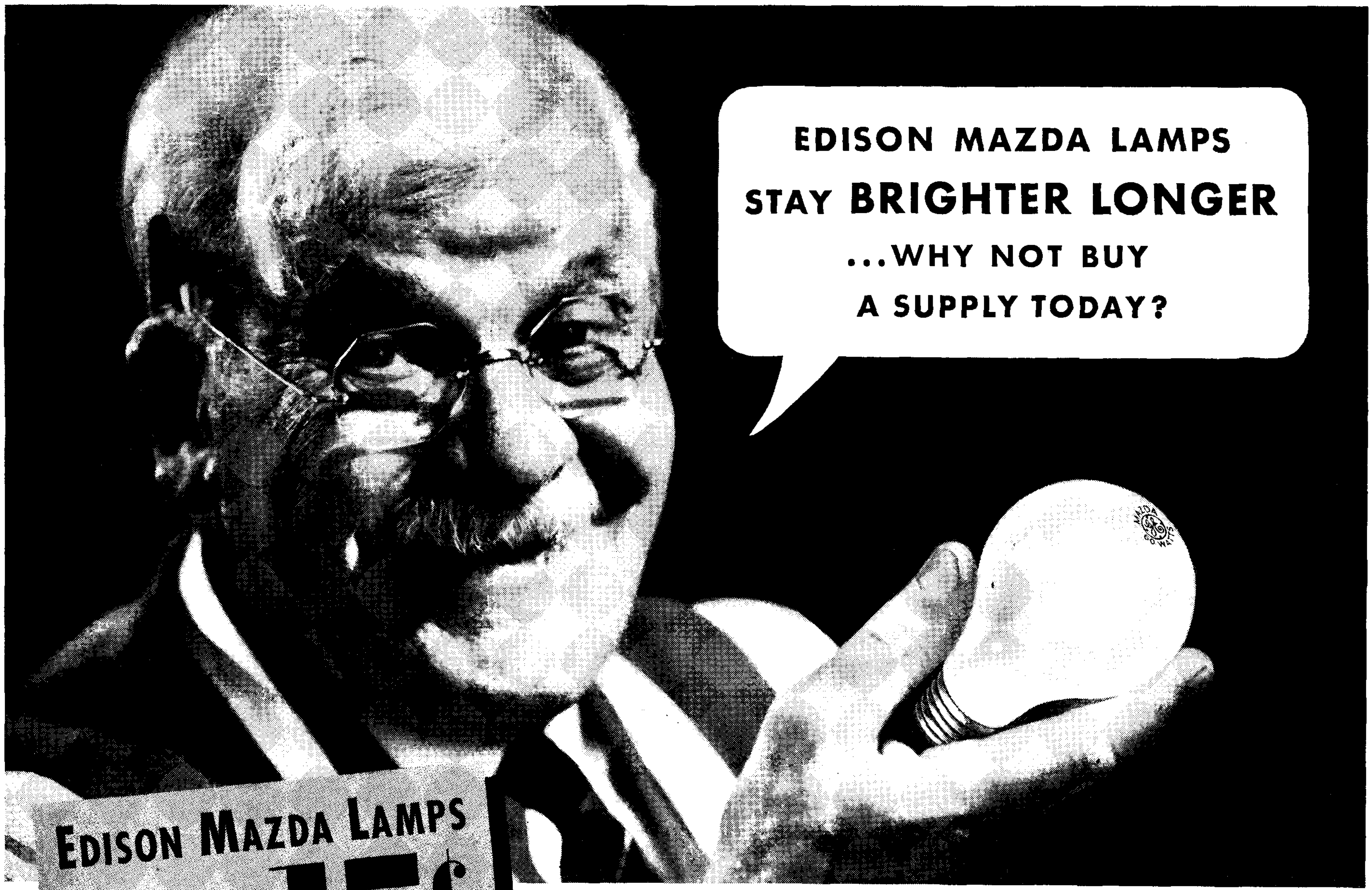


The battle between the open window and the closed window still rages unceasingly



Zippers were available in 1900, but endless rows of buttons continued to hold sway

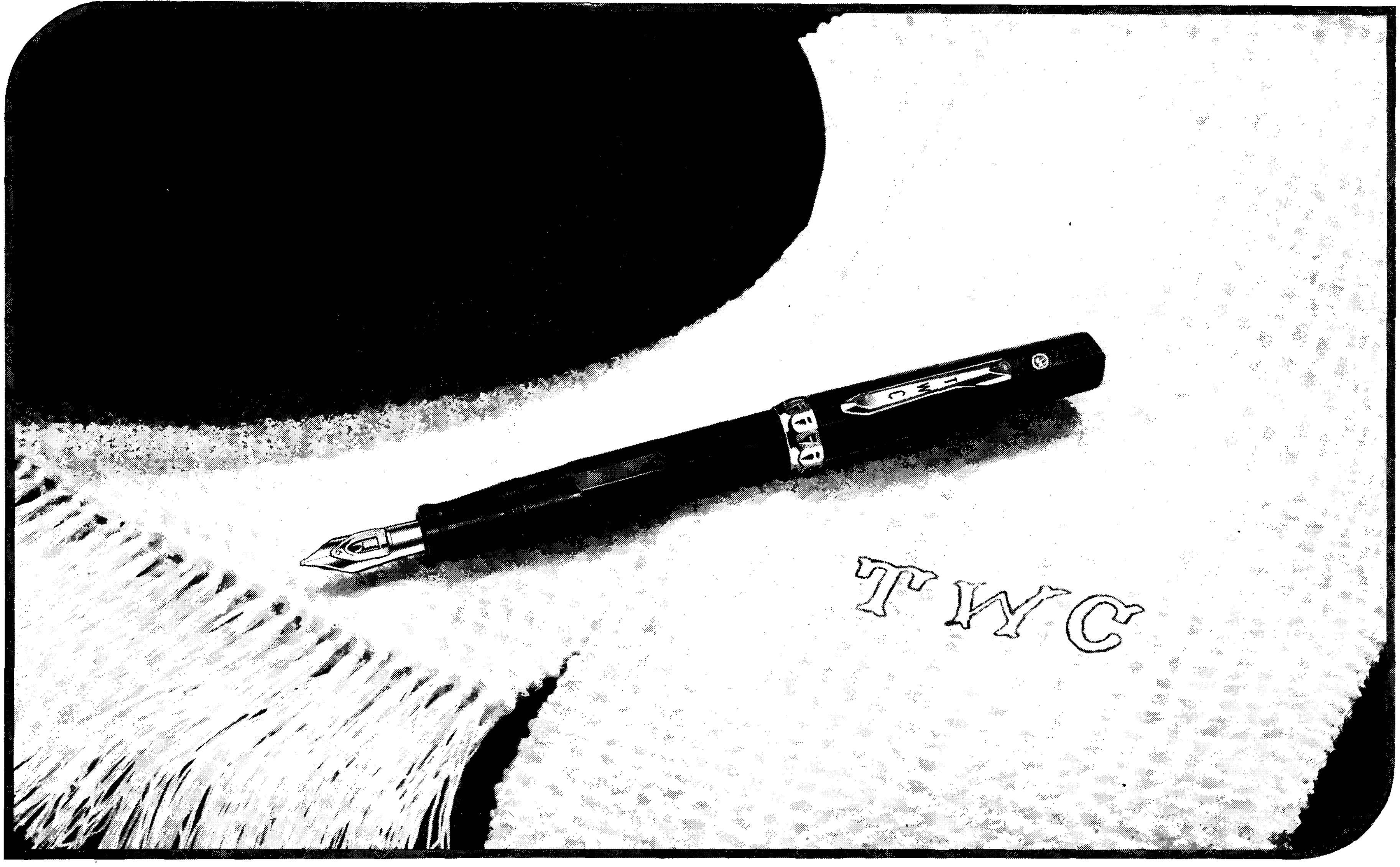
The Eyestrain season ahead calls for brighter bulbs


EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
STAY BRIGHTER LONGER
...WHY NOT BUY
A SUPPLY TODAY?
EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
now only 15¢
15·25·40·60 WATT SIZES
MAZDA GE 60 WATTS
G-E ALSO MAKES A LAMP FOR 10¢
It is the first real value in a ten cent lamp. Comes in the following sizes: 7½, 15, 30 and 60 watts. It is marked...GE

AS DAYS GROW SHORTER, millions of boys and girls and men and women are reading, studying and using their eyes for longer periods of time under artificial light. This is the eyestrain season. Protect your family's eyes. Keep your home free from eyestrain by using only good lamp bulbs . . . such as Edison MAZDA lamps. They *Stay Brighter Longer* than inferior bulbs and give you full lighting value for your money. Buy a supply today from your dealer. For convenience and economy, always keep spares on hand.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

NO MORE INK-STAINED FINGERS!



FAREWELL INK STAINS - THE NEW EVERSHARP PEN CAN'T LEAK!

As MANY an ink-stained finger will arise and testify—the average fountain pen can leak despite the care with which you cap it.

Oddly enough, the ink has a way of escaping out of the pen-barrel into the cap, on to the finger-rest—and eventually, on to your fingers. Or clothing.

Ink-Stains Ended

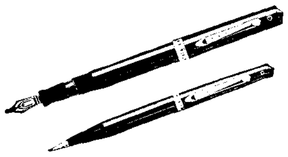
But the new Eversharp ends this annoyance. When you screw on the cap, the new Eversharp Pen won't *leak*, can't *leak—because of Eversharp's exclusive Safety Ink Shut-Off*. It automatically seals the ink in the pen-barrel—works like a stopper in a bottle.*

Leave this pen lying around for days, in your desk, on your dresser—slip it into your pocket, upside down, put it in your suitcase, brief case or purse—*it can't leak!* And *only* Eversharp offers you the Safety Ink Shut-Off.*

Just as only Eversharp offers you the *Adjustable Point*—the point you can actually *tailor* to suit your own writing style. No wonder pen-wise givers say—"If you're giving a pen, give an Eversharp!"

It holds an amazing amount of ink, seldom needs filling. And when you fill it, one stroke does it in one instant—and the ink supply is always visible.

It has been said that no pen can match the beauty of its classic Doric design. But judge that for yourself—see it. Write with it. Compare it for writing smoothness with any pen you have ever known—you'll decide your next pen will be an Eversharp! Sold at stationers, jewelers, pen shops, department, and drug stores. $7.50 and $10 with guarantee for life. Other models, $5. Pencils to match, $3 to $5. Slightly higher in Canada. The Wahl Company, Chicago, New York, San Francisco, and Toronto.



EVERSHARP square LEAD writes so much smoother and blacker than other leads . . . because it has *more* graphite, less clay, and is impregnated with wax. It gives a sharper writing point . . . it can't twist or turn in the barrel . . . it's the *only* lead that fits *all* mechanical pencils. Try it! The *genuine* comes only in the "Red Top" package.

*U. S. PAT. APPLIED FOR

EVERSHARP

THE ONLY PEN WITH THE SAFETY INK SHUT-OFF

Duck Bills

Continued from page 25

upon which wild fowl thrive—and great masses of bulrushes wherein mother ducks may find sheltered housekeeping sites.

Food, cover and protection are prime essentials of wild-life management. In testimony thereof, Burnie Maurek, supervisor of this valhalla of wings, reported the wild-duck population of the Lower Souris project alone last summer to be no less than 250,000 birds.

Think of it! A quarter of a million ducks—growing where but a remnant of North America's dwindling wild fowl grew before. And these two rehabilitated duck factories will continue in production at an increasing rate, year after year, with a not much greater "overhead" than the cost of opening and closing dam gates. The raw material arrives of its own accord, feeds itself and attends to its own manufacturing. And here, all these years, we've been trying to raise ducks, geese and prong-horned antelope by legislative fiat.

"It is a magnificent thing," says Doctor Gabrielson. "The engineers have done wonderful work."

Among the many bonds uniting Canada and this country is the mutual interest both have in the encouragement of duck breeding. As far as ducks are concerned Canada is the producer and to a great extent the United States the consumer. For the most part, ducks breed in Canada and then when the frost comes they fly south and southeast. Not long ago game officials of the Dakotas, Minnesota and the three prairie provinces of Canada co-operated in making an exhaustive survey of the duck situation over the 240,000 square miles which comprised perhaps the greatest duck-nesting area in the world. Three planes and a ground crew of 2,000 covered the territory microscopically and now a great deal of data never before available is on hand. This remarkable duck census was directed by John C. Huntington.

Slowly Forced Northward

"We learned a great deal about the effect which geological conditions have on the distribution of birds," he says. "Where the terrain was dotted with rocky, sandy-bottomed lakes, lacking muddy shores to support aquatic plants, waterfowl populations would be slim. Where there were rich soils supporting lush plant growths the concentration of wild fowl was something to marvel at.

"In this Canadian north country, covering the northern half of the great mid-continental wild-fowl nesting grounds of some 240,000 square miles, we figured the summer duck population at approximately 31,500,000 birds. That's an almost unbelievable figure but checks and rechecks of all our flight logs, often rechecked again against reports of ground observers in settled portions, forced us to admit that that huge figure was correct.

"The wild-duck inventory carried out in the southern half of the three Canadian provinces, Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan, told an entirely different story. We had anticipated much of it, but the facts uncovered by the thousands of volunteer observers who plotted this section for us—game wardens, farmers, trappers, sportsmen, ornithologists, mounties and what not—were startling. Few have realized the extent to which devastation of water areas has proceeded in southern Canada. Fully 80 per cent of the wild-fowl, duck-breeding places have dried up. In this 210,000-square-mile division of the ancestral wild-duck-producing territory the web-footed population was but 5,500,000 birds."

In other words, the ducks are being slowly forced northward for their breeding grounds. Unfortunately, however, there are northern limits beyond which the ducks cannot go to breed. It seems strange perhaps that the answer to America's duck shortage lies in Canada but it is true.

"What to do to save the ducks? Who can do it? That's a pretty big order to fill," Huntington continued. "But it's not impossible of accomplishment, now that we know just what we have to work with. We know about how much stock we have left, where they reproduce most prolifically and how they can be increased by providing the proper conditions—that already is being demonstrated in North Dakota.

It's Up to the Sportsmen

"Obviously our first move now should be to preserve the most important and operating portions of our duck plant in the northern half of the Canadian provinces. That section must not be permitted to suffer the fate which befell the Dakotas and the southern half of the provinces. Competent supervision and management of these unspoiled northern areas to maintain the present operating rate is the easiest part of the whole problem. These areas are located, for the most part, on wild and unclaimed public lands. Canadian officials would be glad to work with us on this if we here in the United States will play ball with them.

"The Canadians are just as much interested in the conservation and restoration of wild-life resources as we are. They entered into a migratory bird treaty with us for that reason. Occasionally you will hear a gunner in the United States grumble that Canada has a 60-day duck-shooting season as compared with but 30 days in the United States. But those fellows overlook the fact that Canada has less than one tenth of our population and probably less than that proportion of duck shooters to tap the international supply—of which Canada produces about 85 per cent. The United States is the duck consumer and Canada the real producer.

"It looks as though the sportsmen of the United States would have to pull their own cakes out of the fire. Certainly they cannot expect Canada to do it for them.

"There are better than a half million duck shooters in the United States who pay two or three dollars a year for hunting licenses. They spend from ten to a hundred times that amount for things necessary to enjoy their sport. Only a dollar goes to the federal government for wild-duck restoration, along with such proportion of state licenses as state game commissions see fit. Of all the millions of dollars spent on the sport of wild-fowling, probably not over three per cent goes into channels that mean production of more ducks or even protection of the birds. If the sportsmen themselves, however, would tackle this Canadian situation *on their own*, there soon would be all the ducks they, or anyone else, could reasonably ask for," Huntington concludes.

A $100,000,000 sport is suffering a bad case of malnutrition. There is much ado about it and unless the right prescription is soon filled the patient apparently won't be worth the price of a membership in any duck club or the cost of a box of shotgun shells.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
A HANDY TRICK
IT'S FUN WALKING IN THE RAIN! ISN'T IT, TIM?
YES, CHUBBINS- BUT IT'S TOUGH KEEPING A PIPE GOING
SPLUTTER SPLUTTER
TIM, WHY DON'T YOU TURN YOUR PIPE UPSIDE DOWN?
IT'S AN OLD DODGE OF WOODSMEN AND SAILORS. THE TOBACCO STAYS DRY AND THE PIPE DRAWS WELL
SEEMS LOGICAL
BUT- IT TAKES A TOBACCO THAT STAYS PUT LIKE 'CRIMP CUT' PRINCE ALBERT
MY LAST LOAD OF TOBACCO TOO
YOU'RE RIGHT, JUDGE- THIS PACKS EASIER AND SNUGGER THAN ANY TOBACCO I'VE RUN INTO
TOBACCO
LATER
WELL, OLD RAIN-IN-THE-FACE, HOW GOES IT?
SWELL! P.A. NOT ONLY STAYS PUT- BUT IS SO MILD AND TASTY -I'M PUT TO STAY WITH P.A. FOR LIFE!

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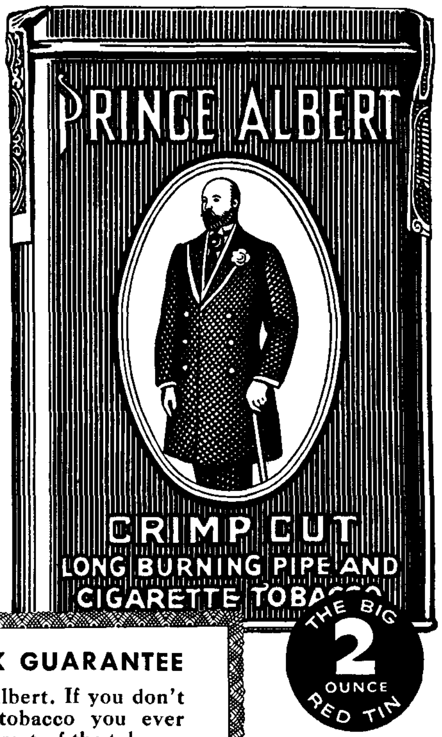

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBA
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

PRINCE ALBERT IS MIGHTY FRIENDLY SMOKIN', MEN!

Yes, sir, Prince Albert is a real delight to steady pipe smokers. Being "crimp cut," you can count on P. A. to pack easily, burn cool and sweet, and cake up nicely. And thanks to our special "no-bite" process, Prince Albert *does not bite the tongue!*

You're in good company when you smoke Prince Albert. It's the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world. And it's swell "makin's" too. Try a handy pocket-size tin of Prince Albert—the "national joy smoke"—and satisfy yourself that here at last is *princely* smoking!

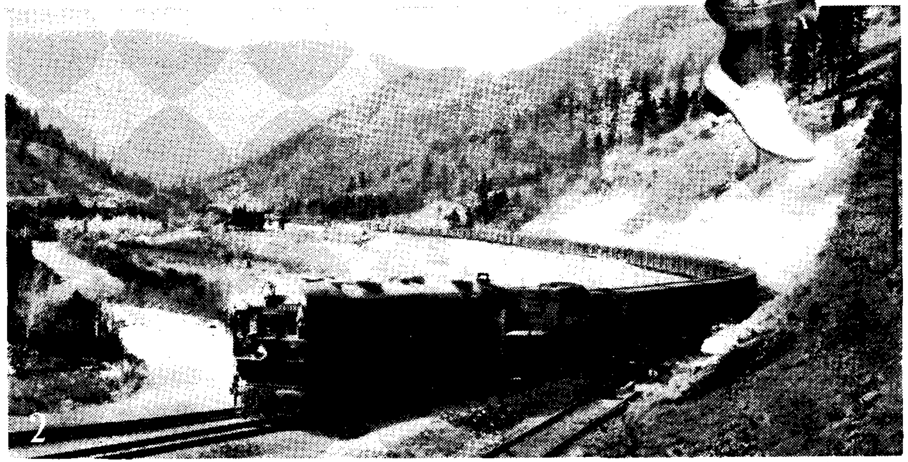
PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*)
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

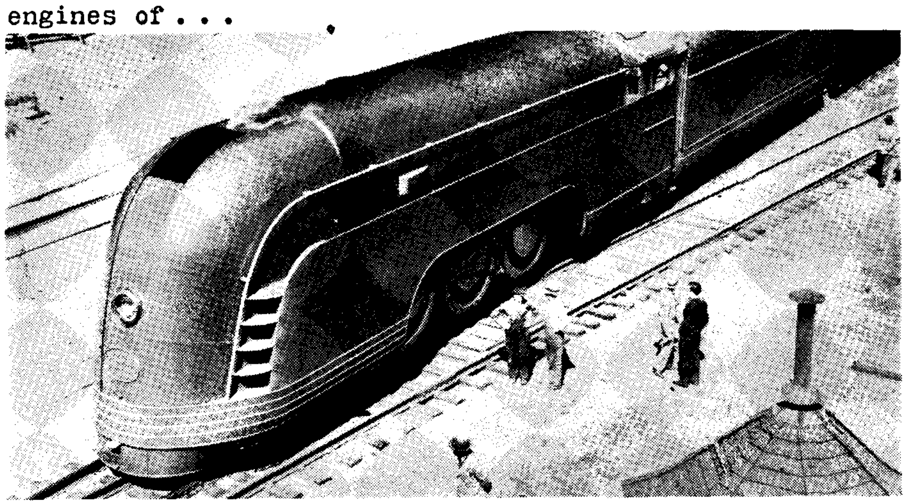
PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

Binnie Barnes, appearing in the Universal Picture, "The Magnificent Brute", dons overalls to inspect one of Southern Pacific's big Mallet type locomotives which . . .



. . . operate through some of the world's most mountainous and beautiful country. Southern Pacific engines, and the engines of . . .



. . . many other American railroads, travel 120 million miles a year using Sinclair lubricants. Take your car to your nearby . . .

SINCLAIR
SINCLAIR
SINCLAIR H-C GASOLINE
4
Copyright 1936 by Sinclair Refining Company (Inc.)

. . . Sinclair dealer's and get the benefit of Sinclair's vast experience in lubricating great railroads, air lines fleets of trucks and buses. Keep your car Sinclair ated.

The Heart Has Wings

(Continued from page 11)

why. It's just that Speed's always been different . . . half like a big brother who makes you toe the mark and half like a swell guy to go around with . . . if you know what I mean. Did he drag you up here by himself? Why didn't you call George?"

"Well," replied Gail, smiling, "Mr. Harris managed; you and George were otherwise occupied."

"Okay," said Dolly, blushing, "and why wouldn't we be? You're coming to the wedding, aren't you?"

"Well, I—"

"No 'well' about it. Good night. You look tired and pale and very pretty. What was all this Speed was ragging you about after dinner. I mean your radio boy friend?"

"Nothing," answered Gail firmly, "just a nice madman whom I picked up on the road the night of your debut and haven't been able to shake since."

"I like madmen," commented Dolly.

"And are marrying George?"

"Well, I like George more," Dolly admitted, "but just the same, a little touch of madness wouldn't come amiss. Speed's very consoling, however. He says I have enough for two, or even three."

WHEN Dolly had gone Gail cast two pillows from her and lay down with the smallest and flattest under her dark head. Her mind was not quite under control, so she thought about something she had sworn she would never think about again; the moment there at the roadside when she had felt Peter Harris' arms about her and his voice pleading with her. . . . "Gail, *darling*," he had said.

It hadn't meant anything. She might have been Dolly . . . A girl Dolly's age—well, just a little older than Dolly, any girl, hurt while in his care. He'd think of Dolly, he'd cry, "Darling, are you hurt?"

No, she thought, slipping toward dreams, I don't believe it . . . he never spoke to Dolly like that; or to any girl . . . to anyone . . . Not just that way, with just that note in his voice.

Perhaps it was the drug; perhaps it was because her defenses were down and she was weak, with no fight left in her, that she was no longer afraid to admit to herself, or having admitted, neither terrified nor ashamed, that she was in love with Peter Harris.

GAIL woke the next morning, stiff as a boiled shirt but, with the resiliency of youth, refreshed and renewed. Sylvia brought her a breakfast tray, the china repeating the tones of dwarf iris set in a little silver vase, and an early edition of a Manhattan newspaper lying across the gay, checked serviette. It was, Sylvia announced excitedly, all in the paper.

Gail turned to the item. Not front-page news, she reflected, and had a sudden horrifying vision of the way that item would have looked had it been front-page news. However, Peter Harris and she—or rather, she corrected, her father—were sufficiently important to merit more than a line or two, for their dominance in their particular field was stressed. Her own education, social activities and presence in New York at the home of her godmother were mentioned, as well as the fact that her father was honeymooning in Europe with his second wife . . . "a school friend of his daughter's."

Gail put the paper aside and contemplated her breakfast. She was, she found, terrifically hungry and even the vagaries of the press could not dull her appetite. Hildreth came in just as she was finishing.

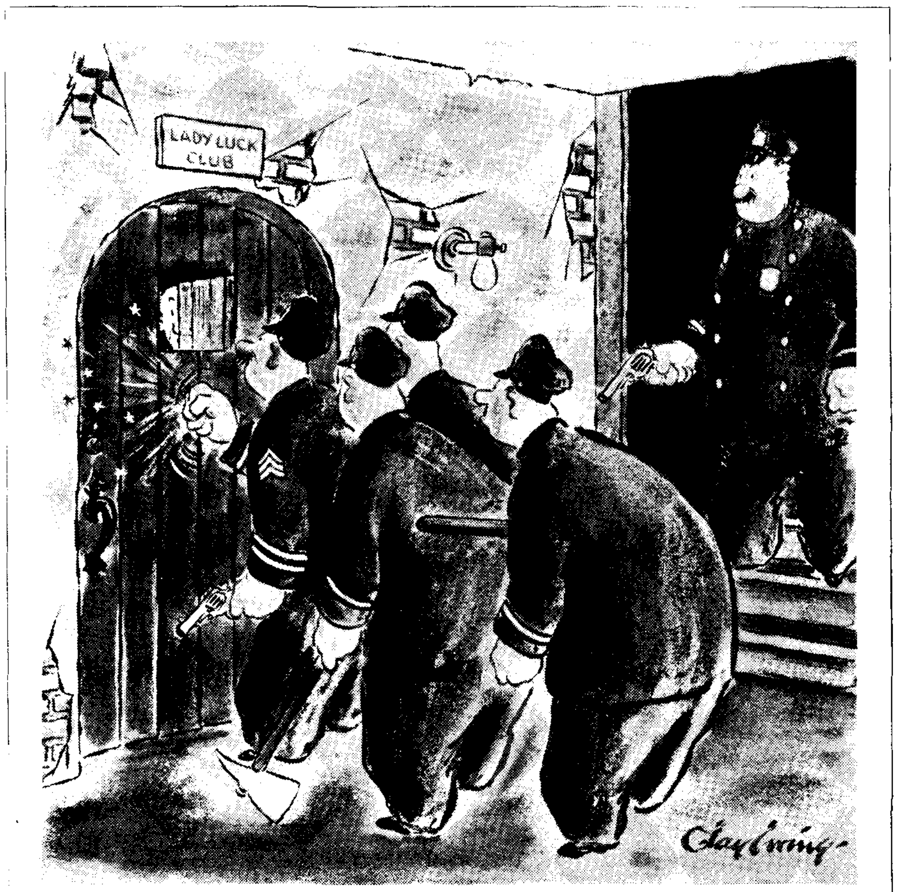
"Good morning. How do you feel?"

"Stiff," responded Gail, "but grand. I should really be up and consulting timetables."

"Nonsense," Hildreth told her, "you are to stay right here. You may feel better, but it's only by comparison. Dr. Elliot is coming in this morning and you must let him be the judge."

Gail began, "But it's such an imposition—"

"No," contradicted Hildreth, "it's not.



"Police who? ! ! !"

JAY IRVING

And perhaps you will console Dolly. She is driving to town with George today to see him off on the Century. If I know my child she will mope, droop and pine for several days. There will be air-mail missives and long-distance calls. You can help her by talking about George and telling her all you remember of his early days." Hildreth laughed, her blue eyes crinkling with amusement and something deeper. "Personally, I should think she could contain her grief," she went on in her cool voice, "as the wedding is a matter of less than three weeks distant."

She's upset about Dolly's marrying, thought Gail; she hates it, but she's not saying so; she's not even exhibiting the least touch of the I-shall-lose-my-little-girl attitude. And she likes George. Aloud, she said:

"That's just it . . . you must be so busy with the arrangements. An outsider will be very much in the way."

"No," declared Hildreth, leaning her fair head against the back of the deep wing chair; "it won't be like that at all. Dolly won't have festivities. She's not having attendants, so that eliminates all the bridal-party business. The apartment in Chicago has been selected and furnished. I went out with her some weeks ago and attended to things. The trousseau is ready. She has left nothing to the last minute . . . said she'd seen too many girls arrive at the altar in a state of nervous breakdown. If she were ten years older I might understand her display of sound common sense but . . ."

Gail said, smiling, "She makes me feel a thousand years her senior and yet often very youthful, in comparison. But I've noticed the youngsters of her age swinging back—or is it forward?—to a very practical attitude toward life."

"I'm glad to say," Hildreth told her, "that she's still reactionary enough to insist upon having a fairly traditional gown and a garden wedding. But that's as far as she'll go. She even insisted that if George wants to give a bachelor dinner he give it in Chicago where his friends are. His best man, Rodney Lane, is being imported for the occasion but we are doing without ushers. If it rains," she went on, "I don't know what we will do—but Dolly is perfectly calm about the contingency. If it does, she says she'll be married in her father's library, as she likes it better than any room in the house!"

Someone knocked and Hildreth rose to open the door. She said, "Oh, it's you. . . . Yes, she's fine. . . ." She looked back at Gail. "It's Peter . . . he wants to know if you'll see him."

GAIL drew the ribbons of her frivolous bed jacket closely about the slender column of her throat and said, "Of course." Her heart was beating too swiftly. Lying back against the pillows talking to the pretty self-contained woman who was her hostess and Peter's wife, she had been able to detach herself, to look at Hildreth with admiration and a certain amount of friendliness. She hadn't yet reached the point when the fact of Hildreth's relationship to Peter would strike her, stinging as a blow across the face, every time she saw her.

Peter came and stood by the bed, looking down. Instantly Gail was aware of her worth and desirability as a woman. She knew, without vanity, but with the pleasure his eyes conveyed to her, that she was pale, but not too pale, and that her firm and lovely mouth was red against the pallor and her green eyes were clear and shining. Sticking plaster and the square of dressing did not detract from her broad forehead or the dark curling of her heavy hair. The jacket Mrs. Wayne's maid had included in her suitcase was rosy mauve and very becoming.

"Sure you're all right?" Peter asked, after the greetings had taken place.

"Stiff, that's all," said Gail. "I cracked up once after I'd been soloing a month or so and I felt a lot worse, I can assure you."

"Why didn't you go overside?" asked Peter, grinning down at her.

"Hadn't time. But I've done that too," she said serenely. "Bailed out once and landed in a tree. It was a very small tree and I wasn't hurt in the least but the sad part was that there was poison ivy. That laid me up for weeks!"

She listened to Peter's laughter and looked toward Hildreth. Hildreth was smiling, but her eyes were not amused. Her face was a smooth, tinted mask, courteous and remote. Gail thought: How she hates flying, anything connected with it! She felt a deep, indignant throb of pity for Peter Harris.

Peter said lightly:

"Next time you bail out, try a haystack, it's fun . . . unless you find the needle. I see you've seen the papers. Sorry, tried to keep it out. By the way, Mrs. Wayne was just on the wire. I told her you'd call her yourself as soon as possible. And there's been a young man calling . . . so I'm told . . . since about six this morning . . . A Mr. Jones. I talked to him finally. He seems agitated, as well he may be."

HIS eyes accused her. She explained, and flushed, to her fury.

"That would be Bill . . . I told you about him . . . my radio expert."

"I assumed it," said Peter gravely. "I assured him that you were whole, hale and hearty. He didn't believe me. So I told him finally he'd better run down and see for himself."

"Then," said Gail, resigned, "he'll probably come, in between nemos or whatever he calls 'em." She turned to Hildreth. "I'm so sorry," she said contritely.

Hildreth's mask dissolved into laughter. She asked, "Why should you be. . . ? We'll be only too glad to exhibit our prize patient."

Peter said, "I'll get along now." He added carelessly, "I'll be home for lunch, Hildreth . . . and bring Gerry with me, there are some things we want to work out here, where it's comparatively quiet."

Hildreth nodded. She said, "All right. I'll be in town—" She turned to Gail in quick apology. . . . "You won't mind? It's an engagement of long standing, a committee luncheon. I'm to meet Dolly later, and bring her back with me. I'll order luncheon for three. Or," she asked Gail, "do you think you had best stay in your room?"

"Not if I can hobble downstairs," Gail told her, her spirits rising miraculously.

"Don't attempt it," said Hildreth, "until Dr. Elliot comes. Then if he says you may get up, Sylvia will help you." She smiled at her guest and went to the door, touching Peter's arm. "Before you go," she said, "I'd like to speak to you about Michael."

"Who?"

"The new gardener."

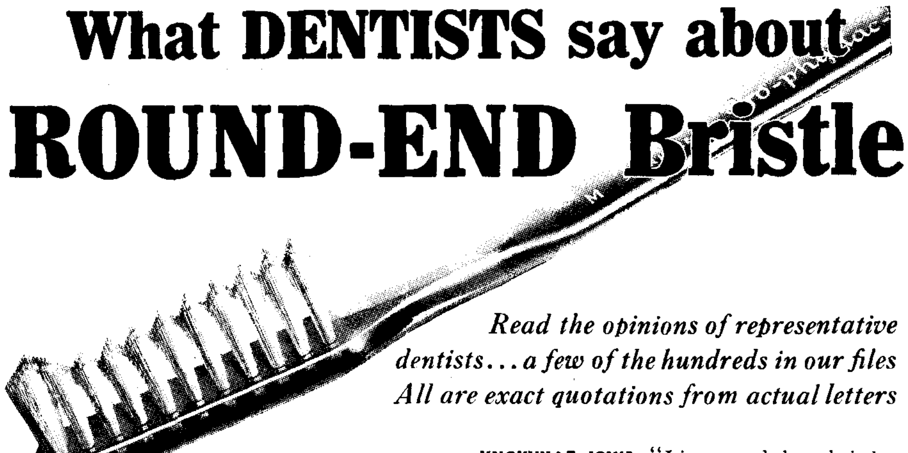
"Oh, of course. Goodby," he said, looking at Gail, "I'll be seein' you."

The door closed and she was alone until such time as George would remember her existence and come in to bid her farewell. She leaned back and closed her eyes. She thought, Look at this thing sensibly. You aren't the first girl it's happened to, are you? You've fallen in love with a married man. He likes you. He has a charming wife, entirely—well, almost entirely—suitable, with whom he is, as far as you know, perfectly happy. He has a daughter whom he loves, and he thinks of you as—as he'd think of any friend of his daughter's."

No, that wouldn't do. Her father hadn't thought of Ellen Anderson as his

(Continued on page 34)

What DENTISTS say about
ROUND-END Bristle



Read the opinions of representative dentists . . . a few of the hundreds in our files
All are exact quotations from actual letters

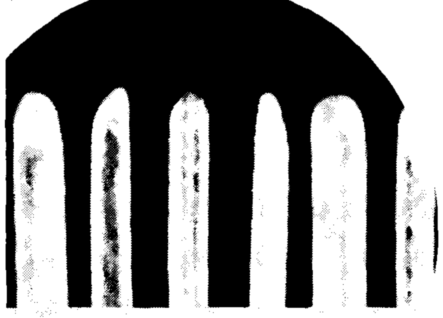


Photo-Micrograph of
ROUND-END BRISTLE
MAGNIFIED 16 TIMES

Photo-Micrograph of
ORDINARY BRISTLE
MAGNIFIED 16 TIMES

If you now use a small brush, ask at your regular drug counter for the Pro-phy-lac-tic *Small Type for Adults.* If you prefer a slightly larger size, get the Pro-phy-lac-tic *Regular Adult.* Either is 50¢. Guaranteed to satisfy or your money refunded.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

KNOXVILLE, IOWA: "I inspected these bristles under magnification and was surprised with the rounded and polished uniformity of these bristle ends. In actual use the brush has given excellent service. I am fully convinced that this method of treating bristles is a noteworthy improvement in a tooth brush which was already excellent."

FILLMORE, CALIF.: "Having given your round-end bristle brush a thorough trial by this time, I can sincerely say that there is much more gentle feeling around the gums than from ordinary brushes."

CHICAGO, ILL.: "The improved rounded bristles really appeal to me; thorough brushing of the gums may now be accomplished without injury."

MAYWOOD, CALIF.: "The average gum tissue now seems to tolerate a stronger bristle due to your 'rounded' feature."

SALEM, OHIO: "The round-end bristles will be much easier on tender and bleeding gums and will help to restore them to their normal condition again."

LOUISVILLE, KY.: "I find that the round ends massage the gums much more satisfactorily than others. I have been prescribing the Pro-phylactic brushes for a good many years."

QUINCY, ILL.: "Truly I think it to be the most effective brush I have ever used."

BRYAN, OHIO: "I consider your round-end bristle a distinct improvement over all former brushes."

GLADSTONE, MICH.: "I have examined the new tooth brush and tried it out; according to my estimation, with the round-end bristles, you have a tooth brush that has no comparison on the market."

COLLEGE HILL, PA.: "I find the new Prophylactic with round-end bristle a very fine brush. I believe the finest I ever used. I like the way it takes hold on the teeth and cleans them."

Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSH

No other has ROUND-END Bristle

$10.00
Set in Chromium and Ebony Enamel with Etched Clipper Ship Mounts
Other sets as low as $3.50

A HAIR RAISING GIFT

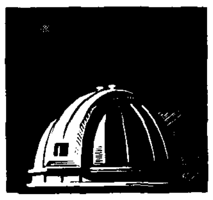
The idea is English . . . the design and colors are French . . . the bristle is Siberian . . . but the craftsmanship comes from good old New England. So goodness knows how long these brushes will last! Probably a lifetime or pretty close to it.

The genuine boar bristle (imported, of course) is extra long and extra stiff, which makes it super-penetrating. Two militaries, clothes brush, and comb, come in a fabric-lined gift box which is banded with modern fluted copper. Real copper. It is a set anyone will be glad to have and proud to keep out in the open.

Christmas is coming; so put it down at the top of your gift list, for yourself or your very best friends.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Military Sets

Astronomers prove vacationists *right* about SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



NOT BY CHANCE were Southern California mountain peaks chosen for famed Mt. Wilson Observatory, and for the mammoth, new 200-inch telescope, world's largest. Best use of these *gigantic, costly instruments requires* America's clearest skies . . . not only by night but by *day*, for a major part of Mt. Wilson's program is daily study of the sun.

So it is that science bears out a fact millions of vacationists have delightedly discovered for themselves: The sun shines 355 out of the year's 365 days in Southern California. And here's the other discovery you'll make this winter: nowhere else are there so many *different* kinds of fun:

Golf, tennis, polo, beside the gleaming Pacific, amid marching lines of stately palms. Deep sea fishing. Sailing to island coves where peace reigns like a spell and waves whisper on white sands. Mile-high peaks rising majestic above lush valleys, where you buy quantities of fresh fruits for a song at colorful roadside stands—strange exotic loquats, pomegranates, Japanese persimmons, ripe figs. Orange groves, too, nestling beneath snow peaks. Old Spanish Missions, and unusual modern industries: oil, citrus, foreign shipping, movie making. Hollywood, of course, gay, hectic, fascinating! Cosmopolitan Los Angeles, and other gracious garden-cities of Los Angeles County: Pasadena, Long Beach, Beverly Hills, Santa Monica, Glendale, Pomona. Color, contrast, adventure everywhere!

Yet Southern California, even from New York, is only overnight by plane; 2½ to 3 days by train, 5 to 7 by motor or stage, 2 weeks via Panama. And vacation costs here are 15% to 32% under the average of 20 leading U. S. resorts.

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This 80-page Official Guide Book—widely acclaimed by travel experts—plans your trip for you from start to finish: what to see and do, how to get here, time required, itemized cost schedules, plus over 100 photographs, maps, etc. . . authentic facts available only through this non-profit community organization. Coupon brings it FREE by return mail; also the new, free Official California Picture Map.

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(Please Print Name and Address)

(Continued from page 33)

daughter's friend. He had thought of her as a woman, and had married her after a courtship as exaggerated and swift as a boy's. Ellen was a year younger than Gail; and James Williams was sixty . . .

It wasn't that Gail hadn't liked Ellen; she had, and had admired, without envy, her opulent red-gold beauty, her dazzling skin and enormous, not very intelligent eyes.

Gail thought, I'd every right to blame her for marrying him for the things he could give her . . . if she looks ahead, and *no doubt she did, she'd know what a* gorgeous widow she'd make . . . in twenty years she'll still be a young and lovely woman . . . and in twenty years . . . Yes, I'd every right. But not to tell her so . . .

Ellen's people had had money. Ellen was spoiled, charming, attractive to men. But the money had vanished with the customers' men of yesteryear and the gentlemen to whom she was still attractive had either taken note of that vanishing or else they, too, were no longer very eligible. Ellen had tried her hand at work. When Gail ran into her again it was to find her modeling at a department store. She'd adopted her, brought her home . . .

There wasn't, she mused savagely, such a thing as blood loyalty. She and her father had been very close, they had thought alike, allowing for the difference in age and sex; they had, as it were, inhabited the same skin. But when he had told her, enraptured as an adolescent, of Ellen's capitulation, she had been sick for him . . . afraid, and devastatingly resentful. So she'd done the honest, unwise thing. She'd gone to Ellen.

Ellen had wept, without distortion. Ellen had said, "But how *can* you be so unkind, Gail? I love Jim . . . I'm mad about him . . . if he hadn't a cent I'd still be mad about him . . . !"

Ellen told him . . . and now Gail dreamed sometimes of the scene which had followed and woke always, cold and wet with sweat, shaking in every fiber of her being. It was not alone that she had hurt him, but she had mortally injured his vanity and sex pride. That his own daughter did not believe him still a man!

TWENTY-FOUR years of Gail, a few short weeks of Ellen, and his loyalty to his daughter was swept aside in a hot current of the blood.

But Peter . . . Peter was different! Peter was just past forty, in the magnificent prime of his life. There was no analogy unless, she thought, forgetting Ellen, Peter was very like her father, younger, nearer her own generation. He was like him in his success, and Gail held success very high, not for the material gain it brought but for the bold signature of the man upon it.

Then, and this was immensely important to her, trivial as it might appear to the outsider, Peter was a flier. Peter knew as she knew, and better than she knew, the shape of clouds and the very look of heaven. Peter knew the sense of freedom and of omnipotence, the awareness of release from hampering flesh, so that you were somehow stripped to the bone, you were eyes which saw, and a clear unhindered mind, you were muscle and nerves reacting almost mechanically, and you were pure sensation, informed by an indescribable elation. All this Peter knew, must know, as she knew it.

There wasn't, she told herself stoutly, any *harm* in loving him. She would hurt no one save herself. It was like flying, all freedom, release, magnificent danger.

Sylvia came in, with a flimsy sheet of paper in her hand. Gail took it from her, thinking, absurdly, that they delivered cables here and did not phone them. Her hands shook, a very little. She read the few brief typed words . . . Her father, it appeared, was alarmed at the report of her accident, he and Ellen sent their love and wished to be informed of her condition. They were in Paris. He would telephone her at such and such a time.

She was sitting up in a big chair when the doctor arrived. He looked at her without astonishment, accustomed to youth. He said, "So you're up, young lady?" and Gail agreed that she was, adding without much enthusiasm, "But *I'm to ask you if I may go back to town.*"

"Now why?" inquired the doctor, a friendly man, very gray, with a shrewd, weather-beaten face. "It's pretty nice here, especially this time of year. The return trip, no matter what the conveyance, would shake you up considerably. You've had more of a shock than you know. If I were you, I'd stay right here . . . oh, till Monday anyway. Of course, I can't restrain you by force, but as your physician, I advise it."

IT WAS out of her hands. She had wanted to stay, and now she was staying, on the advice of her physician. She felt perhaps a little weaker than she had realized. . . . She smiled at the doctor and he thought, bewildered, Lord, I didn't know she was so pretty. . . .

Sylvia and the houseman helped Gail downstairs. She was alone in the living room half an hour or so before Peter returned. She had had the house to herself. Dolly, George and Hildreth had departed, all admonishing her to take it easy, go slow, before they left. She had limped about the big downstairs room, admired the gardens from the long windows, found magazines, uncut novels, cigarettes, killed time, somehow, waiting for Peter. But whenever she admitted to herself that she was waiting for him, had waited for him for many years, was waiting now in his wife's home, she had the excuse, the justification ready. It came more easily each time. *What harm am I doing? No one can be hurt but myself.*

Peter came in. He announced, without preliminary, "Hot as the dickens out. One of those May days which is July. Thought we'd lunch on the terrace. Don't mind a few inconveniences, do you, a leaf in your tea, voracious insects in your salad?"

"No," answered Gail, glowing so at the sight of him, the sound of his voice, that she was afraid she must become incandescent for all the world to see. "But where's Mr. Downing? I thought he was coming too."

"He is," Peter replied carelessly, "but later. Couldn't make it for lunch—had something to do in town."

She thought, wildly, ecstatically, He's lying, he had no intention of having Downing here, he wanted to be with me, alone . . .

Peter's arm about her, Peter's strength surrounding her, she went presently to the terrace . . . Here, off the dining room, there was an awninged corner she had not seen before, paved with flagstones with grass springing up between them, divisions of green velvet, and, just beyond, the beautiful shape of an ancient apple tree coming into that bloom which is like snow with the sunset on it.

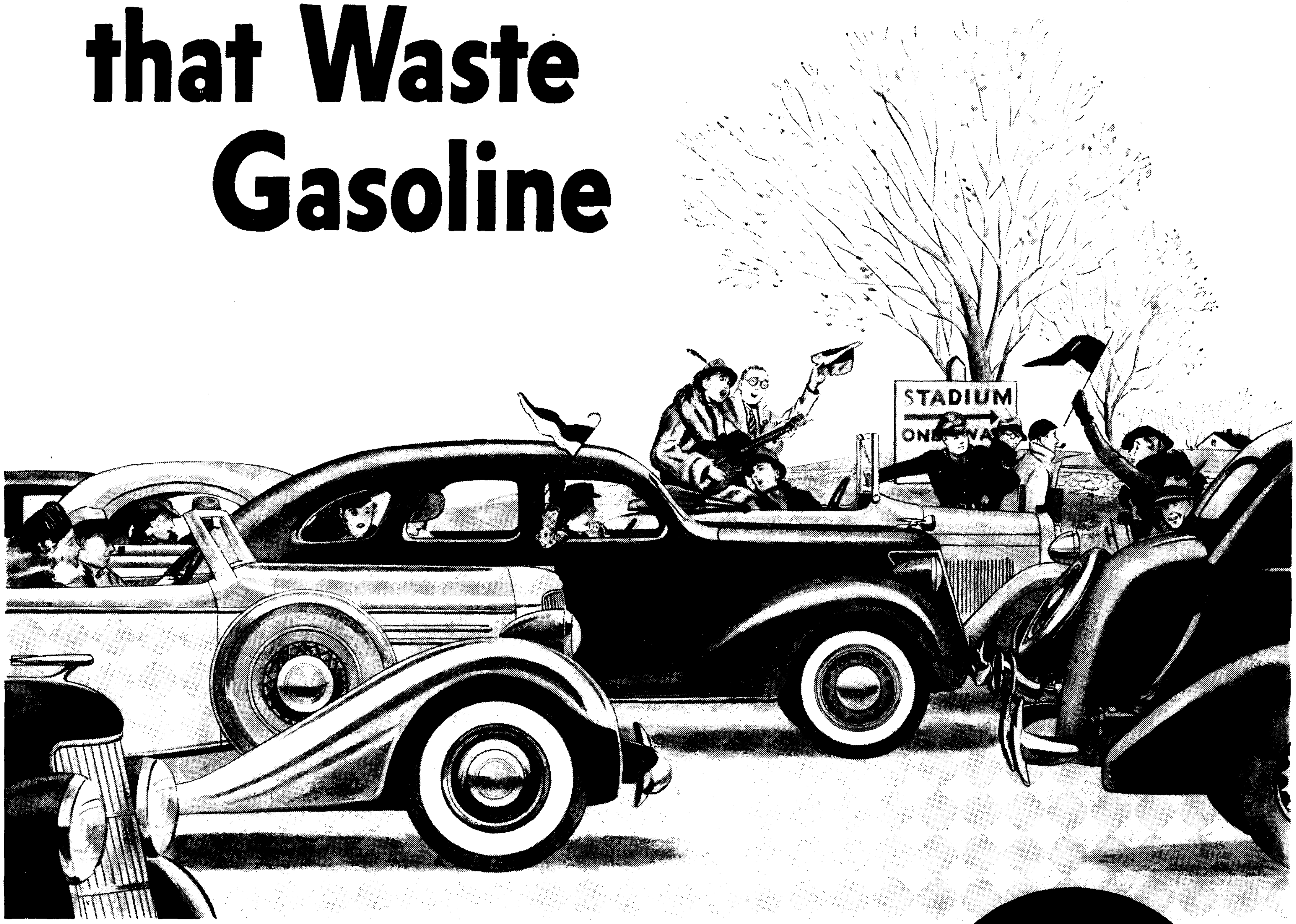
From here she saw the sweep of lawns, the great elms and maples and beyond, very blue, the Sound.

It was, she told him, utterly lovely, she had never seen as perfect a place. "I thought," she added, "I was wedded to Lake Michigan."

Peter admitted that he liked it too. This particular shore of the Island had great charm. He spoke of other places which appealed to him, the Connecticut

(Continued on page 36)

It's those Short "LINE BUCKS" that Waste Gasoline



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4 out of every 5 miles you drive are "Stop-and-Go"

DRIVING to the game it's stop . . . "stop-and-go" all the way. Because shifting gears after a single stop can waste enough gas to take you ⅓ of a mile, your pocketbook is constantly being thrown for a loss.

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That's why you need a triple-threat gasoline—just as a football team needs a versatile backfield! Your gasoline should have one kind of power for QUICK STARTS, one for FAST GETAWAY and hill climbing, one for LONG RUNS.

Super-Shell combines these 3 kinds of power. *It's the first truly balanced gasoline.* Sold at over 30,000 Shell stations from coast to coast.

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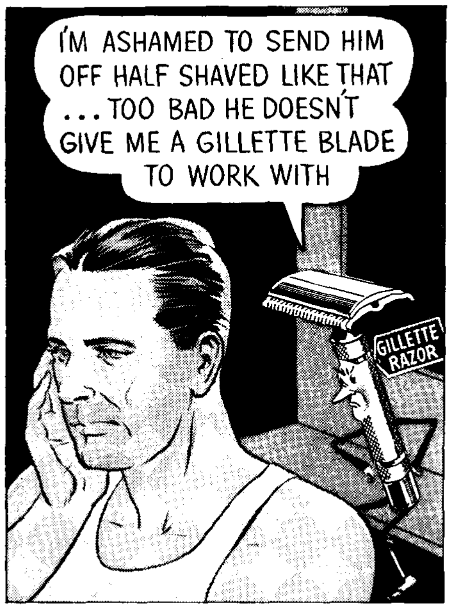
I'M ASHAMED TO SEND HIM OFF HALF SHAVED LIKE THAT ... TOO BAD HE DOESN'T GIVE ME A GILLETTE BLADE TO WORK WITH
GILLETTE RAZOR

THEN HE CHANGED TO GILLETTE BLADES

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A REAL SHAVE. THE GILLETTE BLADE IN THE GILLETTE RAZOR IS THE REASON
WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
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when you use a Gillette Blade in a Gillette Razor

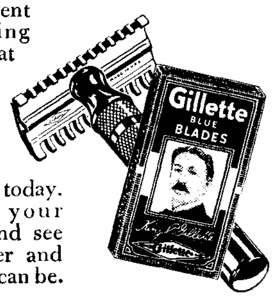
DOES your razor blade sometimes pull and scrape your skin? Does it leave partly shaved patches of bristles behind?

Here's one sure way to avoid shaving discomfort: *use a Gillette Blade in a Gillette Razor.* They were made for each other.

Both were designed *as a unit*—by the same engineers. Both are made in the same factory, by the same organization. Every step in their manufacture is directed to making blade and razor the perfect shaving combination.

No other blades in the world are made as Gillette Blades are made. Millions of dollars worth of equipment give them shaving edges so keen that only a beam of light can measure their sharpness.

Buy a package of Gillette Blades today. Slip one into your Gillette Razor and see how much easier and pleasant shaving can be.



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Gillette Blades

n-made for the Gillette Razor

(Continued from page 34)

hills, the Maine coast, the Berkshires. . . .

"Did you call Mrs. Wayne?" he asked.

"I did. She said I was cursed with luck . . . and you were very amiable people to nurse me back to health," Gail told him, laughing.

"And—Mr. Jones?"

"I called him, too," said Gail calmly, "in order to assure him I was quick and not dead. And to tell him to stay where he belongs. But I couldn't reach him."

"I'd like to meet him. Sounds like quite a person. Holds you up on a lonely road and tries—or so I assume—to steal your affections," said Peter.

"Now why," asked Gail, "should you assume that?"

"Anything else would be out of nature," Peter replied serenely.

During luncheon he told her of the South American trip from which he and Hildreth had returned in midwinter. "Just in time to hear Dolly's announcement that she was going to marry George," he added, smiling. He had liked the trip, he said, although the boat interludes were slow. All right at first, for the rest, but when you wanted to get places quickly not so good.

"Why didn't you fly?" Gail asked unthinkingly.

"It was Hildreth's show, she likes the boat," he said. "Lord, what possibilities there are down there, the surface not scratched as yet. I'd a mad idea I might set up operations, say, near Rio. Go down myself for a couple of years, and get things going."

"Why not?" asked Gail, her imagination kindling. "It sounds grand. After all, it can't be much fun just to have things go along smoothly. There you'd get into all sorts of scraps and scrapes . . . politics, hard sledding, pioneering, in a way."

"That's what I thought." His eyes met hers and for a moment neither spoke. Then he added, as if confused, "It wouldn't do, I mean, after thinking it over."

Hildreth, she deduced instantly. No, of course not. She wouldn't leave her comfortable way of living and tackle another climate and new life . . . not speech-making at woman's clubs. . . .

He said, "But something else came up. Met a chap, a Venezuelan, who was thinking of starting an air route. Had the money and backing, but he's pretty indolent, doesn't get going. The *mañana* attitude. Just by chance I ran into a British flier, a little later . . . quite a person . . . knows the country like the back of your hand. He's in town now; I saw him this morning. He's going to chart a route between Caracas and Manaus. . . . If I can show Rodriguez the routes, all set, I think I can get him going, and bag myself a big order into the bargain." He leaned back and regarded her, triumphant as a boy picking up his marbles, the undisputed winner.

She said, "I don't know a thing about Venezuela."

"*Muy bien.* I'll tell you . . . provided it won't bore you."

AFTER luncheon he took her into the library, put her in a deep chair and showed her the maps.

He talked well. He made things come to life. She said, breathless, "I wish I could see it." She did not add, *with you.* She thought it. Perhaps he knew. He said, walking over to the big desk and picking up a light, "I'd like to be with you if and when you do—"

The flame flared up briefly, accomplished its trivial mission, died. They did not speak. When the telephone rang it startled them both.

Peter answered. "Yes, Peter Harris speaking. Yes, she's here." He turned to Gail, "It's your father calling," he told her, "from Paris."

He brought the instrument on its long cord over to her. He marked that her hands and her lips were not steady. But her voice was under control.

"Gail?" asked her father, those sea and land miles away.

"Yes," she said. "How are you, Dad?"

"All right. Look here, what do you mean getting yourself smashed up with Peter Harris?"

Characteristic. She answered, "I'm not smashed up. I'm fine. Just bruised. We were returning from a trip to the plant."

"Haven't you seen enough plants?" asked Jim Williams, irritably and expansively. "We build better ships than he does. Tell him so for me. Thank him for not killing you. I'd like to hear from you. You might write. How's Janet?"

Janet was Mrs. Wayne. Gail reported on her godmother's health. She asked, "Is Ellen well?"

"Splendid," said Williams, his voice incredibly clear. "She's out just now. Shopping. Women!" He gave a funny little snort, and it carried to her and ridiculously wrung her heart. "She said to give you her love."

She said nothing of the kind, thought Gail.

"When are you going home?" her father inquired testily. "If it hadn't been for Janet's letter I wouldn't know a damned thing about you."

"I'm not going," she said, "I'm staying . . . I'll take an apartment . . . I'm having the Tumble Bug shipped East."

The Tumble Bug was her monoplane. Her father said, "Well, you've your own money. I can't prevent you. Don't kill yourself. Also don't be an idiot." He spoke her name, said goodby and once more there were miles and silence between them.

Slowly Gail replaced the instrument on its cradle and Peter took it from her. He carried it back to the desk. He said, without turning, "Worried about you, was he? The press works fast."

"He knows I'm all right now," she said quietly. "I've never lied to him . . . If he hadn't believed me he would have demanded to speak to *you.*"

She thought: He *was* anxious, I'm his responsibility. But he hasn't forgiven me.

Her eyes filled, helplessly. Peter, facing her now, leaning against the desk, asked, "You aren't happy about this marriage, are you?"

She had resented that question from half a hundred people, had denied its implication. She did not resent it now. She said, "No, I'm not. She's . . . oh, it isn't that she's so young . . . but she's mercenary, selfish. If I thought she really cared about him . . ."

He said gently, "Look here, I've no right to give you any advice. But it's his life. If he makes a mistake, well, it isn't up to you. You can't save anyone from his mistakes. You've just got to love him and leave him—alone."

"I suppose so." She smiled at him gratefully. She said, "You're being awfully nice. I've been making something of a fool of myself. I remind myself of Elsie Dinsmore often. 'Dear Papa.' But you wouldn't know about her."

He said, laughing:

"I had no sisters, but had female relatives who doted on the Elsie Dinsmore books. I read 'em too. I was about eleven and they struck me as immeasurably funny. We used to act it out, the gang . . ."

THE library door burst open. A stocky young man catapulted into view. His unruly hair was in utter confusion and he completely ignored the pursuing and expostulating servant hard on his heels. He ignored Peter also. He rushed over to Gail and seized her hands.

He said, "Are you all right?—I've been out of my mind. If anything happened to you—"

She said, scarlet, "Bill, you *are* out of your mind." She turned to Peter who was watching them, smiling.

"Crashing in like this . . . what will Mr. Harris think . . . this, by the way, is Mr. Harris."

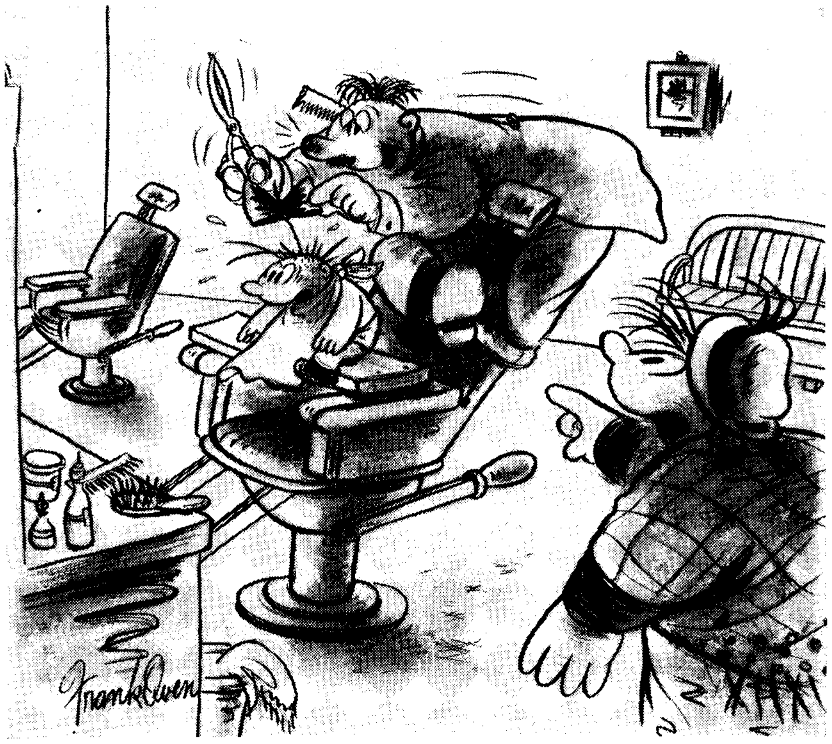
Bill turned and looked at Peter for, it appeared, the first time. He said, disarmingly, "Gee, I'm sorry, but you see . . ." then his face changed. He added belligerently, "You were driving *the car, weren't you? Why the hell can't* you be more careful?"

(To be continued next week)

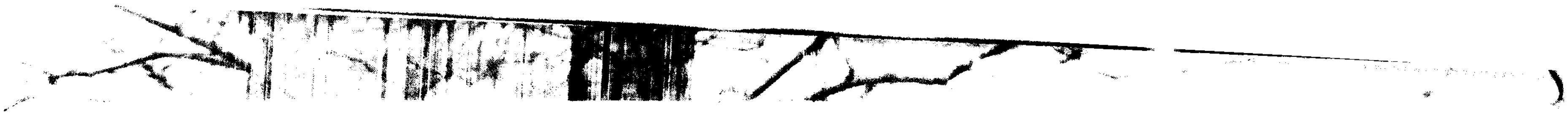
Philbert

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"I beg your pardon, but Philbert wants to smell your breath before you go any farther!"



A dog-lover suggested our putting it *this* way...

"I'VE been reading some of your ads," a friend of ours wrote us, "and it seems to me there's a perfect parallel between the way you make Four Roses Whiskey and the way we go about getting a champion field dog.

"You see, there's not a single blue-ribbon winner in my kennels that just 'happened'. Every dog was planned—before he was born. His parents and ancestors were carefully chosen—to blend in him all the forthright qualities that make a dog great."

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For Four Roses is more than just *one* fine straight whiskey—it is a glorious combination of *several* great American straight whiskies, each outstanding for some particular virtue: *aroma* or *body* or *smoothness* or *flavor.*

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Every drop of Four Roses is *whiskey*—and we sincerely believe that in its deep-flavored mellowness and silken smoothness you will find more satisfaction than you've ever before drained from a glass!

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★ *America's finest whiskey* *regardless of age or price* ★

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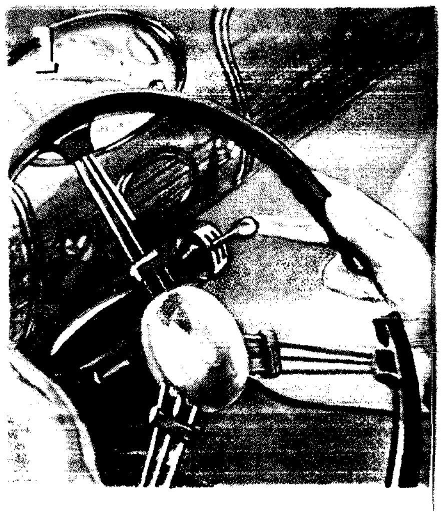
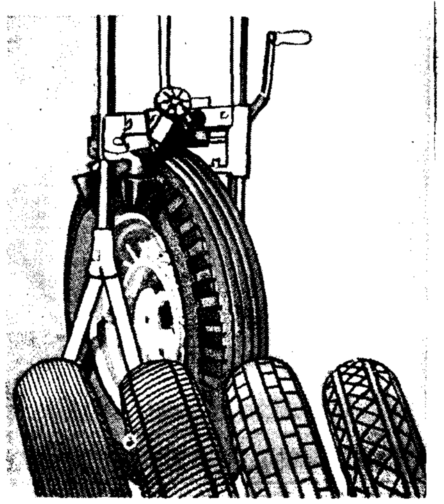
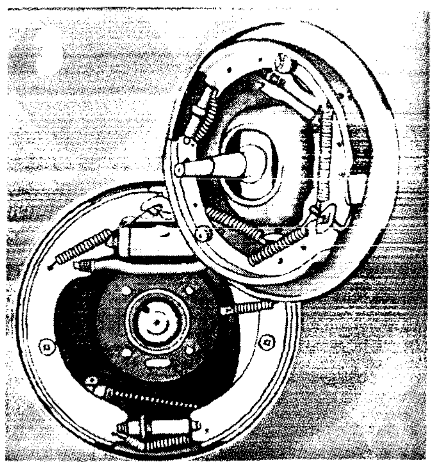
SERVICE
BEN







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Furnished for leading cars of every price class, by Bendix, world's foremost brake manufacturer, with the most extensive background of brake experience, research, patents, personnel and plant facilities in the automotive industry. Because of these unique advantages, Bendix Brakes of either type are inevitably the best of that type.

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Pioneer of virtually every important carburetor advancement in years, this famous Bendix-built carburetor is standard on more makes of cars than all others combined.

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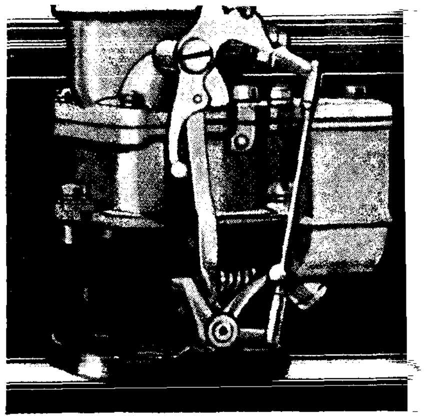

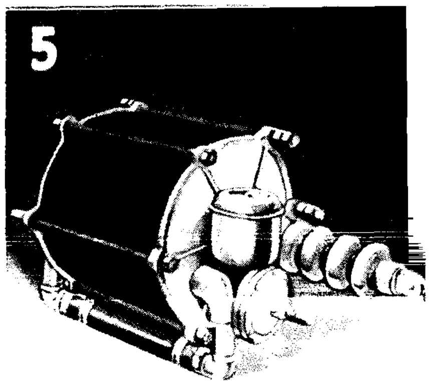

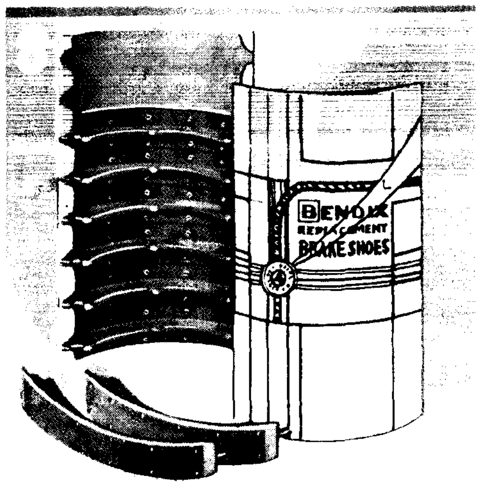

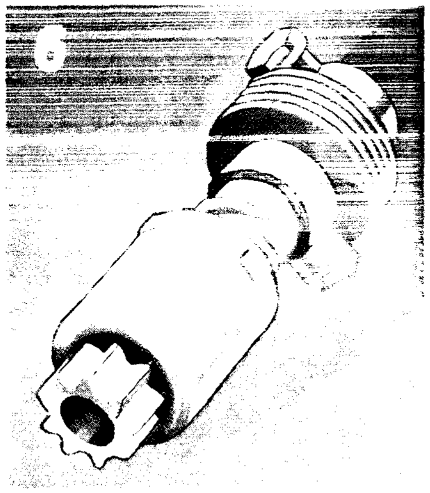

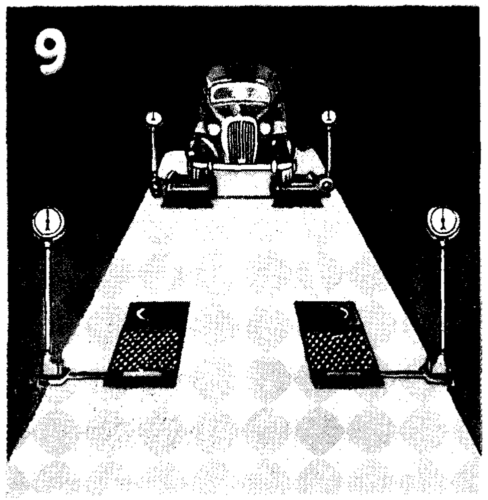

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The Baron's Lady

(Continued from page 15)

"Oh, mademoiselle," cried Yvonne in an ecstasy, "might I really and truly try them on?"

"Off with the old and on with the new," commanded Jacqueline and was obeyed in a flutter of blushes and giggles. Yvonne stripped to the buff, and by the sorcery of planes, curves, and proportions the humble peasant girl was at once transformed into a goddess. The next transformation, while it continued to sustain her above the peasant status, reduced her from divinity to a prettier-than-average middle-class French girl about to be presented to society at a garden party. Perhaps she had a little more than the usual dash of I-don't-know-what. Perhaps not.

Like so many people who have never traveled and who never expect to travel, Jacqueline was the proud owner of a traveler's clock, a leather case which, when unfolded and stood upon a table, offered a guess at the correct time to train catchers and sight-seers.

The far-off honk of an automobile touched some vague chord of memory and diverted Yvonne's attention from her own image in the mirror in which she was admiring it to the reflected image of the traveler's clock. She noted the position of the dark hands against the white porcelain face, and with a sudden sharp cry of "My God, the Baron!" dashed out of the room, down the stairs and out of the house. She flew past the standard roses which avenued the entrance walk, through the front gate, which she hastily closed behind her, and came to a halt at the edge of the sidewalk.

WHEN the Baron's car came along Yvonne did not actually thumb for a lift. At least from her window, Jacqueline, half frenzied with excitement, saw no such gesture. But she must have made some little sign with a dash of I-don't-know-what in it, for the Baron's car slowed down, stopped and then advanced backward until the sad, abandoned Baron and the wistful little maid of all work were facing each other.

Jacqueline would have given her pretty ears to know what passed between them. But she had to be content with what her eyes saw.

First she saw the old brightness once more on the Baron's face. Then she saw the footman jump out of the car, open the door and hold it back, while Yvonne stepped quickly in and seated herself beside the Baron. The footman hopped back into his place, and the car moved off with smooth serenity.

What had passed between Yvonne and the Baron was this:

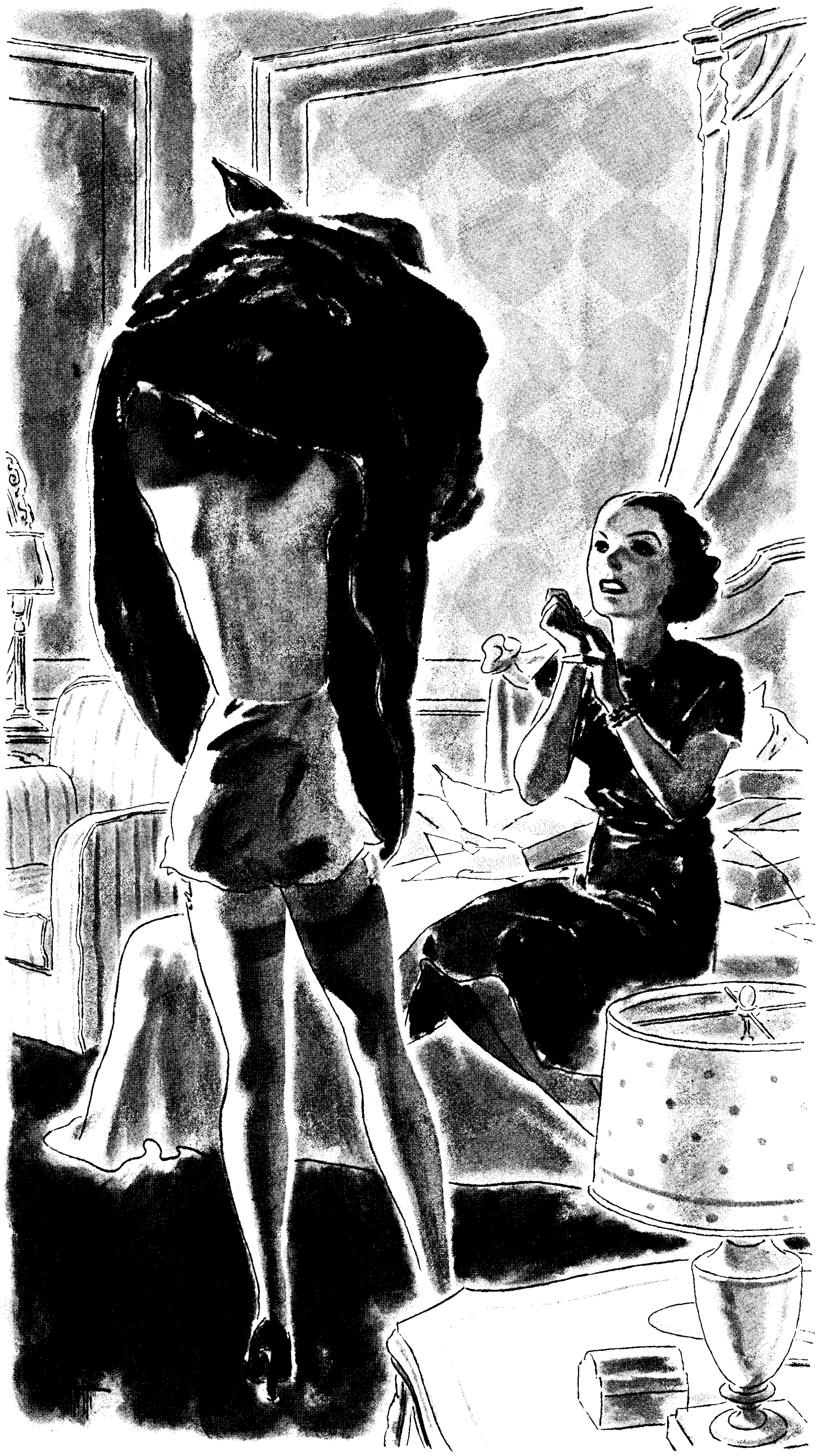
"What is the trouble, my pretty child?" he had said. "Is there anything that I can do?"

And Yvonne, with a thrilling, tremulous quality (more than a dash) of I-don't-know-what, had answered, "Yes, you can. Take me with you, wherever you are going."

The Baron had hesitated, smiled, twinkled and, comically urged, had made room for her on the soft leather seat beside him.

Then he had said: "But certainly. Why not?"

When Blaise heard what had happened, he said something mumblingly about dirty pigs, and hunted in the garden until he had located a pair of toads. He ground them to a sudden and hor- death beneath the twisting hob- heel of his boot. And before because he was not a cruel



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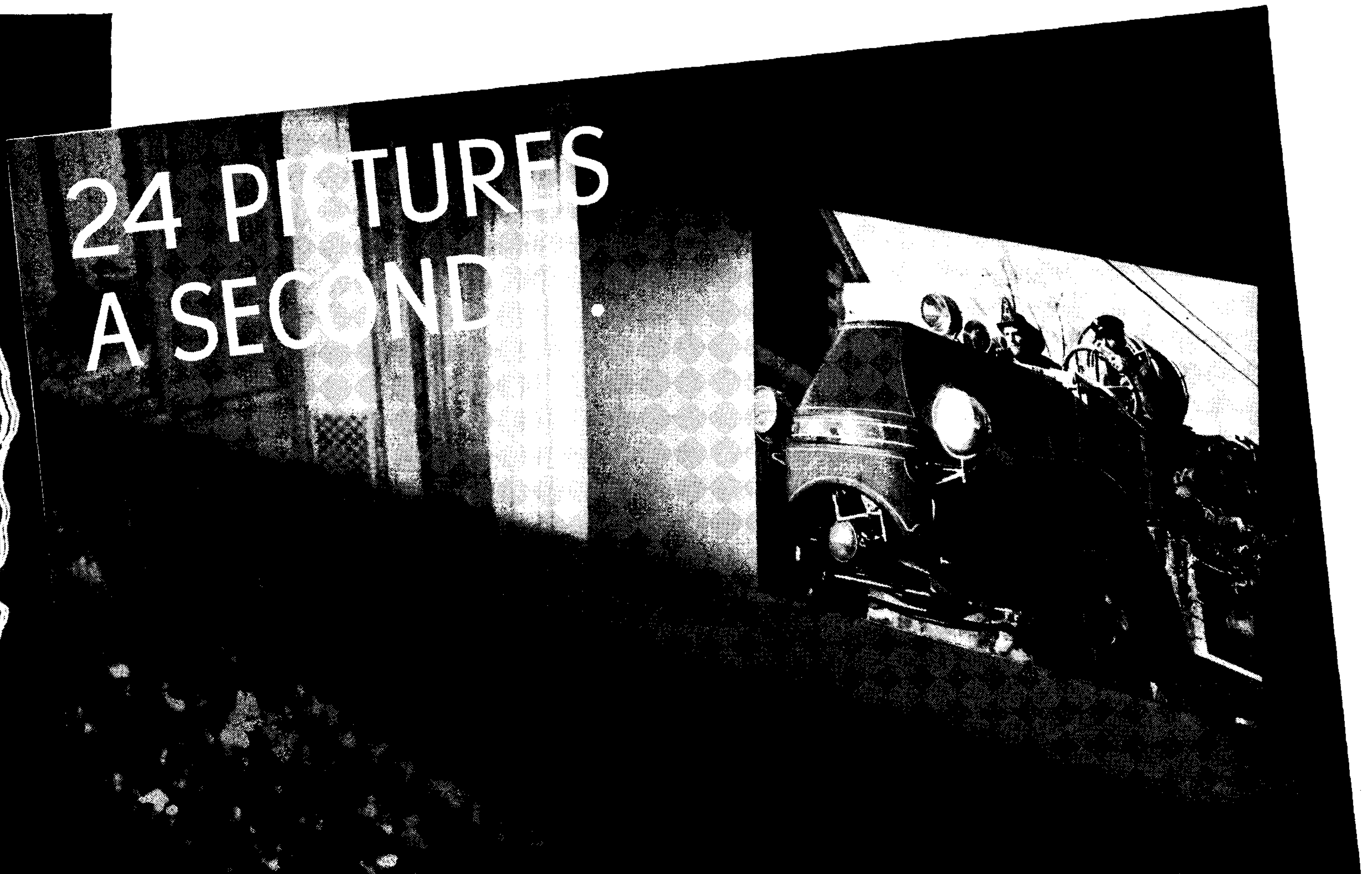
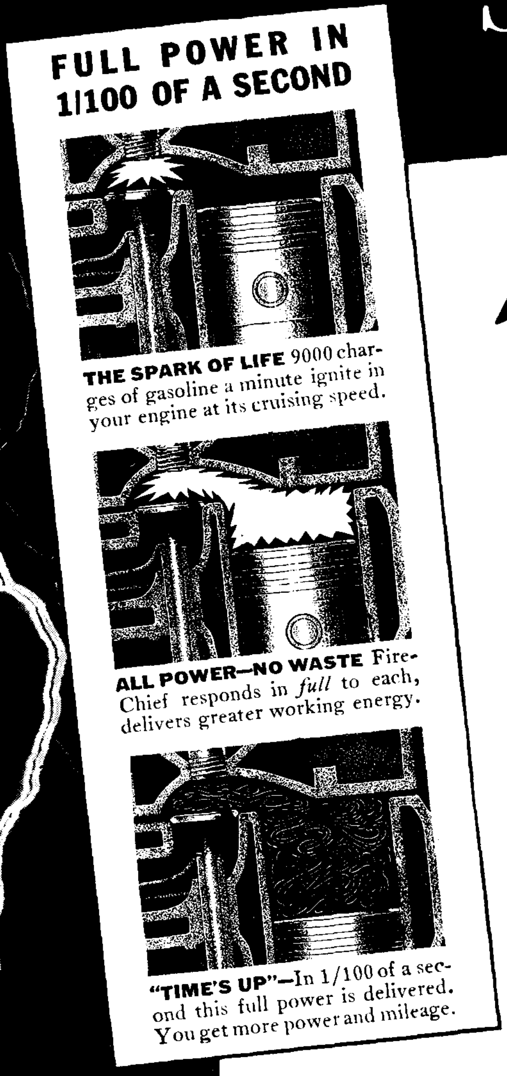


SLOW compared to this

Lightning-Action



FULL POWER IN 1/100 OF A SECOND

THE SPARK OF LIFE 9000 charges of gasoline a minute ignite in your engine at its cruising speed.

ALL POWER—NO WASTE Fire-Chief responds in *full* to each, delivers greater working energy.

"TIME'S UP"—In 1/100 of a second this full power is delivered. You get more power and mileage.

THE movie projector whirrs. Its tiny pictures enlarge to giant dimensions, follow each other with such amazing speed that they merge into living action on the screen.

Yet, in your car, gasoline must work four times as fast.

With only 1/100 of a second, or less, allowed, *lightning action* . . . the ability of the gasoline to fire completely in this short space of time . . . is necessary to give you the full power and full economy you want from your car.

Texaco Fire-Chief . . . freed of the lazy slow-burning elements that handicap ordinary gasoline . . . gives you this lightning action.

You feel the difference as you drive . . . measure it in lower costs per mile. Get Texaco Fire-Chief . . . at Texaco Dealers everywhere, in all the 48 States.

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Steps Up Your Engine

THIS NEW-TYPE BATTERY GUARANTEED AS LONG AS YOU OWN YOUR CAR!

We stand back of the New Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak Battery whether you drive your car 3,000 or 300,000 miles

BATTERY MAN: "This new battery whips over your motor in a flash, cuts your recharging costs, gives you *super-power* for electrical extras."

YOU CAN'T LOSE —HERE'S WHY

The Most Amazing Battery Guarantee Ever Written

No matter how long you own your car—or how far you drive it, if the Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak you buy fails to give satisfactory service in that car, The B. F. Goodrich Co. will replace it, without charge, as clearly stated in the written guarantee. Your protection on this battery is down in black-and-white!

Only Goodrich Electro-Pak Batteries have the Power-Saving Top Cover

IMAGINE getting a battery so powerful that it will start heavy motors *double-quick* on the coldest days and so ruggedly *built* that no matter how long you own your passenger car you'll never have to buy another battery for it—or spend a penny on repairs! Yet that's exactly what you get in the new *guaranteed* Goodrich Kathanode* Electro-Pak.

And because the life of a battery depends on the life of the plates, this new Electro-Pak Battery is built with the remarkable *patented* Kathanode construction—famous for its use on airplanes, submarines and railroads—consisting of flexible, porous, spun glass retainer mats specially designed to prevent the loss of the real power-producing materials in the plates. Thus the plates last much longer.

A marvel for power

No wonder the Kathanode Electro-Pak has such an amazing long life. No wonder it gives *extra* protection against dangerous short circuits inside the battery. You can be dead certain that only a battery as powerful as this—only with a battery so revolutionary in construction could Goodrich make such a sweeping guarantee—the most sensational ever made on a battery in the history of motoring.

Save money, time and trouble this winter. Ask your Goodrich Tire dealer to show you the new Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak—the battery that is guaranteed as long as you own your car. And remember, there is a Goodrich Battery for every need and pocketbook.

*Made under the Kathanode Patent.

Goodrich
KATHANODE
Electro-Pak
45 PLATES
145 AMPS
120 AMP HRS
THE B. F. GOODRICH CO.

Double Protection!

And another big reason why this new Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak will save you money and trouble is its exclusive Power-Saving Top Cover. Dirt, corrosion and acid film that collect on top of ordinary, unprotected batteries and often *waste enough power to burn an ordinary flashlight bulb continuously*, are shut out of the new Electro-Pak. You get all the power you pay for in this battery—for bright lights, quick starts and for operating your heater, radio, signals and all the power-eating equipment on modern cars.

At last here is a battery so powerful that it will keep you happy all winter long and will give you the real "trouble-free" service you've always been looking for.

Goodrich KATHANODE Electro-Pak
GUARANTEED AS LONG AS YOU OWN YOUR CAR

ANOTHER B. F. GOODRICH PRODUCT

man, he suffered with shame and remorse for having done so.

The next day in time to dress for the garden party Jacqueline received a pasteboard box containing her loaned finery, a note for a thousand francs, and a line written with bright yellow ink on dark blue paper:

"Dear child, buy thyself something pretty by which to remember thine grateful Yvonne."

In order to remember Yvonne it was not necessary to buy something pretty for oneself even if one had been enabled to do so. It was only necessary to follow her name from pillar to post in the publications which purvey gossip, or her changed face and now famous figure throughout the illustrated periodicals. Her costumes were at once the last word and the rage. She had but the one name, Yvonne. She was an institution. From her eyebrows narrowly plucked in the long flat curves of a falcon's brow to her blood-colored toenails she was the pride of a people who have devoted two thousand years to war and exquisiteness. If she had been a dancer she could have insured her legs for a million francs apiece, or three million for the pair. Her chafing-dish suppers—just a few intimates, the old Baron, an exiled king or so, the greatest sculptor since Michelangelo, perhaps—were famous. It seemed simply incredible that a woman of so many other accomplishments should also know how to cook.

A certain dish of eggs with green things and cheese which Madame Mother herself had taught Yvonne to throw together became known the world over as Eggs Yvonne.

Eggs Yvonne, Mayonnaise Yvonne, Crême Yvonne, Sauce Yvonne are mere episodes in the long list of her really constructive culinary triumphs.

SHE reformed altogether the gardens of the Château de la Ferre. Subduing her exquisite Parisian French to the occasion, she talked the lingo of gardeners and in describing a species or a variety unloosed intricate paragraphs of sonorous plant Latin. The reverence of the gardeners for this flower of civilization, this super-repository of plant lore, was unutterably sincere. She knew what she was talking about.

Sometimes when the spirit moved her, or praise, or champagne, she gave imitations of persons of humble degree. The most celebrated comedians of the French stage called her sister. She was their equal.

It was not the imitations but the stolen glory for family recipes which burnt up the Rousse family. There were, however, compensations. Madame Mother could say, "I always told you so. Blood will tell. There will always be ups and downs." Mrs. Rousse could say to her friends, "I taught Yvonne absolutely everything she knows, except of course the naughty things." Mr. Rousse could magnificently deny that Yvonne's unsolicited attentions to himself had anything to do with her summary dismissal at the hands of his wife and mother.

Jacques, the student, could confide to his intimates: "I could tell you a thing or two about this Yvonne—if I didn't happen to be a gentleman." And Jacqueline, who was a generous soul, to herself as well as to others, liked to embroider the facts of the case somewhat as follows: "As a matter of fact," she would say, or thereabouts, "it was little me who put her up to it. Dozens of times I'd said to her, 'You're not really pretty, Yvonne, but any girl with your legs ought to go far. You have in addition a distinct dash of that—oh, I-don't-know-what—and all you need is a gay rag or two and an opportunity.' *Voila!* The dressmaker arrives one morning. It is Monday, the Baron's day for re-entering Paris in his automobile. As I say, the dressmaker arrives with a batch of exclusive models for me to choose from. To make Yvonne happy I persuaded her into one of them. At that moment we hear the horn of the Baron's car. I have my moment of inspiration. I push a great cry of 'Oh, the Baron!' and then I cry: 'Run, Yvonne, run! Run down to the gate and try that come-hither look of yours on the old rip . . .' And, of course, the rest, my dears, is history."

Sometimes, but more and more rarely as winter came on and the roses and heliotropes of Cannes and Antibes began to lure the idle, the profligate and the wealthy, the Rousse family saw her pass by their house with the Baron.

Jacqueline was forbidden to wave to Yvonne under pain of an unfathomable parental displeasure. But no occasion for waving was ever offered. As she rolled by, Yvonne looked neither to the right nor the left. The Rousse family had a glimpse of penciled hawk eyebrows, a deliciously tilted nose, a king's ransom or so, a plump old man with a happy face and twinkling eyes and that was all.

ONCE poor Blaise caught this fleeting glimpse and aftermath of his lost love and her seducer, and ran out into the street bellowing like a herd of outraged cattle. And, a watering pot in one hand and a dead mole in the other, he pursued the receding automobile of the aged Lothario until he fell exhausted.

Then the news had it that the Baron de la Ferre and the imcomparable Yvonne had removed to the former's princely villa in Antibes for the really cold weather, and the Rousse family settled down to the average winter life of the average middle-class French family.

Shortly after their arrival in Antibes the Baron and Yvonne warmed their villa with an exclusive party. Two retired kings were entertained, an ex-sultan who was beginning to turn into a sponge, a quint of archdukes, and a half dozen exceedingly well-chosen and decorative light women.

At just the appropriate good-humored moment Yvonne was besought to do an imitation, not one of the old favorites, but something new.

The obliging Yvonne rose in her place and upon the instant became an adolescent student who ought to have begun to shave six months ago, who suffered from red lumps that never came to anything and who has just been caught by his grandmother with a batch of salacious post cards.

The Baron de la Ferre got laughing so that he couldn't be stopped. It took a convulsion of nature to stop him. He turned the unfortunate mauve color of self-sown petunias, doubled forward on himself and stopped laughing.

The more powerful of the retired monarchs thumped him hard between the shoulders. The results were negligible. The Baron's teeth, both the uppers and the lowers, fell out, and that was all.

Yvonne presently found herself the heir to many lovely real properties and to an income of about three thousand American dollars a week.

TO MR. ROUSSE, sitting one briefless day in his office, it was announced that a lady in black desired to speak with him. When the lady was seated across the table from him and had pushed back her crepe veil, he recognized Yvonne.

The little man did not know whether to fly into a forensic rage at once, or to wait until he had heard what she had to say. A diamond on her left hand big enough to hide the upper joints of the two adjacent fingers had a soothing effect. He baffled his rage.

"I have heard," said Yvonne, coming at once to one of the main points of her visit, "that Jacqueline could marry a genuine count of respectable antecedents if you could match franc for franc the dowry which his parents are willing to put up."

"It is a tragic affair," said Mr. Rousse.

"Tragic," said Yvonne. "Fiddlesticks! I will put up for Jacqueline. She did me a good turn once."

Almost by force she interrupted the speech which Mr. Rousse was about to deliver.

"I need a lawyer," she said, "nothing fancy, just a little one to run around and do odds and ends." She laid upon the table a freshly printed note for ten thousand francs.

"Your retaining fee," she said.

IN HIS eagerness to retain the retaining fee, Mr. Rousse almost tore it in halves.

"Does Madame Mother still itch behind her ears?" asked Yvonne.

"Alas, yes," said the son of the mother.

"Tell her to try soap and water," said Yvonne. "And how about Jacques?"

"He has graduated," exclaimed the youth's infatuated parent, "with the highest honors."

"I was thinking about the red lumps which never come to anything," said Yvonne. "I will send Jacques to the best dermatologist in Paris, or if necessary to the celebrated Doctor Morrow in San Francisco."

She seemed to have fired the last round of her ammunition and Mr. Rousse, who had long since decided not to fly into a rage, felt that his opportunity had come.

"You are too kind," he said, "too generous. But kindness and generosity cannot be permitted to be their own reward. What can I give you in return? Ask and it is yours."

"Tell me about Blaise," said Yvonne.

"There is not much that is pleasant to tell," said Mr. Rousse. "The day you—you—you ascended into a higher sphere, he used words which are not to be found in an abridged dictionary. Thereafter with the hobnailed heel of his right boot he ground the life out of two harmless toads. And at a later date when he saw you drive by with the dear Baron he ran out into the street bellowing like a herd of outraged cattle, and, a watering can in one hand and a dead mole in the other, pursued your receding automobile until he fell exhausted."

"Poor Blaise," murmured Yvonne.

"That is not all," said Mr. Rousse with a kind of grim resignation. "The other day when he was putting my winter flannels away for the summer the poor fellow sprinkled them with fertilizer and scattered the moth balls intended for them upon Madame Mother's cherished little plantation of lilies of the valley."

"Let us go to Blaise," said Yvonne.

Even in inconsequential little histories there are repetitions. Yvonne came upon Blaise when he happened to be holding a dead mole in one hand and a watering can in the other, and was trying to scratch himself between the shoulder blades without putting down either.

History repeats itself because it can't help itself. Yvonne kept repeating herself because she was a sensible, amorous girl and knew the value of repetitions.

"You poor sap," she kept saying, using of course the French equivalent. "I did it for you. I did it for us. I did it so that we could be married."

He kept his back turned to her and his face averted. He was trying to pretend either that he was made of adamant or that he did not know her.

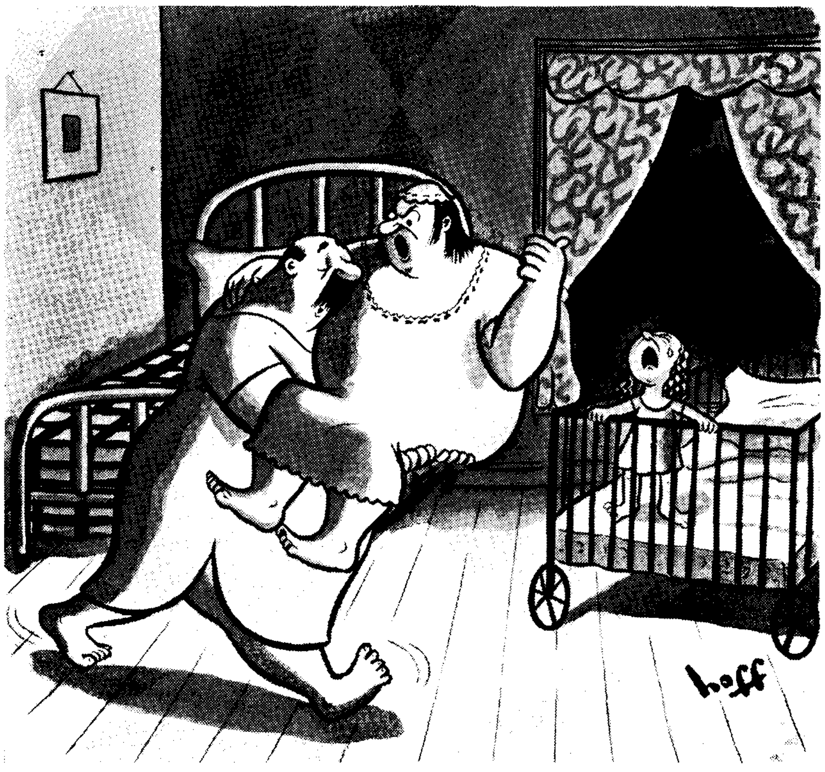
"You poor sap," she said. "I did it for you. I did it for us. I did it so that we could be married."

She stepped suddenly forward and, where the hand suspending the dead mole by its tail and the hand clasping the handle of the watering can had both failed, succeeded. She scratched him between the shoulder blades upon the precise spot where he itched the most. His stiffened, averted muscles relaxed with an almost idiotic shudder of surrender. But his spirit remained a little stubborn.

"Am I to blame," he half sobbed, "if I give in because I can't help myself. . . . Don't stop, Yvonne, never stop! . . . It isn't my fault. It's your fault. I am adamant and cast iron, but you—you—you have about you a certain—a certain —oh, I-don't-know-what!"

By now he was almost purring. The mole fell from his left hand with a soft plop, the watering can from his right with a gurgling clatter.

YVONNE still does imitations. A general favorite is that of the lover, abandoned for his own good, who rushes out into the street bellowing like a herd of outraged cattle. Another is that of the common barnyard wench who had a little more than the average dash of I-don't-know-what and went places.



"Wake up! You've got the wrong one!"

SYDNEY HOFF

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

A SMOOTH NUMBER

The well-groomed man gets the best chance in business . . . and everywhere else, for that matter. The faithful use of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic for scalp massage to keep the hair healthy . . . and for "slicking" the hair to keep it orderly . . . is our contribution to your success story. A few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic smoothed on the hair before brushing keeps it in place yet avoids that "patent-leather" look.

40¢ and 70¢

EVERY DRUG STORE HAS IT. Stop at the nearest one and lay in a supply of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Read the folder that comes 'round the bottle, too, will you? It contains valuable information on the care of the hair and scalp. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

DO THEY FALL?

Frequent scalp massages with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic prevent conditions that invite dandruff, dry scalp and falling hair. Before your next shampoo . . . and every shampoo . . . give your scalp a vigorous two minute 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic rub . . . it livens up the circulation that feeds the hair roots, loosens the scalp and tones it generally.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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101 ways to fix up your home inexpensively

AND TO THINK THIS USED TO BE THE CELLAR!
WE'D HAVE DONE IT OVER LONG AGO, IF WE'D KNOWN HOW LITTLE IT WOULD COST

J-M WALL BOARDS FOR INTERIOR DECORATION make improvements easy, economical. Their large sizes cover wide areas. They are installed with a minimum of labor. Finished in attractive colors and textures. (Illustrated at the left, a recreation room of J-M Insulating Board Bevel Plank, J-M Decorative Ceiling Tile, J-M Asphalt Tile Flooring.)

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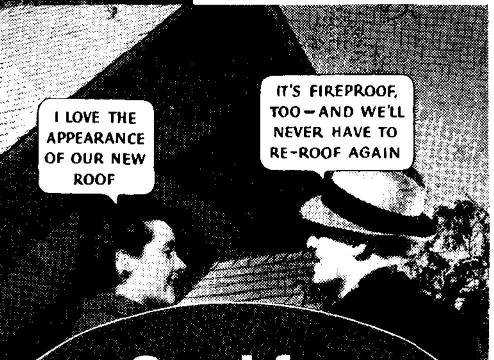
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TIRED of the way your home looks? Discouraged because it's gotten shabby—because it is out-of-date and lacks modern comfort and livability? Here's a book written especially for *you*.

Its two dozen picture-packed pages (some in full color) bring you over a hundred fascinating ideas for improving your home. It illustrates and describes the modern J-M Building Materials that make fixing up your home so easy and economical. And it tells you how to finance home improvements out of income, under the terms of the National Housing Act. Mail coupon.

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JOHNS-MANVILLE, Dept. C-11-14, 22 East 40th Street, N. Y. C. I am planning to remodel my home. Send me the "101 Book," FREE ☐. I am especially interested in Home Insulation ☐. Insulating Board for extra rooms ☐. An Asbestos Shingle roof ☐. Cedargrain Asbestos Siding Shingles ☐.

Name________________

Address________________

Dark Tropic Sea

Continued from page 19

be hysteria. I made no effort to stop her as she turned and fled.

I went out of the house and took the footpath that led toward the Balintang Lagoon; and as I walked along it I was wondering if I could ever win back all those things which had been mine before Tonai Merriam came.

Lon Llewellyn and my constabulary men were leaving the muddy shore of Balintang Lagoon as I met them in the trail. The plane from Jolo was already rising from the water.

I was instantly pleased to see who it was the constabulary had sent—an officer named Captain Norse, whom I had known before. Behind him was a record of some fine work in the Philippine jungles, including some sharp fighting. He was a man I was glad to see.

He shook hands with a grin, and no evidence whatever of the relief to which he should have been entitled by his safe arrival.

With him, I saw, had landed two small, brown regulars of the constabulary—Filipino jungle runners, wearing the khaki of the organization.

AS BRIEFLY as I could, I began to tell him what had happened here, beginning with the unexpected appearance of Tonai Merriam upon Tunganan. I repeated in a few words what she had told me about being brought to Malangai, through no choice of her own, by Suva Jim. He interrupted me here to ask what had been her means of transportation from Malangai to Tunganan; but of course, I couldn't answer this, because I didn't know.

I went on then to give him such bare facts as I had concerning the death of Henry Shane, and repeated Mrs. Merriam's account of how it had happened. He grunted, and cast a cynical glance at me over his shoulder as I told him that; but as I went on to tell him about the murder of Gagahan, the boy whom I had previously sent to find Lon Llewellyn, his long stride appeared to falter, as if something I had said had thrown his preconceptions out of gear for the first time.

And when I told him about the imprint of a boot heel which I had found in the soil beneath the body of Gagahan, he stopped abruptly. He half turned, standing still in the trail, to eye me sidelong.

"I don't suppose, by any chance," Norse said slowly, "any of your natives here wear shoes, do they?"

Lon Llewellyn answered that one, impatiently. "Of course not. And they don't wear lace nighties, either, or roller skates, either. If there was a boot print in that compound, a white man made it. Any dope would know that."

If Captain Norse was annoyed by Lon Llewellyn's tone, he didn't show it. He asked me now if any of the rest of us could have made that print, after Shane's murder, but before Gagahan was discovered.

I explained to him about the search Charley Vaughn and I had made in the compound, trying to find the weapon, which we had failed to do. But I assured him that we could not have made the heel print, for I had been barefooted, and Charley Vaughn had been wearing rubber sea boots.

Captain Norse stood staring moodily off through the wind-lashed fronds of our coconut trees. His hands were deep in his pockets, and his head dropped forward; and he was not looking very happy.

"Barrett," he asked, "who else saw that heel print?"

"Nobody else. It was raining as if the sea were trying to climb out onto the land. Five minutes after I saw it, that mark was no doubt entirely gone."

Norse looked dubious. "That's kind of too bad, isn't it? Another witness or two might have come in real handy, right there."

"I don't follow you," I told him. "If my own report is not to be believed, what good would witnesses do? I might have put the heel print there myself, and taken my shoes off afterward. Just what the devil do you mean to imply?"

"Nothing, nothing," Norse said quickly. "Didn't mean to stir you up. Only, I was just thinking—"

"Yes?"

"Nothing, I guess. This is a kind of funny thing, isn't it? I sure wish they'd sent somebody else. I'm not any good at this sort of thing. They should have sent a regular homicide man. But we didn't have one there."

He turned and moved more slowly along the trail, hands in pockets, his little cane under one armpit. But I was not deceived by Captain Norse's self-depreciation. Norse had a record respected by everybody who knew anything about the Philippine constabulary.

If the murder of Shane proved to be somewhat out of his regular line, I nevertheless knew that he would find some practical and resourceful way of handling it. And though I didn't like what he had said to me, I was glad that he was here.

Two hundred yards from the compound he stopped again, so suddenly that I almost stumbled over him. He turned sharply, and spoke past me to Lon Llewellyn.

"Why didn't you sail with the Mindoro Maid on her trip before last?"

"Let's see—when would that be?" Llewellyn asked mildly.

"Around the first of this month. I mean, in case you've forgotten, the trip on which the Mindoro Maid anchored off Kivasawan."

I saw what he was getting at, then. Kivasawan, of course, was Neal Merriam's plantation, over on the Davao.

LON LLEWELLYN must have seen his meaning, too, for the mildness went out of his voice. "I didn't take her out because the man didn't tell me to take her out. I only work here. I do what the man says."

"It could not have been, by any chance, because you did not wish to be seen at Kivasawan?"

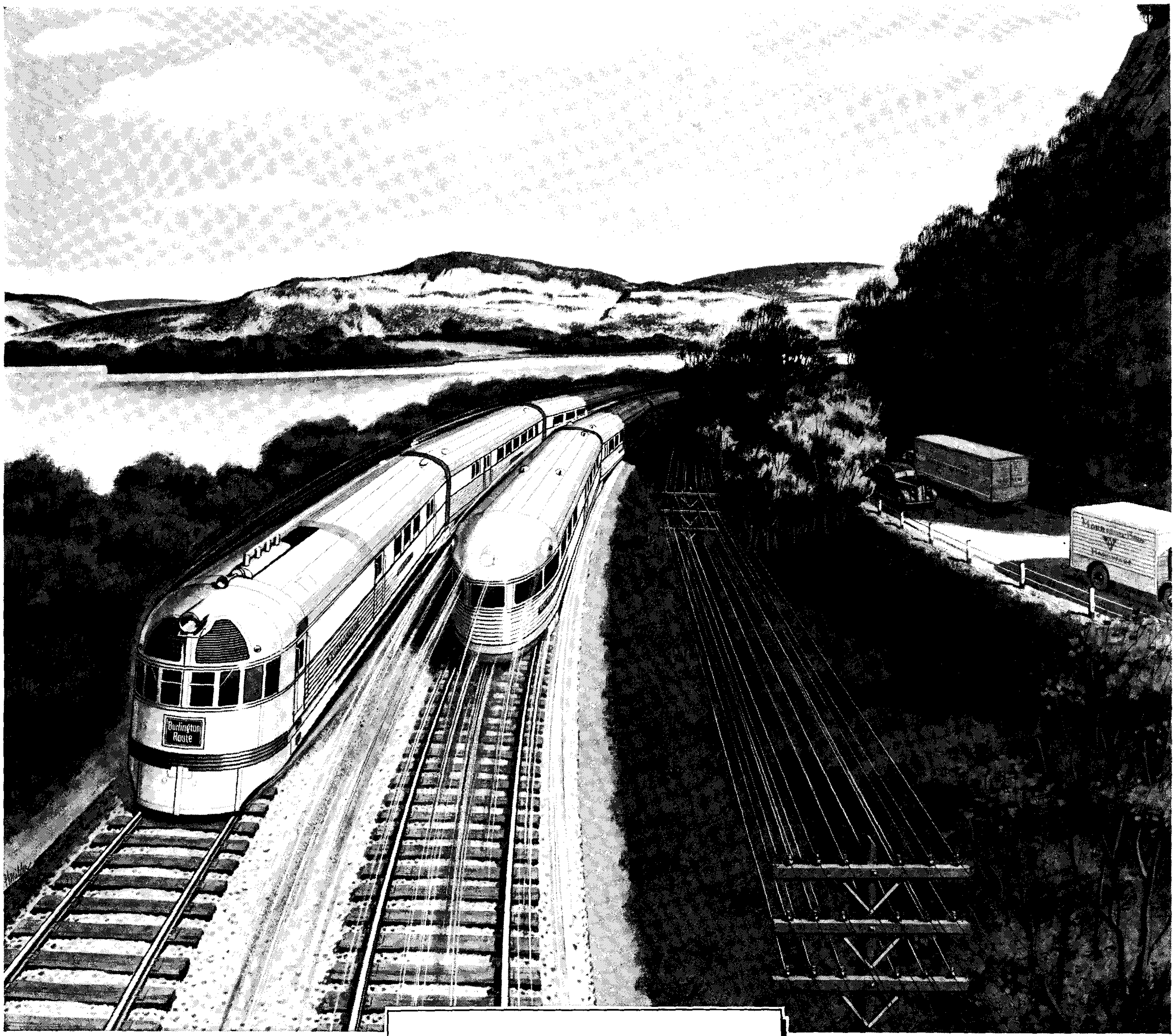
"I don't give an utter damn where I'm seen. Not any more than you do," Lon Llewellyn said unpleasantly. "Maybe," he added, "not half as much."

"I suppose," Captain Norse said conversationally, "it would surprise you very much to know that you were seen at Kivasawan, around the first of the month?"

"It would," Lon Llewellyn answered him. "What's more, it would surprise you very much, too. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, trying a childish bluff like that on a grown-up white man. I've a great mind to report you to your teacher."

I intervened nervously. "Captain Norse, this isn't it. I know to my positive knowledge that Lon hasn't been out of here in two months, except for this week's run to Zamboanga, when the Mindoro Maid could not possibly have made Kivasawan. I was the one who took the Mindoro Maid to the Davao; I anchored off Kivasawan, October second, or, rather I anchored off Salter's store—a little matter of only five miles, but I

(Continued on page 47)



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The Twin Zephyrs: Burlington Route

TWINS!

Establishing new performance records, the Budd-built Twin Zephyrs of the Burlington Route hastened the rising tide of popularity that is bringing business back to the railroads. Placed in service in April, 1935, they have largely influenced the speeding up of schedules and the improvement of equipment. They brought a new spirit to railroading.

With a cruising speed of 90 miles an hour, the Twins saved over 3½ hours between Chicago and St. Paul-Minneapolis. Crowded to capacity on every run, the demand for passage became so great that within sixty days it was necessary for each Twin to make a full round trip of 882 miles daily. Today, new trains, with nearly three times the capacity of the original Twins, are being built by Budd for the same run.

The cost of operation for the Twins for the first 820,472 miles up to September 5, 1936, was 31 cents per train-mile. This is substantially less than half the cost of operation for a comparable train of standard equipment.

With fuel and lubrication costs less than 3c a mile—with maintenance costs at a minimum—and, above all, with every train filled to capacity, the Twins and all the rapidly growing family of Budd-built trains show a way to increase profits for railroads with fares at 2c a mile.

Budd trains are built of stainless steel, which has four times the elastic strength of ordinary steel. They are in effect light-weight shells of enormously strong non-corrosive alloys—the safest and smoothest things on wheels.

Budd develops a wide variety of stainless-steel products. Among these are: railway cars, marine and bridge structures, airplanes, motor truck, bus and trailer bodies.

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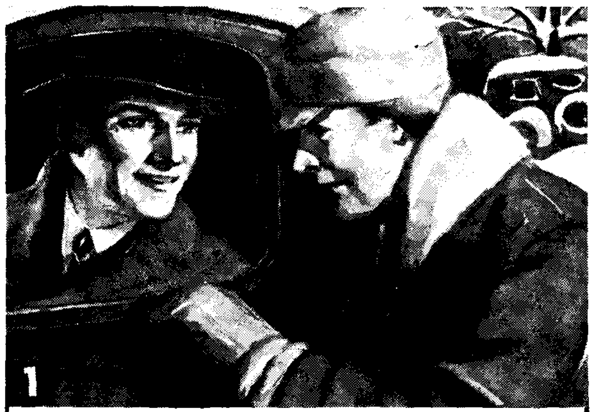
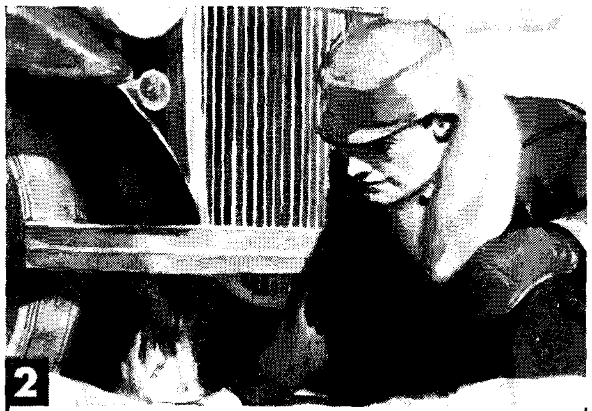
True story of a motorist *at 38° below..*


1

"Here in the extreme northern part of Wisconsin and the upper peninsula of Michigan, we have *plenty* of starting trouble during January and February. A favorite byword is, 'How did your car start this morning?'


2

"In the past, I tried everything from a blow-torch on the manifold to a fire under the oil-pan, with the same results — a good two hours lost and all in.

3

"Due to your new Exide Hycap Battery, all that has been changed this winter. I have . . . . . coupe with 19,000 miles on it, and was dreading the winter months because my car must stand in an open garage.

Exide
SURE-START SERVICE
SERVICE
4

Exide
HYCAP
5

6

"In October, Mr. Irwin Mielke of the Master Service Station in Ironwood, Michigan, told me about this new battery, and he assured me that if I put one in my car that all my starting troubles would be over.

"Now for the past two weeks we have had sub-zero temperature daily and as low as 38 during the night, and my car has stood without being started as much as four days, and thus far not over 30 seconds has been required to have it running. Our temperature was 15 below at ten A. M. today and I made the start in about twelve seconds.

"This may not mean a thing to you people, but it would if you lived where I do and had all the trouble I've gone through the last three winters. My car is also equipped with a heater, electric frost fan, spot-light and 32-candlepower lamps all around and I have them all running, and there seems to be plenty of zip in the battery at all times.

Very truly yours,
Phelps, Wis. Wm. H. Swartz, Salesman

NOTHING we could say about Exide Hycap Batteries could be more graphic and convincing than the letter voluntarily sent us by Mr. Swartz during the bitterest cold-wave last winter and quoted word for word above.

Exide Hycap Batteries are built for the heavier electrical loads of today's cars—providing *extra high capacity* for radio, heater, defroster, etc., with ample reserve for starting in any weather. The same Exide Hycap that can start your car morning after morning, can be depended upon to deliver long unfailing service throughout every season.

Play safe and save money this winter. Go to the nearest Exide dealer. Look for his Exide sign—symbol of honest service.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
Philadelphia . . . *The World's Largest Manufacturers of Storage Batteries for Every Purpose*
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

WHEN IT'S AN Exide YOU START

(Continued from page 44)

should put it in—because I did not go to Kivasawan that trip at all."

"Yes, yes," said Norse, "I know all that. George Bates was with you, and you were looking for seed coconuts."

Lon Llewellyn pretended an innocent curiosity. "And your theory is he stole some?"

Captain Norse looked at Llewellyn with such a level, detached appraisal that even Llewellyn must have been disconcerted. "I should imagine that you know well enough what is missing from there," he said without emphasis.

Lon Llewellyn grinned at him, but in an uncompromising sort of way. "Nothing worthless, I hope," he said. "Yet I'm afraid so. Because I can't imagine what there would be at Kivasawan worth carrying away."

I wanted to stop him. Lon Llewellyn always managed to project himself in the worst possible light, as if with a studied willfulness, and I thought this was not the time for it.

"For God's sake, Lon," I said, "remember something: Captain Norse is now in full authority here. And there's something I should have told you. Lon, Neal Merriam is missing."

Lon Llewellyn said blankly, "From Kivasawan?"

"From the face of the whole damn' Celebes Sea," said Captain Norse.

"Good," said Llewellyn.

Norse stared at him a moment more; then turned, and went striding toward the house on his stilty legs, thrashing at the coffee bushes with his little cane.

I said, "You're running your neck out, Lon. This man has crated up more men than one. Don't give him the idea that he wants to nail up you."

Lon Llewellyn looked at me with what I knew was a real and sincere concern. He said queerly, "He wasn't questioning me."

"What do you mean?"

"Every second that we talked he was watching you out of the tail of his eye. In God's name, John, watch your step! Watch it every minute, and every foot of the way."

We stood there a moment more, looking at each other oddly. Then, "Come on," Llewellyn said brusquely. He pushed past me; and we followed Captain Norse to the house.

CAPTAIN NORSE wanted to see the compound first, before we went inside, and we showed it to him.

We showed him the window at which Shane had been killed, and the place where Gagahan had been found, and I described to him the kind of search that Charley Vaughn and I had made. He did not seem especially interested.

After that we went into the house, and our people began gathering about, looking grave, and watchful, as people do in a situation like that. Justin Lowry was there, and Mrs. Holderness; Charley Vaughn was hulking about in the background with that faintly adenoidal look which made Marise think he looked aristocratic, and still further in the background George Bates was stalling about in his stolid way. And as we came in, Marise Lowry appeared and came forward, serene and composed once more. Captain Norse, who could be as pleasant as he wanted to be, shook hands genially all around.

"And where is our Mrs. Merriam?" he asked.

Mrs. Holderness answered him. "She isn't about yet, Captain Norse. Shall I ask her to—?"

"We'll go and see her," Captain Norse decided. "All of you just stay around here, will you, please?"

Justin Lowry was wearing a tweed suit with golf knickers, which was his idea of the right thing for walking around in cogon grass, and now he turned to the outer door. Captain Norse called after him curtly.

"Where are *you* going?"

"I intend to inspect my plantation."

"Forget it. Have a chair some place, Mr. Lowry. I might need you."

Justin Lowry purpled. "Why, damn it, I have a right to walk around my own plantation, haven't I?"

"No," Norse told him. "Not just now. Come on, Barrett—you'll have to show me the layout here."

Behind us, as I led the way down the stone-walled hall, I heard Lon Llewellyn doing what he could to make matters worse. His tone was one of sympathy. "Won't let you out, huh?" he was saying to Lowry. "Well, I could have told you that, before you put on your short pants. Have a cigar, Mr. Lowry—we suspicious types have to hang together."

CAPTAIN NORSE said over his shoulder, "Will you come, too, please, Mrs. Holderness?"

Mrs. Holderness took Marise's arm. "Do stay with me, dear. I simply have the leaping jitters this morning."

Marise hesitated, then came along.

Tonai Merriam let us into the suite which she now shared with Mrs. Holderness. She was wearing a blue and white sports outfit which I recognized; and I sent a grateful look to Marise but she did not meet my eye.

Captain Norse and Tonai Merriam nodded to each other, and there was a curious little formal exchange, singularly out of place. "It seems to me that we have met." "I think we have. At Zamboanga?" "At the Overseas Club?" "At a Post reception, I think."

"Now," said Captain Norse, "if you will all help me, I think we will walk through this whole thing, just as it happened last night."

There was a ghastly little interlude—the re-enactment of the death of Henry Shane. Something about the cold reconsideration by the light of day was worse than the thing itself—if that could very well be. Overnight that house had managed to slip back into its own past, as if the memories of the coral blocks in its walls had retraced a hundred years. All my planning, and all the labor of brown men which had gone into making over the old outpost into a comfortable house, was brought now to a peculiar frustration.

I was forced to admire Tonai Merriam, the girl who had brought me so much bad luck, for the way she went through what must have been a stiff ordeal. She was very pale, with bleak eyes; but her voice was steady and quiet as she answered the questions Norse asked, and her hands were still. Nothing was brought out that I did not know before, but Norse seemed especially interested in Tonai's exact movements, immediately following Shane's disaster.

He seemed to have everything he wanted at last, and for a few moments stood staring without expression at the floor, and rubbing his chin with his thumb.

"I don't suppose you mind if we slightly wreck this dump?"

He didn't seem to expect any answer, so no one said anything. He gave an order to the two Filipino corporals, who had been hovering respectfully, their eyes hardly ever leaving their chief; and they went to work.

They went at the room in which Shane had been killed first. Once they were given something definite to do, there was an unexpectedly workmanlike quality about those small brown men. They took the bed apart, piece by piece, and inspected the seams of the mattress with a military thoroughness. They took the marble top off an old chest of drawers which they then turned upside down as if to see how it was made. . . . But the search was fruitless.

They moved on, then, to Mrs. Holderness' room—and the hunt took on a different color.

"Keys? Trunk keys?" a Filipino corporal asked.

"This is utterly absurd," Marise Lowry said to Norse with impatience. "There isn't the least shred of justification for all this. I don't see why it is necessary for us to put up with—"

"Neither do I, really," Norse agreed, smiling with an efficient magnetism. "Just comes under the head of pretending to earn my pay. You know—hunt all around—make a lot of motions—that kind of thing. Is this baggage locked?"

"No," Marise said shortly. "She never locks her bags and trunks; it's impossible to get her to. If you insist on rifling all through the things of a perfectly blameless old lady, there's nothing to stop you."

The Filipinos went to work again, their hands active. They dragged out eighteen or twenty pairs of shoes, four quilted dressing gowns, a heavy coat of black caracul.

Marise Lowry now noticed that Bates and Llewellyn were watching, with lively interest, from the door. Her anger showed in the electric flash of her blue eyes. "At least," she said acidly, "if there is going to be a wholesale invasion of privacy, I don't see why so many witnesses are necessary."

Captain Norse was staring reflectively out the window, manifesting little interest in the search; but he turned quickly. "Of course," he said. "Very thoughtless. Gentlemen, beat it. I promise to call you if any more bodies are found. I think, though, that you, Miss Lowry, had better stay here; and you, too, Mrs. Merriam. The thing is, we—"

A LOUD ripping noise came from the background. One of the Filipinos seemed to be trying to tear the lining out of Mrs. Holderness' caracul coat.

"This is going to cost somebody something," Marise said. "That lining is probably worth—"

"Simeon," Captain Norse criticized mildly, "is it necessary to make rags out of—"

He stopped; everybody stopped. They stared. The Filipino called Simeon turned, and put something into Captain Norse's hand.

Captain Norse turned his back on us all, and examined the object in the full light from the window. Matter-of-factly, Simeon and his partner returned to their work.

"*Bastante*," Norse told them. "You can put those things back."

"No more search?" I asked incredulously.

"No more search. I hardly think," Norse said, "we would find Mrs. Holderness supplied with a *complete* arsenal." He turned from the window, and held his discovery for us to see; he was balancing it delicately in a pair of tweezers he had produced from somewhere in his clothes.

There was a moment of complete and highly awkward silence, while beyond the window the *bagnio* droned through the bamboo with the last wails of its dying anger. We were looking at a small knife, sheathed in polished teak, and hilted with the beautifully metal-graven handle typical of Moro work.

"Why, Mrs. Holderness!" Llewellyn exclaimed. "Picture my surprise!"

One or two shot him sharp glances. "For heaven's sake, Lon," I said, "will you shut up?"

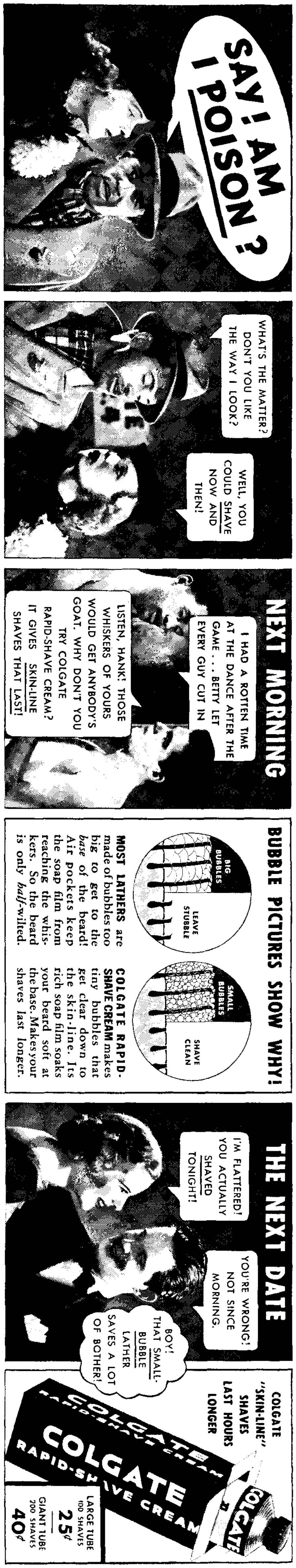
Norse was looking at Tonai Merriam, politely quizzical.

"Yours?" he suggested.

Tonai's hesitation was noticeable; but her answer was steady and direct.

"Yes, of course," she said.

(To be continued next week)



SAY! AM I POISON?
WHAT'S THE MATTER? DON'T YOU LIKE THE WAY I LOOK?
WELL, YOU COULD SHAVE NOW AND THEN!
NEXT MORNING
I HAD A ROTTEN TIME AT THE DANCE AFTER THE GAME . . . BETTY LET EVERY GUY CUT IN
LISTEN, HANK! THOSE WHISKERS OF YOURS WOULD GET ANYBODY'S GOAT. WHY DON'T YOU TRY COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM? IT GIVES SKIN-LINE SHAVES THAT LAST!
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!
BIG BUBBLES
LEAVE STUBBLE
SMALL BUBBLES
SHAVE CLEAN
THE NEXT DATE
I'M FLATTERED! YOU ACTUALLY SHAVED TONIGHT!
YOU'RE WRONG! NOT SINCE MORNING.
BOY! THAT SMALL-BUBBLE LATHER SAVES A LOT OF BOTHER!
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER
LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES 25¢
GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES 40¢

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted.

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

Nocturne

Continued from page 21

washed his hands under the hot-water faucet, poured out a cup of hot milk for Kay and took it into her room. There was a cop who got in his way quite a bit during this maneuver. It was a very *small green and white kitchen, and this* cop was leaning out of the window over the sink, looking around into the darkness outside. He was a very big cop.

"Here, honey," said young Mr. Thompson, and Kay leaned back on her pillows obediently and began to sip the milk, tears drying salt on her dark lashes as they had dried on the fair silky lashes of her son.

"I'm sorry," she said with a wavering smile. "I'm a goose. Only I f-felt so funny. It's my nerves, I think, Henry. I'm getting over it, though."

"Sure you are," said young Mr. Thompson.

"I heard someone talking outside," said Kay questioningly. "Is Susa all right?"

"Yes," said Mr. Thompson. "I was talking to the superintendent here. He took her downstairs in a nice box, Kay. Susa's all right. She's fine."

"Poor darling!" said Kay. "Henry's stopped crying!"

"It's all right," said Mr. Thompson, rising hastily, however. Perhaps the baby's lungs had burst after all!

Mr. Thompson's breath caught up with him back in the dining-room nursery. Henry was cooing at a cop. There seemed to be a good many policemen about tonight.

The cop in the small kitchen turned around from the window.

"I took the bottle offa the stove," he offered. "It was getting too hot."

"Thanks," said Mr. Thompson, as this cop began crawling through the kitchen window.

HE WAS testing the milk when another visitor came in through the window. This one was in a plain, wrinkled suit, breathing heavily—a short, furtive, alert caller.

"Say," this visitor said cautiously, "don't make a noise or I'll drop you. Are there any cops around?"

"Plenty," said young Mr. Thompson, vaguely remembering the cluttered hallway.

"Where's the way to get out of this joint?"

"There's the hallway. Straight ahead, the front door. Don't go through the door to the right. That's my wife's room, and she's sick. If you go in there I'll kill you," said young Mr. Thompson quietly.

"Okay, okay," said his visitor hastily. "Say—gimme that bottle. I'll show you—like this, see?" He flicked out an expert drop onto his wrist, considered it briefly, eyes screwed up and head to one side, nodded. "That's okay. Not too hot."

He was gone.

A policeman—the big, broad one—passed through the room rapidly, and started across the hall to Kay's door opposite.

"My wife's in there, and she's ill," said Mr. Thompson. "You go in there and I'll kill you."

"Sure, sure," agreed the policeman, and his hand dropped from the doorknob. "I'm not going in there."

"And that's what I told the other guy tonight," concluded young Mr. Thompson firmly.

"Other guy? What other guy?"

Mr. Thompson told him.

"Which way'd he go?"

"Out the front door."

Young Mr. Thompson took up a diaper and looked at it thoughtfully, then started to fold it into a curious shape of his own invention. The cop paused a second in his charge from the room, gun out.

"Uh-uh," he shook his head. "You'll *never get anywhere with that, brother.* Like this, see?" He laid his revolver on the dining-room table, his huge hands gave an expert whisk or so with the white cotton square. It became an oblong. One huge hand scooped up young Henry's rosy legs, the other whisked the oblong under them. His stubby forefinger diagramed the layout. "These corners get pinned together, see? His legs go through here and here."

He caught up his gun and was gone.

Mr. Thompson approached Henry cautiously but with determination. Henry was occupied with the bottle, eyes still glued intently on vacancy, and didn't put up a fight. All the corners got together, secured by pins safely clamped on them. Young Mr. Thompson sighed with relief. Once in a while he heard a shot outside. Sometimes there were shouts.

THE cops had left his front door open. He closed it on his way to get Kay's empty cup.

"Where's McGlintoc?" Kay was saying. She was sitting bolt upright on the bed again, and her eyes were bright. "Where's my doggie?"

Her voice broke.

"Why—isn't he here?" Young Mr. Thompson looked. No, he wasn't.

He went down the front steps and around the garden, calling at intervals. "Here, Mac! Here, boy!"

Then he heard a low, dark growl, full of danger and warning, and found him. He was between the window and a furtive dark shape.

"He come outa the window at me," growled this furtive figure in the same indescribably menacing tone as Mac's own warning. "Get him out the way, or I'll plug him."

"I told you I'd kill you if you went in there," said young Mr. Thompson very quietly, and his fist came up and shot around, and the stranger slammed onto the ground and didn't come up again.

Mac started barking wildly, and the cops came up again running.

"Shut up, Mac. My wife's in there and you'll wake the baby," said Mr. Thompson. "Don't talk so loudly."

"Sure, sure." Their voices quieted, and they took the furtive stranger away with them.

Mr. Thompson and McGlintoc went in together from their impromptu evening walk. They understood each other. They were the two protectors of their family.

It was morning and the coffee steamed in the thin china wedding-present cups, and Kay was making the toast from her post on the bed, with the breakfast table beside her. She was wearing her rose-colored dressing gown, and her eyes were like dark pansies. Young Henry blew bubbles in his crib. Susa in her box, with her three lovely and licked-up, black, shiny kittens, lay back with the most beautiful pride in the world in her green eyes.

McGlintoc sat stolidly beside Mr. Thompson's place, and watched him eat a nice piece of buttery toast.

Mr. Thompson looked around and out of the depths of his thankful amazement saw them so, safe from the unimaginable dangers, come safe through the dark night, in all their fragile strength. His family.

It would be nine o'clock soon, and Nurse Carter knocking on their door.

"Hi!" he said. "We're all here!"

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The Berg Homburg—has the lines young men like, incorporating rich textures.

The Salzburg: Today's smartest innovation in style—derived from the popular Tyrolean shape.

The Berg Snap Brim—preferred by many college stars—richly felted and correctly designed.

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When Doctors Swab
SORE THROAT...

surface germs are destroyed, soreness relieved, healing quickened.

When you Gargle with
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC...

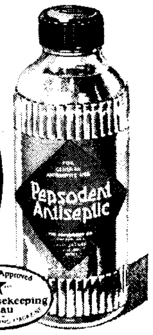
you continue your doctor's treatment by destroying surface germs, relieving the cold.

USE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC FOR COLDS—TO RELIEVE THROAT SORENESS

• The reason doctors have you gargle is to relieve soreness, kill germs. So remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds! Thus Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—saves you 2/3 of your money.

So active is Pepsodent that, in recent tests on 500 people in Illinois, Pepsodent users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Get either the 25c, 50c, or $1 Pepsodent Antiseptic at any drug counter, and see for yourself how pleasantly effective it is.

SAVES 2/3 OF YOUR DOLLAR
..Goes 3 times as far!



Million-Dollar Contract

Continued from page 16

"He will do my drawing first," Linda Falls said, when Roget had gone.

"It would be very funny if he didn't."

"You would think it was funny. But it won't happen. You think because you're a man and I'm a woman and you want three drawings and I only one that you can beat me. But you can't."

"Why can't we both get drawings from Roget?"

"You can get all the drawings you like from Roget after I've got mine."

JOE took her arm and spoke gently. "Let's go out to dinner and talk it over. I don't understand, but I want to."

"We aren't going out to dinner."

"I don't see why you feel the way you do. It sounds unreasonable."

"It isn't."

"I wish you'd tell me."

"I'd rather not," she said, and that was that. She wouldn't go out to dinner with him and he knew it was no use to ask if he could see her tomorrow.

Joe got down to Twelfth Street at noon the next day. He walked down the street toward Roget's house. He saw a girl ahead of him walking in the same direction. As he got nearer he knew that it was Linda Falls. He went up the steps of Roget's house right behind her. She heard him but she did not turn until she had rung the bell.

"Good morning, Mr. Bentley," she said. "Roget told me he'd have a preliminary sketch for me too."

The Japanese boy opened the door.

"Good morning, Doy," she said.

"Mr. Roget—he gone," Doy said, smiling happily.

"Gone!" she said. "But he's coming back soon, isn't he?"

"No, Miss Falls," Doy said. "I don't think so. I'm very sorry. Mr. Roget say most likely he be gone all day."

Joe Bentley waited until Doy had closed the door.

"It's lunchtime," he said, "and the Lafayette is down the street and around the corner."

"I've got an engagement for lunch," she said. Joe didn't believe her. She must have planned to spend an hour or two at Roget's. But it was no use to argue.

Joe went back to his office and had his secretary call Roget's house every half hour. He got Roget at half past five. Roget was sorry but it couldn't be helped. Couldn't Joe Bentley tell him over the telephone just what it was his people wanted?

Joe told him they wanted three pictures of charming girls getting into bathtubs with the soap the client made.

"And a towel or something," Roget said. "It is the same old story. I am most bored with it. Besides I have several engagements. I am very busy. But I will try to have some preliminary sketches by Saturday noon."

Joe went down to Twelfth Street on Saturday at a quarter to twelve.

"Mr. Roget gone," Doy said. "I'm very sorry. Home late tonight."

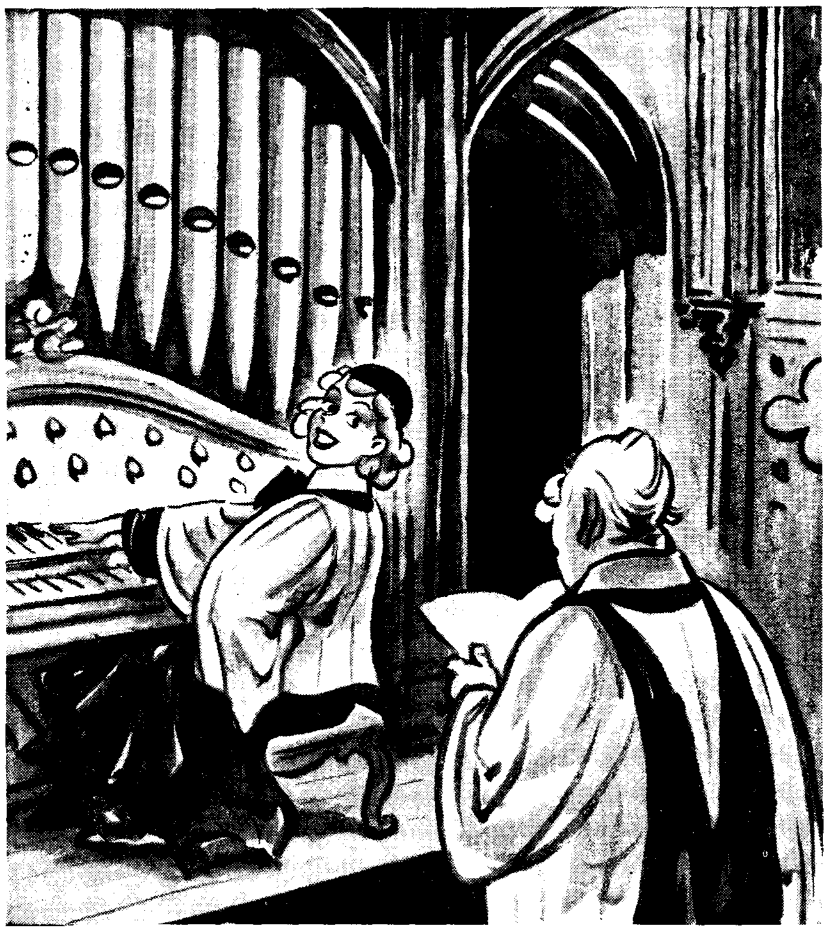
JOE walked slowly back to Fifth Avenue. It wasn't funny any more. He had nine days left. But how could he put pressure on Roget? The man didn't want the job.

Joe called up Roget toward noon on Sunday. He called up every two hours all day Sunday. Roget answered the telephone himself at half past eight.

"I should have called you up if I had known where you live," Roget said. "I want you to come to my buffet supper. Come quickly, won't you?"

There were almost as many people when Joe got there as there had been at the cocktail party. The array of food on the sideboard was marvelous. Joe let Doy give him fresh caviar and things.

(Continued on page 52)



"I worked 'Dinah' in on the recessional and they never knew the difference!"

JACK MORLEY

New!

A "Junior" TOASTER By TOASTMASTER

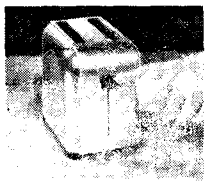
and it's only
$7.50

It's new—and it's news! A Toastmaster toaster—at a price that will make you look twice. It's as smart and trim and modern as the China Clipper of the airways; and, with its *finger-tip control*, it sets a standard of easy operation surpassed only by the larger *fully automatic* Toastmaster toaster.

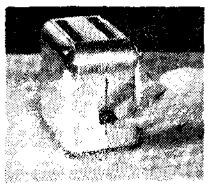
See how simply it works. Drop in the bread, two slices or one, and push down the lever. On goes the current. When the toast is done about as you like it, touch the lever —up pops the toast and off goes the current, automatically. If the toast is not quite brown enough, lower it again for a few seconds.

You get delicious toast in a jiffy. Both sides toasted at once. And you use no current except when you are actually making toast. Wouldn't *you* like to make toast this easy, up-to-date way, in a toaster whose very beauty makes breakfast a festive occasion?

Then ask your favorite dealer to show you the Toastmaster Junior toaster. You will find it, and other fine Toastmaster products wherever quality appliances are sold. . . . *McGraw Electric Co., Toastmaster Products Division, Minneapolis, Minn.*



DOWN . . . ON!
Drop in bread. Press *down* lever. Current goes *on*.



UP . . . OFF!
Touch lever. *Up* pops toast. Current goes *off*.

TOASTMASTER "Junior" TOASTER

TOASTMASTER PRODUCTS—Junior toaster, $7.50 . . . 2-slice fully automatic toaster, $16.00; with choice of Hospitality Trays, $19.75 or $23.50 . . . 1-slice fully automatic toaster, $10.50 Waffle-Baker, $12.50.

Different-but Symb

DO YOU KNOW

—that the railroads haul a ton of freight a mile for an average revenue of less than a cent?

—that the speed of freight trains has been stepped up 43% in recent years?

—that by increasing the efficiency of combustion the railroads have cut fuel costs a half billion dollars in the past ten years?

—that 45 cents of every dollar the railroads take in go for railroad payrolls?

—that the railroads maintain their own "highways"—a quarter of a million miles of "line"?

—that many railroads will carry your automobile to vacation spots for the price of a third ticket?

—that railroad fares throughout the United States have been reduced as much as 44%, and that Pullman fares are one-third less, with no surcharge?

—that you are far safer on a railroad train than you are in your own home?

GO PLACES—NOW—BY TRAIN

Rates are low—Safety, Speed and Comfort greater than ever before!

No other transportation in the world can match the American railroads for speed with safety. And every modern convenience contributes to your comfort when you go by rail. Practically all through trains are air-conditioned—cleaner, quieter, healthier. You have modern lighting, excellent food, restful seats, comfortable beds, plenty of room to move around, and you get there on schedule. Yet with all the improvements railroads offer today, fares have been steadily lowered both in coaches and Pullmans.

1/16TH OF AN INCH SAVES MILLIONS

The railroads use, annually, 350 *billion* gallons of water! Much of it normally contains various mineral substances capable of forming a scale on the insides of locomotive boiler tubes and flues. A scale only one sixteenth of an inch in thickness can necessitate an increase in fuel consumption of 15%! But modern railroad research has found the way to soften the water used in locomotives and to treat it chemically with the result that locomotive life, efficiency and safety have been tremendously increased. This is but one of the many rewards of the railroads' pioneering efforts along a wide front of studies. If all the research activities carried on by the American railroads were concentrated in one huge laboratory it would require an institution housing thousands of men and providing millions of square feet of floor space. Six railroads, two universities, and ten supply companies alone, for example, maintain a permanent research personnel of about 1,000 people.

PIONEERING STILL GOES ON!

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

ls of the Same Idea

THERE is scarcely a section of this nation that is not witnessing today dramatic evidence of the progressiveness of the American railroads.

This evidence may take the form of faster freight and passenger schedules, wider use of air-conditioned cars, door-to-door handling of freight, lower rates, or constant improvements in the all-important roadway.

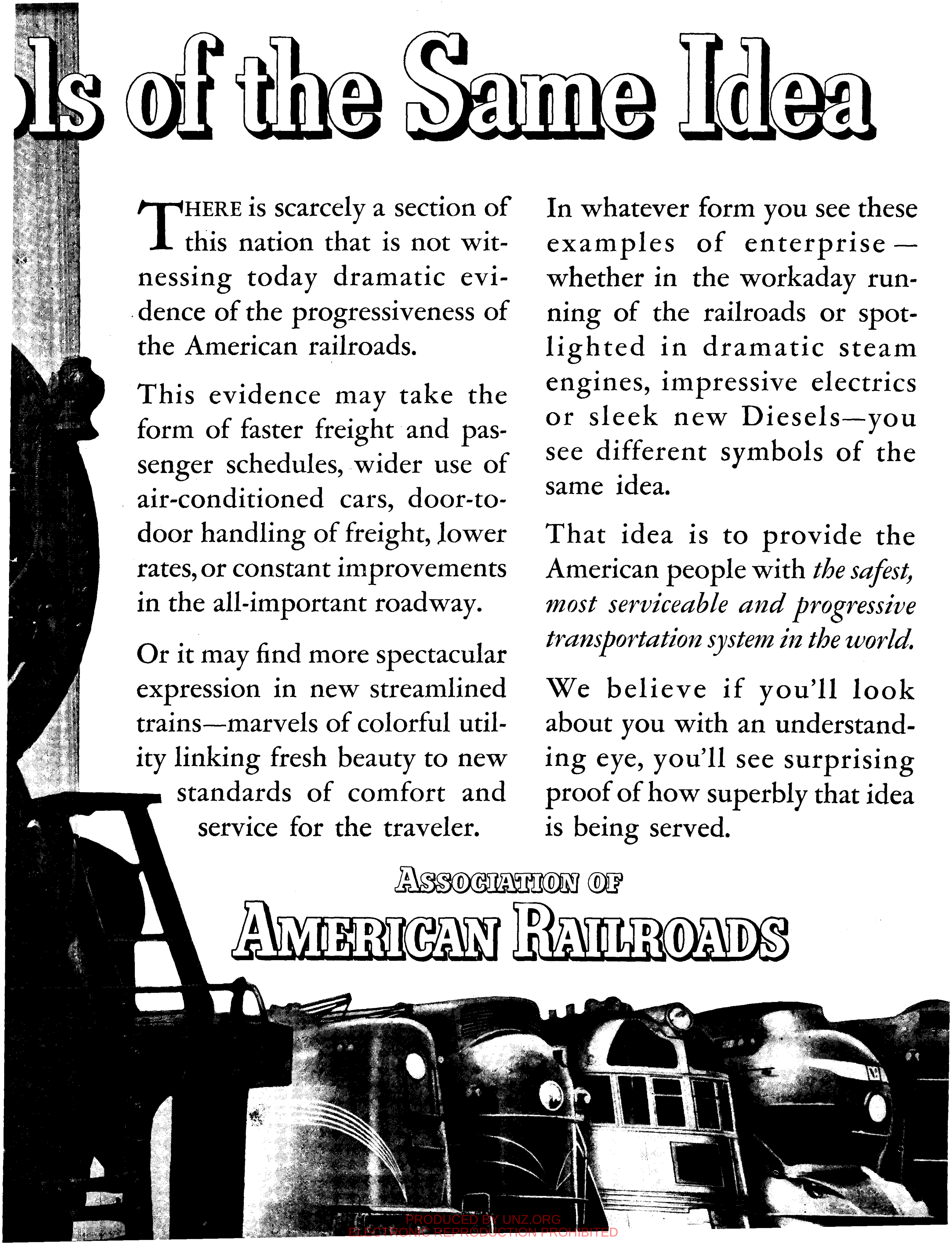
Or it may find more spectacular expression in new streamlined trains—marvels of colorful utility linking fresh beauty to new standards of comfort and service for the traveler.

In whatever form you see these examples of enterprise—whether in the workaday running of the railroads or spotlighted in dramatic steam engines, impressive electrics or sleek new Diesels—you see different symbols of the same idea.

That idea is to provide the American people with *the safest, most serviceable and progressive transportation system in the world.*

We believe if you'll look about you with an understanding eye, you'll see surprising proof of how superbly that idea is being served.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS



But this isn't just another fountain pen

...IT'S A SYSTEM

Now you can own a fountain pen that fits your handwriting perfectly—and you can always keep it as new as the day you bought it with numbered replaceable Re-New-Points.

The Only Fountain Pen with all these FEATURES

✓ More point styles than any other pen. Points for shorthand, bookkeeping, manifold work, penmanship or general use. Broad, medium, fine, firm, flexible or stub points—12 accurately graded styles, each numbered for quick duplication.

✓ No repair delays. The Re-New-Point SYSTEM keeps your pen as new as the day you bought it. To renew, simply unscrew the point and put in a new one yourself.

✓ The only Solid Duracrome Point—an exclusive Esterbrook fountain pen point metal. Better than gold, yet much less expensive.

✓ Made by Esterbrook, world's largest makers of writing pens for 78 years.

You can have your Esterbrook Re-New-Point Fountain Pen in Black or choice of Pearlescent Red, Green, Gray, Brown or Blue. See them all at your stationer's.

ESTERBROOK PEN CO.
Camden, N. J.
or Brown Bros., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

COMPLETE FOUNTAIN PEN (Black or colors) $1.00 and up

RE-NEW-POINT complete with feed for Esterbrook Pens 25c

Prices slightly higher in Canada

Esterbrook
FOUNTAIN PEN
World's Greatest Pen Makers since 1858

(Continued from page 49)

When he looked around for a place to sit down he saw Linda Falls. She did not smile but he got a chair and sat down beside her.

"I suppose you've got your drawing," he said.

"No," she said. "I would have got it by now if you hadn't come along. But I haven't it."

"I haven't done anything to prevent you from getting your drawing."

"Yes, you have. Roget doesn't like being pressed. You've been on his neck. He's dodging you, so he has to dodge me too."

"I'm glad you have an alibi," Joe said.

She hadn't thought of anything sufficiently cruel to say in reply to that when an older woman stopped to speak to her. Joe got up and Linda had to introduce him. The woman was a Mrs. Marvin.

"I've been wanting to meet you, Mr. Bentley," Mrs. Marvin said. "I'm giving my annual autumn house party for Roget next week end—up in the Berkshires. I want you to come." She beamed on Joe. "And," she added, as if the fact would insure his pleasure, "Linda is coming."

Joe said he'd be delighted.

"You would get yourself invited to that party," Linda said. "She thinks you're an eligible man, and like everybody else she's always short of eligible men."

"You mean," Joe said, "that she doesn't suspect I'll steal the silverware."

"I'm sure you know what I mean," Linda said as Roget bore down on them.

"My God!" Roget said. "I forgot all about your sketches. I am devastated." He sat down beside Joe. "An old friend came around Saturday morning. He had tickets for the Yale-Harvard game. His car was waiting—the party didn't even come in to have a drink. We had to start at once. You know how traffic is on the Post Road when there's a game at New Haven."

"I know," Joe said.

"You come around to the studio tomorrow at eleven," Roget said. "You know I don't work here. I couldn't with so many people. I've got an old barn of a place over in West Fourth Street where I work—a floor of an old house like this with the partitions knocked out and a north light. If nothing prevents I will do the preliminary sketches while you wait."

Joe thanked him and took down the address.

"You see what I mean," Linda said when Roget had gone on. "You've got him bothered."

"You tell me you've been on his neck a month longer than I have. You were here tonight when I came in. You will stay on after I leave. But it is I who have got him bothered."

"WHEN I first met you," Linda Falls said, "I thought you were such a nice man."

Joe stood up. "That's nothing," he said. "When I met you I thought you were devastating."

Bill Hodges came into Joe's office the next morning. Bill said the client had written to ask if he might see the Roget drawings. Joe told him about the preliminary sketches he was going to Fourth Street to get.

"Bring them to me," Bill Hodges said. "They'll be something I can show the old bird. They won't satisfy him. But they'll convince him we're on the job."

Joe went down to West Fourth Street and found the place. Linda Falls was sitting on the top step. Joe rang the bell. He got no answer so he rang it again.

"I did that an hour ago," Linda Falls said.

"I don't see any use in waiting," Joe said. "I'm going."

"You mean you're going to call the house. I'll go with you."

They found a telephone in a drugstore. Linda Falls stood in the door of the telephone booth so she could listen while Joe called up.

"Mr. Roget say tell you he gone to Bermuda when you call up," Doy said. "Back on first boat."

"You see what you've done," Linda Falls said.

"I see," Joe said. "You sit on his doorstep but it's me he runs away from."

Joe Bentley had to tell Bill Hodges what had happened. Bill Hodges swore. Bill Hodges walked up and down his office swearing.

"I know it isn't your fault, Joe," Bill Hodges said. "Roget is completely unreliable and irresponsible. We wouldn't deal with him at all. But we have to. We've got to get those drawings. If we don't get them within a week we'll lose that account."

Joe knew what Bill meant. If Hodges & Hodges lost that account Joe Bentley would lose his job. Bill Hodges might know that it wasn't Joe's fault. But you can't lose a million-dollar account and not fire somebody.

IT RAINED almost continuously that week. It was still raining Friday morning when Mrs. Marvin called up Joe to tell him that she was postponing her week-end party. She had planned to go up with servants ahead of time and open the house. But the weather had been too appalling. Besides, if it continued to rain it would not be safe. If it continued to rain the floods in New England would be terrible. There was a brook in front of the house but it was a raging river by now. She hadn't reached Roget on the telephone but Linda had said she would see him.

Joe decided on his way down to the dock to meet the Bermuda boat that Mrs. Marvin's decision was an answer to a prayer. He saw Linda Falls getting out of a cab as he paid off his own driver.

"The party is off," Linda said.

"Roget doesn't know it's off," Joe Bentley said.

She stood there in a white raincoat with her hair curling in little ringlets around her face from the damp and her eyes were almost friendly.

"You'll have to take me with you," she said. "Because if you won't—"

"I know," he said. "I'll have to take you too. But I wish you could cook."

"It just happens that I can cook," Linda Falls said. "You can wash the dishes."

By the time the boat came in Joe had telephoned for a big car and Linda had made a list of groceries. Roget was most contrite when he saw them. He said it had been a grand party. The rest had stayed on in Bermuda but he knew he had to come back. He couldn't fail Mrs. Marvin.

"We're driving you up," Linda said. "Can you be ready in an hour?"

THEY were driving north through sheets of rain by one o'clock. They drove for hours and hours while Roget slept on the back seat. It was dark when they turned off the main highway into the country road that Linda pointed out. The car slithered in the mud but Joe managed to keep it out of the ditch. They came to a river. The water was almost level with the bridge.

"Step on it," Linda said in Joe's ear. "Once across the bridge we're safe. This is the brook and there's the house and the end of the road."

Joe drove across the bridge and up a little slope and into the driveway.

"It looks as if the rest hadn't got here," Roget said, coming wide awake. "The house is dark."

Joe tried some of the first-floor windows. They were locked. He climbed a porch pillar to a deck and found a window he could open. He came down through the house, turning on lights as he came, and unlocked the front door.

The house was cold and damp. The water was turned off. Joe started a fire in the kitchen range, and another in the living-room fireplace, and got water in a bucket from the river that overflowed the lawn. He carried boxes of groceries from the trunk of the car while Linda put a steak on to broil. There was no ice with which to make a cocktail but there was Burgundy.

"Ah," Roget said, when he saw the wine.

Roget ate steak and drank burgundy with great relish at the kitchen table and announced that he was going to bed.

Joe hunted out linen and blankets and made up a bed for Roget.

"You'd better find some wood," Linda

(Continued on page 54)

"Blow in my ear again and see what happens"

GARRETT PRICE

Here's the Guarantee THAT WON'T "EVAPORATE"

FIND YOUR CAR ON THIS CHART

IMPORTANT! The price per gallon of an anti-freeze means nothing unless you know *how many gallons* you will need during the *entire* winter. You can't get that information on a boil-away anti-freeze. But you *can* get it for Eveready Prestone . . . and here it is. See how reasonably you can get two-way protection *all winter long* against both freeze-up and rust with *one shot* of Eveready Prestone—one shot because it won't boil off, no matter how warm the weather gets between the cold snaps. If your car isn't on this chart, your dealer has a chart showing all cars; and amounts needed for temperatures to 60° below zero.

Find your car and read from left to right. The first figure shows the protection you get with one gallon of Eveready Prestone in the cooling system; the second with one and a half gallons—and so on. "+" means above zero. "—" means below zero. If your car has a hot water heater, add ¼ gallon to the quantity called for.

MODEL	1 GAL.	1½ GAL.	2 GAL.	2½ GAL.
Auburn				
6-52, '34; 6-53, '35; 6-54, '36	+12	− 4	−27	−59
8-100, '32; 8-101, 8-105, '33	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
850, '34; 851, '35; 852, '36	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
Buick				
40, '34, '35, '36	+ 6	−18	−54	
60, '32; 50, '33, '34, '35	+10	− 8	−34	−62
60, 80, 90, '36	+12	− 4	−27	−59
80, 90, '32; 60, '33, '34, '35	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
80, 90, '33; 90, '34, '35	+19	+ 9	− 3	−19
Cadillac				
370-D, '34, '35	+14	0	−21	−50
355-D, '34, '35; 80, 85, '36	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
452-D, '34, '35; 90, '36	+19	+ 9	− 3	−19
370-A, '31; 355-B, '32; 355-C, '33	+21	+13	+ 3	− 9
60, 70, 75, '36	+22	+15	+ 8	0
Chevrolet				
Stand.; '33, '34, '35	−12	−62		
Master; '33, '34, '35	− 6	−47		
'31, '32	0	−34	−62	
All Models—'36	+ 8	−12	−43	
Chrysler				
6-'32, '33, '34, '35	+12	− 4	−27	−59
8-'31, '32; AF, Imp. '35; 6-'36	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
Roy. 8, Imp. 8, '33; Air 8, '35	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
70, '31; DeLuxe 8, '36	+18	+ 8	− 6	−23
De Soto				
6, '31, '32, '33; 8, '31	+10	− 8	−34	−62
6, '34; Airflow 6, Airstream 6, '36	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Airflow, Airstream, '35	+12	− 4	−27	−59
Dodge				
6, '32, '33, '34, D2, '36	+ 8	−12	−43	
Senior 6, '30; DU, '35	+12	− 4	−27	−59
8-'32, '33	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
Ford				
A, '30, '31; B, '32, '33	0	−34	−62	
V-8, '32, '33, '34, '36	+18	+ 8	− 6	−23
V-8, '35	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Graham				
80, 90, 110, '36	+10	− 8	−34	−62
73-Spl. 6; 72-8, '35	+14	0	−21	−50
74 6, '35; 80, '36	0	−34	−62	
6, 8, '33; 6, 8, '34; 75, '35	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Hudson				
6, '36	+ 3	−25	−62	
8, '31, '32, '33; 6, '35	+12	− 4	−27	−59
8, '35, '36	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
8, '34	+19	+ 9	− 3	−19
Hupmobile				
18, '31; Cent. 8, '32; 321, '33	+10	− 8	−34	−62
417, 421, '34; 521, '35	+10	− 8	−34	−62
322, '33; 422, '34; 518, '35;	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
6-618-G '36	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
326, '33; 426, '34; 527, '35;	+19	+10	0	−15
8-621-N '36	+19	+10	0	−15
Lafayette				
'34; '35; '36	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
La Salle				
50 (Str. 8) '36	+10	− 8	−34	−62
350, '34; 35-50, '35	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
345-B, '32; 345-C, '33	+21	+13	+ 3	− 9
Lincoln				
Zephyr, '36	+21	+13	+ 4	− 7
136,'33,'34,'35,'36;145,'34,'35,'36	+23	+17	+10	− 2
Nash				
60, 70, '31; 960, 970, '32	+ 3	−25	−62	
1130, 1070, 1170, '33; 1220, '34	+12	− 4	−27	−59
3620, 3640, 3640A, '36	+14	0	−21	−50
1280, '34; 3580, '35; 1080, 1180, '33	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
Oldsmobile				
F-30, '30; F-31, '31; F-35, '35;	+ 3	−25	−62	
F-36, '36	+ 3	−25	−62	
F-32, L-32, '32; F-33, '33;	+12	− 4	−27	−59
L-35, '35; L-36, '36	+12	− 4	−27	−59
L-33, '33; L-34, '34	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
Packard				
120-'35, '36	+14	0	−21	−50
Sup. 8, '33; '34; 8, '33, '34, '35	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Sup. 8, '35	+18	+ 8	− 6	−23
745, '30; 845, '31; DeLure. '32	+21	+13	+ 3	− 9
12, '33, '34, '35, '36	+25	+21	+10	+ 3
Pierce Arrow				
41, 42, 43, '31; 54, '32; 836-A, '34	+21	+13	+ 3	− 9
1601-8, '36	+21	+13	+ 3	− 9
840-A, '34; 845, '35	+22	+15	+ 6	− 5
1602-03 (12), '36	+24	+20	+15	+ 9
Plymouth				
'30; PF. PG. '34	+ 6	−18	−54	
PA, '31; PB, '32; PE, '34; PJ, '35;	+10	− 8	−34	−62
P1, P2, '36	+10	− 8	−34	−62
PC, PD, '33	+ 3	−25	−62	
Pontiac				
'30; '31; 6-'32; '35	+ 6	−18	−54	
8-'33, '34, '35; 6-'36	+ 8	−12	−43	
8-'36	+12	− 4	−27	−59
Reo				
6-21, 6-25, '32; FC '35; Roy. '35;	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
6D, '36	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
8-25, '32; S-2, '33; S-6, '34	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Studebaker				
Dict. 6, '36	+ 6	−18	−54	
Comm. 8, '31, '32, '33;	+10	− 8	−34	−62
Dict. 6, '34, '35	+10	− 8	−34	−62
Dict. '31, Comm. 8, '34,	+14	0	−21	−50
Pres. 8, '33, '34, '36	+14	0	−21	−50
Pres. 8, '31, '32, '35; Comm. 8, '35	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
Terraplane				
6, '32, '33; 6 Spec. '35; 6, '36	+ 3	−25	−62	
8, '33; 6 DeLuxe, '35	+10	− 8	−34	−62
6, '34	+14	0	−21	−50

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
specifically
GUARANTEES

that Eveready Prestone, if used according to printed directions, in normal water cooling systems, will protect the cooling system of your car against freezing and clogging from rust formations for a whole winter; also that it will not boil away, will not cause damage to car finish, or to the metal or rubber parts of the cooling system, and that it will not leak out of a cooling system tight enough to hold water.

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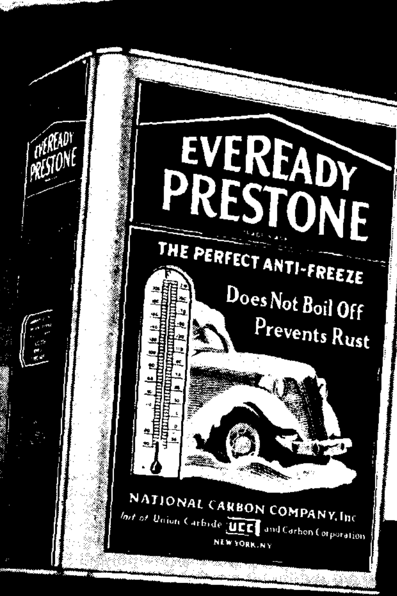

DON'T BE CONFUSED BY A NAME

Many brands of anti-freeze are being marketed under various names. Most of them are based on alcohol, and because they are not plainly labeled, it is easy to become confused. So before you buy any anti-freeze, just ask your dealer how much alcohol it contains. For alcohol—no matter how it is treated or what it is called—is subject to evaporation, leaving you without protection.

But you won't have to worry if you get Eveready Prestone. It contains no alcohol, is definitely guaranteed.

The words "Eveready" and "Prestone" are the trade marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.

$2.70 A GALLON

Won't boil off . . . contains no alcohol

Ad Man and Author at 22

"Took the N.I.A. course at eighteen. Today at twenty-two am Assistant Eastern Advertising Manager of The Billboard, and editor of Ad-vents, monthly newspaper of the Association of Advertising Men of New York. Have just sold a story to Famous Detective Cases for $185. So as an ad man and author permit me to say, 'If you want to write ad copy or fiction, try N.I.A.'"

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(Continued from page 52)

said. "Roget will want a fire in the room where he works all day tomorrow."

Joe got a lantern. There was a woodshed with cords of wood. But he couldn't carry much wood when he had to carry a lantern too. He decided to wait for daylight to carry wood. He found Linda washing the dishes.

"I thought that was my job," he said.

"I'm not going to shirk my share just because I don't like you," she said.

Joe wiped the dishes. When the kitchen was in order they explored the house. They picked out a big bedroom with a fireplace for Roget to work in and chose bedrooms for themselves. Joe got the folding easel he had packed in the trunk of the car and the sheets of drawing paper that Roget used and the drawing pencils.

It was after one o'clock when he got into bed.

He awoke to the sound of Roget roaring *"O Sole Mio."* He looked out. It was still raining a little. He dressed hurriedly and went downstairs. Linda was making coffee and Roget was doing eggs in black butter.

Roget said he loved the rain. Roget said all you needed to love the rain was a tight roof over you and an open fire of logs in front of you.

Joe went out to get wood. He took as big an armful as he could carry. When he reached the living room with his load he saw Roget at the telephone. Joe stood there holding the wood and listening. Roget was talking to somebody he knew. Roget was getting up a party.

Joe put down his load of wood and went back into the kitchen.

LINDA looked as if she were about to cry. She was most appealing without her arrogance.

"I knew this scheme wouldn't work," she said. "It was too good."

"We'll have to let him have this party," Joe said. "We'll make him work tomorrow."

"He'll do the same thing again."

"No, he won't," Joe said. "There won't be any telephone, tomorrow."

"He'll drive somewhere and find a party. You know how he is. If Roget was in the middle of the Sahara he'd find a party."

"I'll guarantee he won't have anybody here tomorrow," Joe said darkly. "And he won't get away from here himself, either."

Roget collected eleven people who dared to cross the bridge to Kate Marvin's house. It was a good party. The guests drank up all the Burgundy and all the liquor and ate nearly all the food.

Joe went out with a lantern after midnight and saw the last car safely across the bridge and walked wearily back to the kitchen. He had carried cords of wood that day, keeping three fires going. Linda came out of the dining room with a tray of dishes. He asked where Roget was.

"He's gone to bed. He was a bit tight."

He saw that she was as tired as he was. He told her to sit down and smoke a cigarette and he would be back in a minute. He went out to the woodshed and got the cutting pliers and the other lantern and the crowbar he had parked there earlier in the day.

"I'll hold a lantern for you," Linda said when she saw what he had.

"You'll get soaked."

"Wait a minute," she said and ran upstairs. She came back two minutes later dressed in slacks and a short-sleeved, striped shirt.

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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When a lady meets a gentleman, down in South America among the Peruvian Indians, she tips her hat to him.

Thousands of Negroes, particularly octoroons, whose blood is seven-eighths "white," cannot be distinguished from white persons except through an examination of the cartilage in their noses. This nasal tissue is in one piece in Negroes and split in all other races.

That litigation is one of India's chief forms of entertainment was exemplified recently by a case in Decca in which a man, after an absence of twenty years, successfully proved his identity to inherit a fortune. This lawsuit, which lasted two and a half years and called more than 1,500 witnesses, so interested the people that four newspapers were established for the sole purpose of reporting its daily proceedings.

One of the strangest disasters in naval history occurred in the Mediterranean on the afternoon of June 22, 1893, when Vice-Admiral Sir George Tyron, aboard Britain's then greatest battleship H. M. S. Victoria, ordered and reordered a mysterious maneuver to the consternation of the fleet behind him, that made another giant battleship ram and sink his vessel, in thirteen minutes, with a loss of 358 men—including himself.

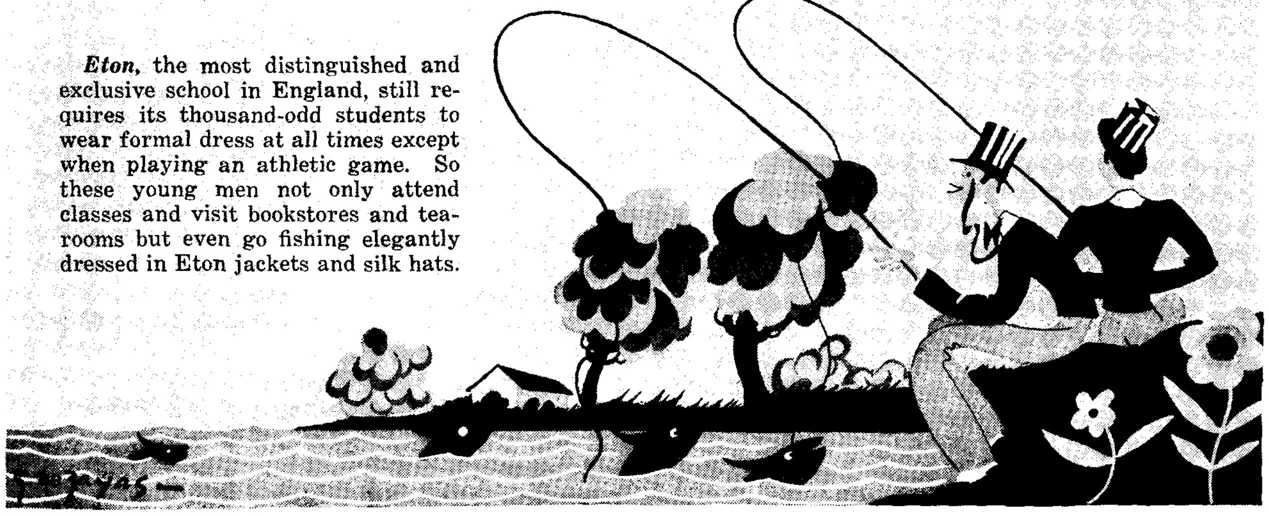
Many centuries ago a contract or agreement that was concluded by a handclasp through a hole in a Bargain Stone was considered to be more securely and sacredly sealed than one written on legal parchment. Probably the most famous of these stones which are still in existence is the monument to the celebrated "Strongbow," the 12th-century invader of Ireland, which stands in the crypt of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin.

Scopolamine, or "truth serum," is not used to any extent, because it is a dangerous and unreliable drug. A therapeutic dose of one one-hundredth of a grain has no effect whatsoever on some persons, while its action on others produces a variety of conditions such as excitement, giddiness, incoherence, loss of memory, hallucinations and even fatal coma.

When a tree is felled, only half of its weight is wood. The other half is sap and moisture which, under adequate seasoning, dries out completely. —*By Virginia Pitman, Los Angeles, California.*

Sir Mohammed Shah, the Aga Khan, multimillionaire sportsman and spiritual head of the Ismailian Mohammedans, owns the world's largest stable of race horses. It contains about two hundred thoroughbreds and is valued at approximately $7,500,000.

Eton, the most distinguished and exclusive school in England, still requires its thousand-odd students to wear formal dress at all times except when playing an athletic game. So these young men not only attend classes and visit bookstores and tearooms but even go fishing elegantly dressed in Eton jackets and silk hats.



They went outside and found the place where the telephone wire led into the house and Linda held a lantern while Joe cut the wire. They went on to the bridge. The water was running over the floor of the bridge. Joe splashed across with one lantern and left it fifty feet up the roadway in case a car came along. He came back to where Linda stood with the other lantern and went to work with the crowbar. He got a purchase, driving the bar deep in the crack between a stringer and the stone abutment. But try as he would he could not stir the bridge.

"All right," he said to Linda, "you stay here while I go to the other side."

"If you move the other end you'll be on the wrong side of the brook."

"I'm not going to try to move the other end. I'm going to rip the planks off."

Linda followed him across to the other side.

"You go back," he said. "Suppose the bridge went out while you were standing on it?"

Linda held the lantern high. The water swirled in a deep eddy below the bridge and boiled and foamed off into the dark.

"You'd never get out," Joe said.

"Skip it," Linda said. "You can't hold the lantern. You need both hands to work with."

Joe thought that if he felt the bridge going he could grab her. He pried up a plank. He ripped off another plank and another. It took him an hour of heaving and prying. But he got all the planks off the bridge and sent them downstream. He planted the second lantern in the middle of the road.

"How'll we get back to the house without a lantern?" Linda asked.

"Take my arm," Joe said.

Her arm was cool and wet against his arm as they stumbled through the dark. They stood for a moment in the kitchen while the water in their clothes made pools about their feet. Then Joe opened the oven door. They sat side by side with their feet on the warm door and smoked cigarettes while the teakettle bubbled and sang.

They changed to dry clothes and washed the dishes. It was four o'clock in the morning when they got through.

JOE saw when he woke up that it was noon. The rain had stopped. There were signs of a sun somewhere aloft. He went down to the kitchen and got water boiling for coffee before Linda came down.

"Where's Roget?" she asked.

Joe went upstairs to see. There was a sign on Roget's door. It said: Hangover.

They got breakfast. Roget came down in pajamas and an overcoat.

"Roget must be better," he said. "Because he wants coffee."

They gave him coffee. When he had drunk the coffee he said he could eat eggs. He directed Linda while she cooked his favorite dish of eggs in black butter. He announced when he had eaten that he would take another nap.

"Wake me up if our friends of last night come back," he said

"They won't come back," Joe said. "They can't. The bridge is out."

Roget went to the window. "It is still there," he said. "I can see it."

"The framework is still there," Joe said. "But the planks are gone."

"Then when poor Roget recovers there will be nothing for him but work. He will be compelled to get out those preliminary sketches."

"I believe he really will work," Linda said when Roget had gone off upstairs.

"I'll believe it when I see it," Joe said.

Linda made a curry from what was left of the great roast of beef they had served at Roget's party the night before. Roget came down sniffing at six o'clock. He did himself well and disappeared again.

"He is working," Linda said.

"I begin to believe it," Joe said.

They were both stiff and sore. They went to bed as soon as they had washed the dishes.

Joe awoke to find the sun shining for the first time in a week. He found Linda in the kitchen.

"We've got eggs and half a loaf of bread and some coffee," Linda said. "But there isn't much else. What will we feed Roget? We'll have to feed him if we're going to make him work."

"We'll get food," Joe said, "if I have to build a raft."

He couldn't wait any longer to find out if Roget had been working. He went upstairs and tapped on Roget's door. He got no answer to his tap and none to banging on the door. He turned the knob and went in. Roget was not there.

THE easel Joe had set up stood in the middle of the floor. On the easel was a large drawing of a man with a crowbar ripping at the planks of a bridge while a girl in slacks held a lantern for him to see by. Joe yelled for Linda. She came running upstairs.

The drawing was inscribed: "To Linda and Joe."

Linda saw that there were other drawings behind it. She pulled the drawing of the scene at the bridge forward and revealed a drawing of a charming girl with a towel over her shoulder and a cake of soap in her hand stepping into a bathtub. Behind it was another and another and another and another. A note was clipped to the last drawing—the one for Linda's client. Joe and Linda read it together:

"Roget is on his way over the hill yonder by the woods road to find a party. When he heard the terrible ripping sounds on the bridge night before last he went out to see what was happening. Roget was struck to the heart. He could no longer refrain from work. Not if it mattered so much. So he got up early and had coffee while you were both asleep and worked all day and all evening drawing nice girls getting into bathtubs. He could forgive himself for not going to work sooner only when he remembered how each of you demanded, at first sight of the other, that Roget introduce you. And how the moment you met you danced together endlessly and with so many tender glances. Is it not natural that Roget, out of envy of your young love, should tease you both a little? You asked for it."

Joe put his arm around Linda.

"All I said to Roget when I saw you come in at his cocktail party," Linda protested, "was, 'Who is that sap?' I did not ask him to introduce—"

But Joe saw her eyes. He kissed her and after a moment she said, "Oh, well!" and put both arms around his neck and kissed him back.

"Why did you get so sore at me," Joe asked, "when you found out I wanted drawings from Roget?"

"Oh," Linda said, "I let a man in another agency beat me out once. I almost lost my job. I would have lost my job if Roget had done your drawings first. And, then, I—I guess I must have liked you. That made me afraid I'd let you beat me."

Hodges & Hodges had to pay the first selectman of the town for replanking the bridge. Linda had to explain in great detail to Kate Marvin why they had to break into her house in order to get drawings from Roget. But everything was all right except that Hodges & Hodges' client liked the girls getting into bathtubs so much that he ordered three more of them. Roget did them in what he thought was a most reasonable time.

"What can one do," he asked, "against love?"

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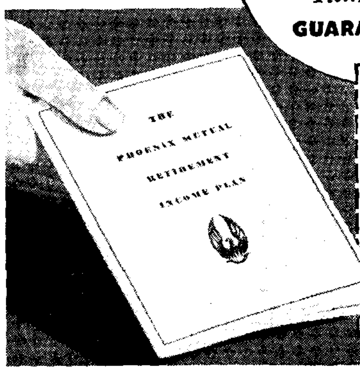

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There's Magic in the Air

Continued from page 13

demanded, "can't we have something like the Americans; you know, Langley Field and a Committee and all that?" This was but one of numerous international admissions that our National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, the NACA as it is known to the lads, sets the aviation standards of the entire world. It has been the principal factor in helping the United States to gain and to hold commercial aviation leadership among nations. It, virtually alone, has made possible the period of high-speed air travel upon which we have entered, with ohs and ahs and saucer eyes as we thumbed the new schedules. It is the first institution which foreign aeronautical missions to this country request permission to visit.

Serving Without Pay

Yet, because of all-work-and-no-talk policies, the Committee is less well known in its own country. Lack of public fame—save for the year in which the Committee received the Collier Trophy for the current greatest contribution to the advancement of aeronautical science—is perhaps understandable. Less explainable is this self-effacing body's obscurity even among flying men, who think of it, chiefly, in terms of the renowned NACA "cowling." They all can explain to you what the cowling adds to airplane speeds and efficiency; but they have only a vague notion of how and why it came about. The boss men know. This summer, Edgar S. Gorrell, president of the Air Transport Association of America, circularized his membership, calling attention to the needs, the work and the extraordinary values of the NACA.

The NACA is a separate and distinct official governmental organization, standing on its own feet—like the Interstate Commerce Commission — exempt from politics chiefly because the plum boys never know where to pick from the lean boughs of science. Under the New Deal, pork-barrel men knocked upon its doors for the first time. It was found that the fifteen distinguished Committeemen served without pay; and there was a blushing retreat. For the rest—every one of the 400 employees of the NACA is of the civil service, except Doctor George W. Lewis, director, and his job is so exacting and specialized it is unclassifiable—and unassailable.

The NACA is attached to no Cabinet Department. In Washington it lives with the Navy; and in Langley—just to avoid jealousies and hard feelings—it keeps house with the Army. Commercial aviation has quite as much claim as either upon it. The NACA, under the law, is charged solely with investigation and research and direction of purely scientific problems of flight.

The NACA, modernly the most successful body in aviation, was conceived in wreckage and born of failure. Professor Samuel Pierpont Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and one of the first true scientists to interest himself in flight, established a workshop therein and built the "Langley Aerodrome." Launched from a houseboat roof, this early plane dashed smack into the Potomac. Its bones were fished out, and tucked away in a corner; and in 1906 the good professor hopped off. His successor, Doctor Charles D. Walcott got the Board of Regents of the Institution to appoint an Advisory Committee to reopen the Langley Aerodynamic Laboratory and to conduct purely theoretical studies in aeronautics. The controller general ruled it out. When the Great War began Doctor Walcott carried his fight to President Wilson; the United States was the birthplace of this great new science, in which knowledge was so meager, and considerations of defense made its study imperative. Wilson said no, this would be an unneutral act. Walcott then went to Congress, secured legislation, and Wilson approved the bill creating the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics on March 3, 1915. The Committee started with $5,000 a year for five years; its appropriation for the current year is two and a half million, of which about three fifths is for new facilities.

There were twelve committeemen in the beginning; each renowned—and unpaid. Doctor Joseph S. Ames, now chairman of the modern Committee of fifteen, is the sole active survivor of the original dozen. Doctor Ames, one of the world's foremost physicists, was professor of physics at Johns Hopkins in 1915 when he was first invited to join the Committee; later he became president of the University, and now is president emeritus. When the angel friend of the Abou ben Adhem of Aviation gets to writing down names in his scrolls, the name of Joseph S. Ames will lead all the rest. Serving down the years without one cent of pay from the government, or any other aviation source, paying his own traveling expenses in connection with the Committee's work, Doctor Ames has approved all research projects before they were turned loose in the laboratory, and has examined and okayed all the scientific findings before they were passed along to the military, the industry, or the public. The whole scientific history of modern aeronautics has gone over his desk, and he has placed many personal contributions in its main stream.

Langley Field is in the inaccessible Asia Minor of the Chesapeake tidewater. The pilgrimage there is made by every flying man, domestic or foreign, who hopes when he dies to look upon the Prophet's Face: Langley Field is the Mecca of the aviation faithful. Once a year, indeed, the Potomac is churned and frothed by a veritable pilgrimage of the entire American aeronautical industry to the laboratory. Opportunities for unbending socially exist aboard the steamer, and if you make too free use of these you may get the jitters when first you look upon the Langley Memorial Aeronautical Laboratory in the penitent dawn. There are twelve buildings, and it is like coming upon a scene in one of those nightmarish German movies of the Caligari era.

Coming Down Like Thunder

The seaplane tank, the various wind tunnels—there are 14; one, so to speak, for every purpose and condition from 60 miles to 500 miles per hour—are the most obvious, the most eye-filling, of the wonders to behold; they form the stages for the scientific variety acts that, insofar as is possible, will make the remote enigmas of aerodynamics visible and understandable for you today.

This seagoing equivalent of a wind tunnel is 2,000 feet long and 12 feet deep. Models of the hulls of the giant Clipper ships, which are helping to keep America in the battle for overseas aerial trade-route supremacy today, were thoroughly investigated in this tank. You can get in here the most thrilling ride of your life: for the towing carriage, to which the hulls under test are fixed, can be sped up to 60 miles an hour. You have no idea how fast a mile a minute really is, until you travel it, in this low shed, with girders combing your hair and the end of the building coming down like thunder. More than a quarter of a million dollars of this year's budget will be spent for lengthening the tank; with seaplanes growing, the study of hulls at greater take-off and landing speeds becomes essential.

Of all the wind tunnels, the so-called 20-foot one seems to be the white-haired boy of the engineers. Its primary function is propeller research; but from it came three of the Committee's outstanding achievements—the cowling; the determination of best position of engines with respect to wings in multimotor ships; the demonstration of the need for retractable landing gear. These contributions did more than any other engineering factor to bring upon us the age of high-speed air travel. A plane was stripped and the resistance of each component was traced; one third, it was found, was caused by the engine; another third by the landing gear; the balance was spread over the rest of the structure. The famous NACA cowling is simply a piece of shaped metal, slipped over the engine's nose to give it the nearest possible form to ideal streamlining.

Largest in the World

Years ago, when the air-cooled radial engine was beginning to dominate aviation because of many advantages, its chief drawback seemed that it was the worst possible shape with respect to resistance. It was just a big open palm of fat iron fingers jammed into the face of the air; 266 horsepower was required to overcome the air resistance of the engine at 200 miles per hour. The NACA staff, using their 20-foot tunnel, went to work to determine the ideal "entering" shape for the power-plant nose. After hundreds of tests, dozens of combinations, more than 100 horsepower was cut from the resistance offset at a 200-mile speed. Practically, the Army biplane used for the application of the first cowling stepped from 118 miles per hour before, to 137 miles per hour after—without so much as the cleaning of a spark plug. Moreover, the cooling properties of the engines were improved, because the cowling directed air to the hot spots. The industry itself estimated that for one year—1932—savings to American flying through use of the cowling were about five million dollars, evenly divided between military and commercial.

The spin tunnel is one of the newer workspots at Langley. In appearance it is like the silo on the old homestead; and you have to walk up what seems a million stairs to reach the observation chamber. Air flow in all wind tunnels, of course, is gained by the use of propellers; this one is set horizontally, instead of vertically. Model planes, their controls set for spins of various kinds and intensities, are launched into the shaft. Then engineers sit and watch and take notes and moving pictures. The spin continues until power is shut off; or until tiny robot pilots in the model planes shift the controls for recovery. And we go along to the Refrigerator Wind Tunnel.

In this, any condition of rain, sleet, snow, and the formation of ice on wings and other parts of the airplane can be simulated and studied. Here, too, it is rumored, certain less upright members of the research staff keep their beer. Mechanical and other means of preventing ice formation on planes, or breaking it up once formed, are tested; but in all truth, you must be told the best way

(Continued on page 58)

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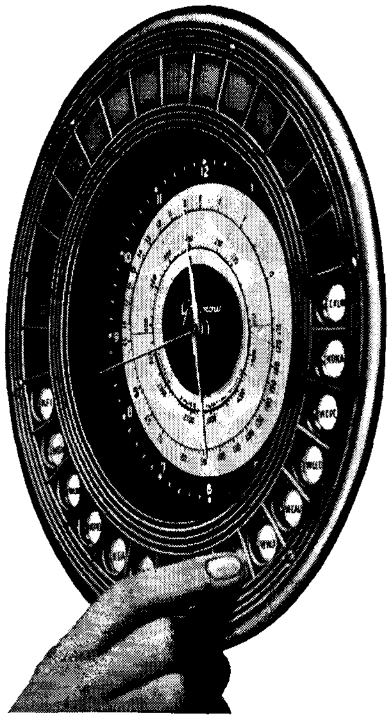

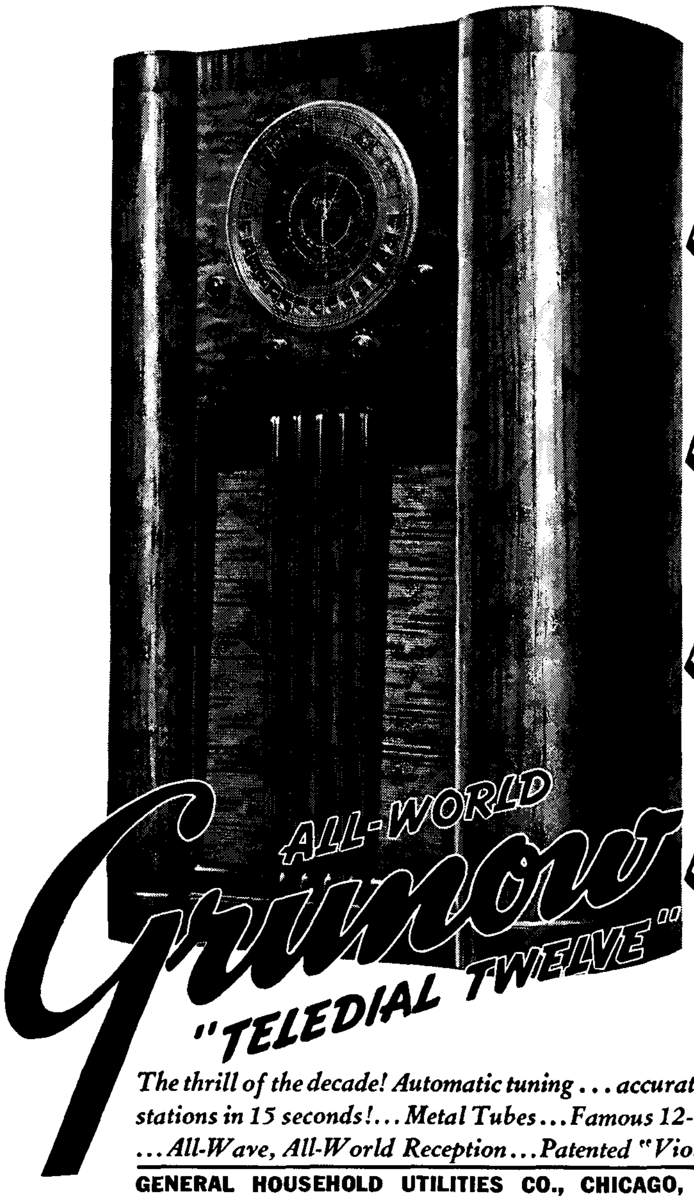

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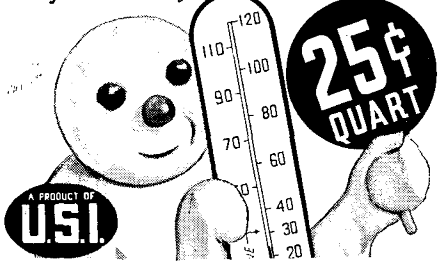
If you want the most protection at the lowest cost, there is only one answer to the anti-freeze question: Put in *Super Pyro!* It served and satisfied 4,000,000 car owners last winter. It will save you money and worry this winter.

Look for the Super Pyro Sign Before You Buy



SUPER PYRO

MONEY SAVING ANTI-FREEZE

(Continued from page 56)

to keep your ship from icing up is still to keep out of temperature conditions which cause it to do so.

The full-scale tunnel and the new *high-speed* tunnel are impressive and convincing. Each is the largest of its kind in the world. The former provides air speeds up to 110 miles per hour, gained by the use of two propellers, each 35 feet in diameter. It will take full-size airplanes for leisurely test and observation under flight conditions. The latter is built of reinforced concrete and steel, and the actual test chamber is in the form of a beehive for purposes of strength. When the tunnel is run at high speeds the pressure therein falls to the equivalent of an altitude of 12,000 feet, and the maximum pressure on the chamber is three million pounds. You have to enter and leave through pressure-controlled air locks.

You will see many compelling demonstrations, hear many strange facts, before your legs give out in your walk around the NACA's laboratory. This is the foundation work for America's effort in the approaching fight among nations for world air-trade leadership—a struggle that will enrich its victor with a future dominance equal to that won by England's merchant shippers generations ago. "A decisive advantage in this struggle," it is remarked in the Committee's annual report to Congress, "will be with that country which has the greatest vision and initiative in establishing research facilities and in executing long-range research programs."

You may find the truth of this if, on your way home, you stop at the airport for a good look at the newest commercial transport thereon. This ship is the flying symbol of America's still valid leadership *in the air;* as it stands, the economic value and practical merits of the NACA's work are represented by these points: (1) the cowling; (2) the nacelle, or engine housing; (3) engine position; (4) propeller position; (5) wing section design; (6) data on pressure distribution upon wings and tail surfaces, made use of in construction; (7) data on flaps; (8) wing fillets; that is the flare which joins the leading and trailing edges of the wings to the fuselage, and reduces resistance.

Everything Went Black

What you heard about Tom Carroll and his sandbox, and Will MacAvoy and his torn wings, should have convinced you that work of the NACA is not solely theoretical; that when problems have been worked out in the wind tunnels, the tanks and the chambers and the tables, they are given actual flight tests by the Committee's pilots. If you run across Luke Christopher some day—he is a Coast Guard ace now—perhaps you can wring a little personal confirmation of all this from him.

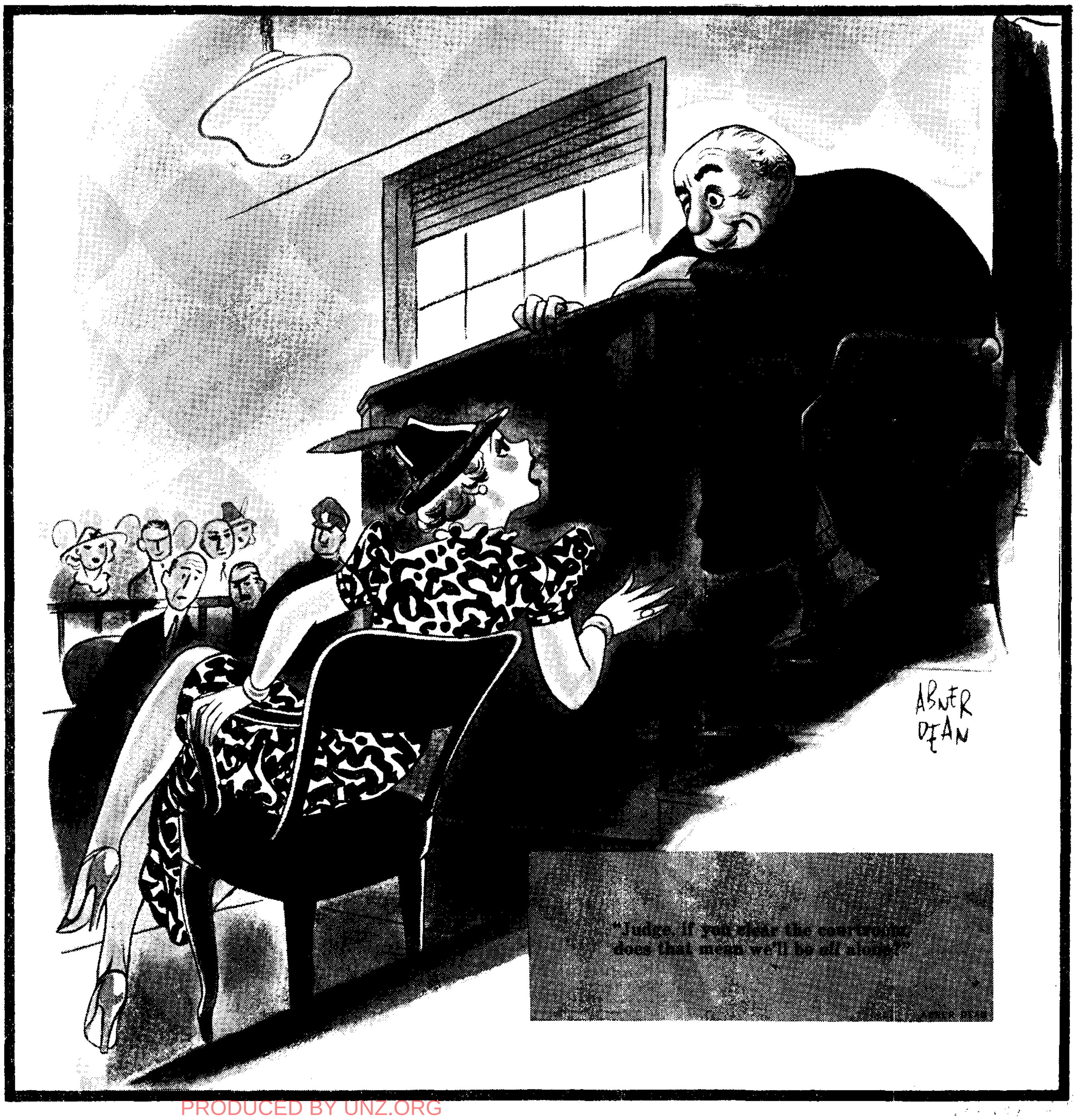
Luke was making dive pressure tests, and had run his "pull-ups" through a routine beginning at 70 miles per hour. Now he had reached 190. When he drew back the stick, the plane went over on its back and *slid along tail first.* At that moment he developed what is believed to be the greatest acceleration ever recorded in an airplane: the weight of his plane suddenly increased from 3,200 pounds to 33,600; and his weight ran up *to 1,650 pounds.* He went black, and figured he was that way for a full minute. When he could see again, he was upside down, 1,500 feet from the ground, and falling. He reported: "I righted the plane and was quite amazed at what I thought was the sun having been eclipsed. It was hard to recognize the field. I came on in and landed, thinking all the time this peculiar reaction in my sight was caused by a glare from the steel propeller. I went into the hangar, pulled off my overalls, and stopped to unfasten the zipper on the leg. Immediately everything went black again. After that, I saw the doctor."

Luke did not completely recover from this experience until two years later.

Your speech, your good manners, are more apt to desert you than your sight, after a day's contemplation of aviation's house of magic. But try to keep a level head, as did the chief of the Russian Mission which visited the laboratory. At lunch he beamed and gesticulated and talked a red streak.

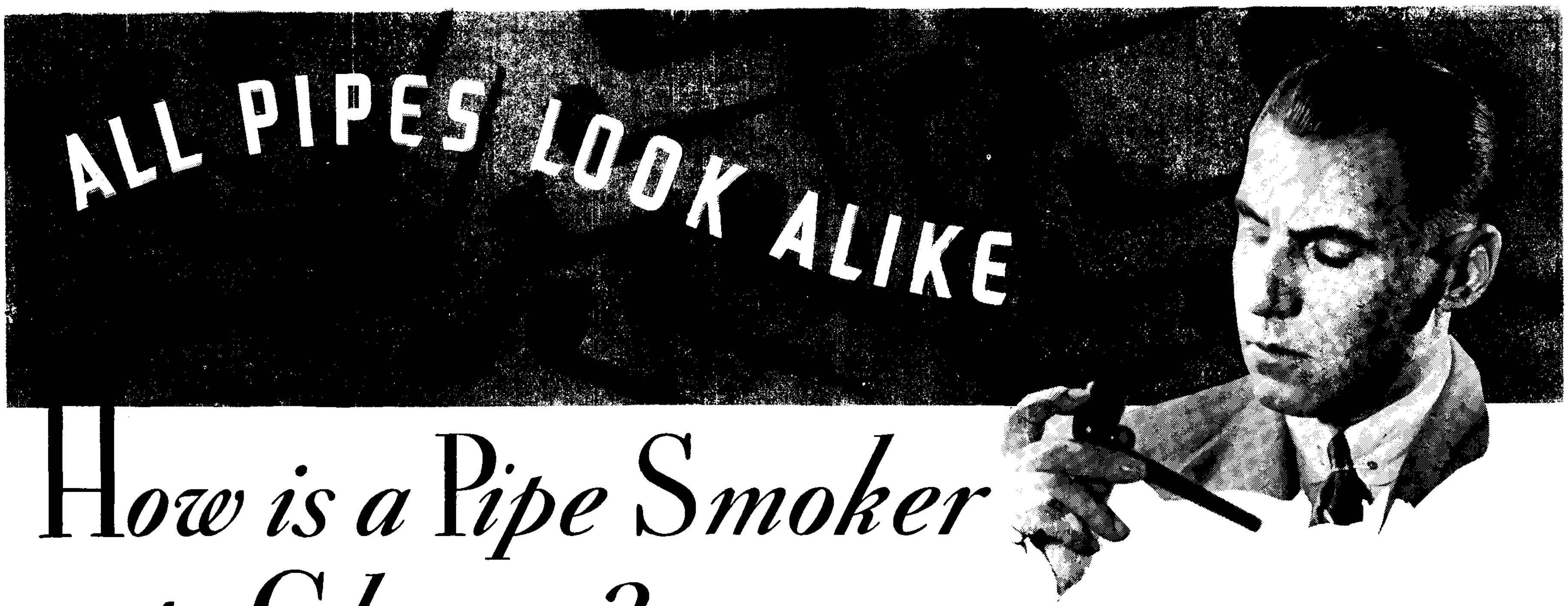
"What," asked the hosts, "is he saying?"

"He say," the interpreter explained, "all years he was talk and think and dream about this wondrousful Langley Field and now he pinch arm and consider 'Is it true, am I have the privilege to be really in Langley Field at the last?' "



"Judge, if you clear the courtroom, does that mean we'll be *all* alone?"

ABNER DEAN


ALL PIPES LOOK ALIKE

How is a Pipe Smoker to Choose?

MILANO
Merry Christmas
say with MILANO
★ All pipes aren't alike. Make sure your gift to him is one he'll enjoy—Milano. Packed in a special Yuletide package. $1.00

The finest imported briar and cheap briar look alike. *But they don't smoke alike.*

A properly "cured" pipe looks the same as one made from "raw" wood. But again, there's a world of difference.

Mechanical construction is confusing, too. It takes an expert to see the difference between a scientific moisture guard and a mere gadget.

A really fine pipe is the most soothing, satisfying smoke imaginable. It's mellow; sweet-as-a-nut; smooth. But it takes the world's finest briar, properly cured, to make such a pipe!

Milano is that kind of pipe. It is made of genuine imported briar . . . *the finest there is.* Then, Milano is "cured" by the expensive DeResino process that neutralizes briar resins, thus banishing burn, bite and "breaking-in."

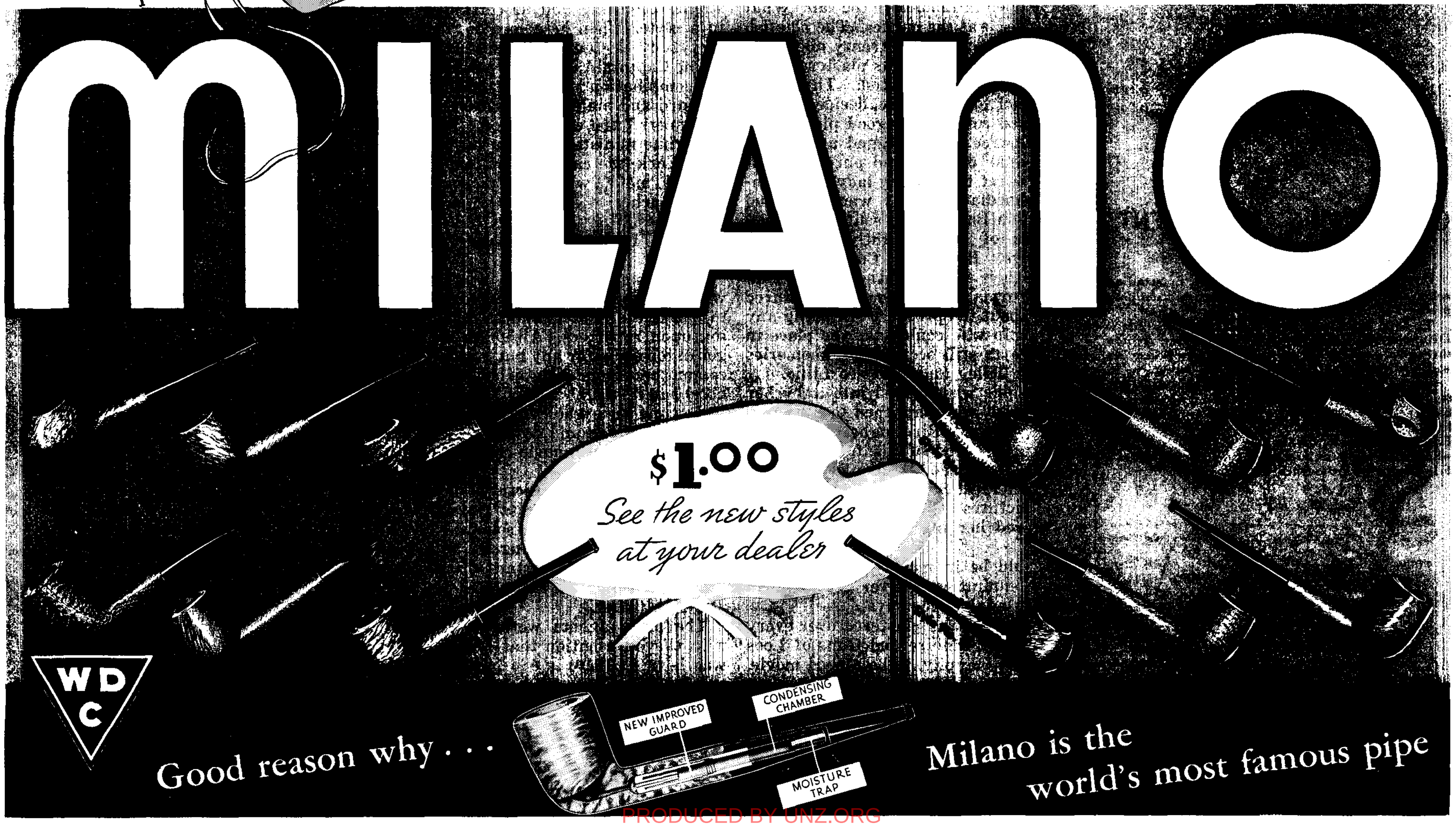
Next, Milano is equipped with a new Improved Guard that positively traps all moisture by an ingenious gravity-condensation principle (Pat. No. 1,936,060). Never a "wet" smoke, *even if you neglect your pipe cleaner.*

Milano is made by Demuth . . . makers of fine pipes for over half a century. We ask pipe smokers to remember that *artificial sweeteners can never hide the bitterness of "raw" wood; that wild advertising claims can never change a poor pipe into a good one.*

It costs more to make Milano than any dollar pipe on the market, because top quality briar, DeResino curing, and an effective moisture guard cost more than "short cuts" that might look the same but never smoke the same.

New Milano shapes are at your dealer now.

WM. DEMUTH & CO., MAKERS OF FINE PIPES SINCE 1862, 230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK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● When a dull, persistent backache sets your nerves on edge and makes you feel generally out-of-sorts, turn for relief to Baume "Ben-Gay"—that quick-acting remedy that countless millions rely on. Almost instantly you can feel its penetrating warmth soothing pain away. For your own sake, be sure to get the original scientific formula of Dr. Jules Benguéthat gives quick relief. Ask for "Ben-Gay" and keep it always handy in the medicine cabinet.

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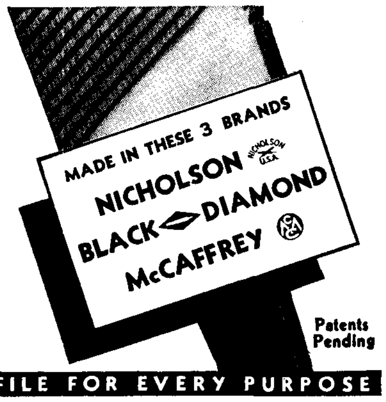
OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENTS COME IN THREES

Over periods of thousands of years, outstanding achievements, outstanding men and outstanding products come in threes.

To-day, three file brands — Nicholson, Black Diamond and McCaffrey — are making new records throughout industrial plants and at home benches with their ability to cut faster and last longer.

Up to three times as many cutting edges per square inch, reserve cutting edges that go to work as old ones wear down — test these features and see how Nicholson, Black Diamond and McCaffrey Files will speed up filing for you. At hardware wholesalers' and mill supply dealers'. Nicholson File Company, Providence, R. I., U. S. A.



A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

Camera Shy

Continued from page 9

again to cultivate the love of small children. She got a job as tutor for a flock of six belonging to a secondhand clothing dealer. Several of the youngsters looked as if they might have been thrown in with a shipment of old overcoats but Miss Carroll blinded herself to all such thoughts. She took her $3.50 a week and ate the food and was grateful.

On her off days she washed out her prettiest things, got her hair looking good, and took up her sitting at the theatrical agencies. From that came a small part in a company playing The Lash through the provinces. The role meant $15 a week and railroad fares, but not board and meals.

"Lived with three other girls in digs," says Miss Carroll, which means that they were putting up at a boardinghouse.

That was all right as long as the company kept going but they soon ran out of business and little Madeleine was genuinely up against it. She had lost her job with the six children and hadn't saved anything on tour.

Beauty Out of a Job

Just what was the matter with the English theatrical people is something to be taken up seriously. The Carroll girl is one of the world beauties and there never was an English touring company which couldn't stand a little looks. In any event, she tramped around to the agencies until she wore out her stockings and most of her faith in life. Her break came when she finally wormed her way into the office of Seymour Hicks, the actor-manager, who signed her for a small part and a five-year contract.

By the end of several provincial tours and a part or two in London productions, she was making progress as an actress. Hicks was a good fellow and, in addition to pushing her along in his plays, he gave her permission to appear with Robert Lorraine in a show which was to open in London in the fall. What intervened was the movies. The English were in the midst of a frenzy about patriotism and London was plastered with signs saying, Buy British. The movie people, not to be outdone, decided that if Hollywood could make good pictures so could Elstree. They rigged up a story called Guns of Loos and put on a contest to select the leading lady. The Empire immediately went wacky. Proud mothers in Baluchistan sent in the photographs of their slightly strabismic daughters. Red-nosed Colonial gents, sipping their whisky and sodas on verandas in Burma, emitted loud and cultured snorts about the prospect of finding any young snip who could take the place in their hearts still occupied by memories of Vesta Tilley and Beatrice Lillie.

Madeleine was pushed into it by her press agent, who happened to be a former professor at Birmingham more than a little enamored of his former pupil. For over a year he had been coursing up and down Fleet Street pestering editors to use pictures of Miss Carroll and now he entered her in the contest and she won it.

"I could be in movies from now till the millennium and never get as much publicity again," she says.

Her picture was plastered over every paper in the Empire and Guns of Loos turned out, happily, to be a good movie.

But that didn't reconcile her to a screen career.

"I'm making a place for myself as an actress, getting a little better break in parts and money every year, and then suddenly I'm an important somebody in another field."

Because she wanted to stick to the stage (and still does), she alternated between the two. After Loos, there was a four months' lapse and then she appeared in a second film which was considered by all concerned to be a mistake. It sank with the sad sound of a watermelon disappearing into a tub of lard and everybody tried to forget the incident. It also chased her back to the stage, where she made a considerable reputation in such productions as Beau Geste, Galsworthy's The Roof and French Leave, in which she played with Charles Laughton. But the films had first lien on her and she was established for good with The First Born, directed by Myles Mander. Her international reputation grew out of The 39 Steps, in which she played with Robert Donat and which launched the career of Alfred Hitchcock as an important director.

This picture was followed by public acclaim and by various American film scouts, who sat in *her* waiting room and asked plaintively if she wouldn't prefer Hollywood to a foggy old place like this.

"Sure," said Miss Carroll, who is a linguist, and shortly after was in California acting in The Case Against Mrs. Ames, taken from Collier's serial by the late Arthur Somers Roche. It made the Carroll girl with Hollywood. When Paramount started out to make The General Died at Dawn, there was considerable competition among the young acting ladies who discovered that the picture had only one female part. Lewis Milestone picked Madeleine for the role because, with only one woman in the thing, she had to be an actress. The screen play was written by Clifford Odets and the star was Gary Cooper, who baffled Miss Carroll.

"He sits there humped up in a chair while everybody else is going around in a state, trying to learn the lines and get in the mood for a scene. He never studies anything and he certainly isn't in a state. Then he comes on and acts everybody else out of the studio."

The Captain Astley of the Astley-Carroll combination is a close friend of King Edward and his family formerly owned "Chequers," the country home for British prime ministers. When last seen in New York, the captain was tending the Carroll maid, who had picked up a tummy-ache.

Longs for the Stage

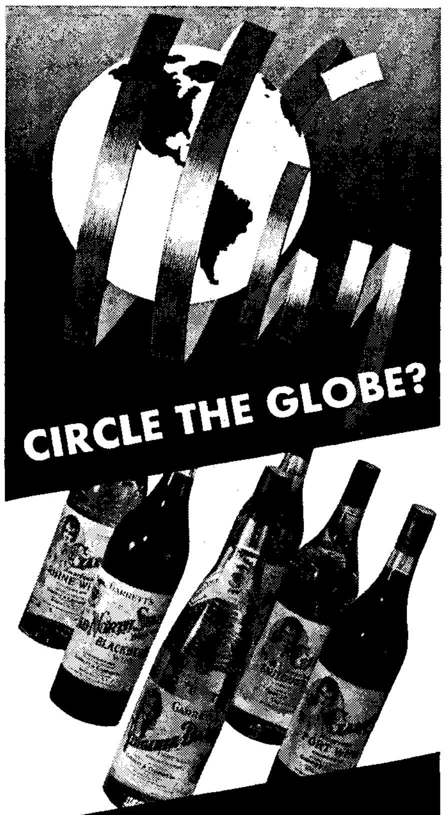
Madeleine, for her part, was hard at work, sitting here and standing there to please the photographers, and beaming upon reporters. Although the boat got in too early for any but milkmen and commuters from Westfield, N. J., the hotel had its usual quota of young ladies and young men who evidently camp out in Central Park and devote their existence to bothering movie stars for autographs.

"Just a few more pictures and then back to the stage," Miss Carroll was saying to the press, and somebody from Paramount was laughing in a hollow way to indicate that stars often have little jokes like that, and not to pay any attention to her.

The press agents were going about with the information that Miss Carroll was born in 1910, is 5:4 in height and weighs 115 pounds. They added that she had natural golden hair, blue eyes and a very fair complexion.

"What I really like," Miss Carroll kept saying, "is the stage."

The people from Paramount continued laughing in a strange tone.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You've got to be Human

Continued from page 8

"How much is that one?"

"Two hundred and forty-five dollars, sir."

The customer frowned. He peered at Sybelle respectfully but with a certain grimness in his blue eyes.

"I want to go much higher than that, Miss. Ain't you got any *mink* coats?"

"Mink! Oh, yes, indeedy—indeed—"

Sybelle's customer selected almost immediately a mink coat costing seventeen hundred and fifty dollars. Fumbling in his pockets he drew out a dirty check from a livestock commission company made payable to "Tom Thomas." It was for something over twenty-one hundred dollars.

"I'll endorse this, Miss, and you can mail me a check for the difference, since you don't know me."

Excited by her first sale—and a big one—Sybelle was about to start for the credit-office telephone with Tom Thomas' check, when she remembered something.

"I'm sorry, sir—but we haven't determined the exact size, as yet."

"Oh, yeah—that's right . . ."

"About how large is the lady?"

Tom Thomas looked Sybelle up and down. His stern face relaxed in an honest, unashamed smile of pleasure. He liked what he saw.

"She's about an inch shorter'n you, Miss, and maybe fifteen pounds heftier in—uh—the body."

Sybelle was afraid of Tom Thomas' description.

"Hadn't you better telephone the lady and make sure, sir?" Sybelle said.

Tom Thomas looked frightened.

"That'd spoil it—surprise."

"Oh, I see. Well—"

AS ONE who has carried a great weight on his mind all too long, Tom Thomas suddenly blurted out a number of personal facts. He was engaged to his lady friend. He wanted to give her a diamond ring. The lady friend said she preferred a fur coat. That had hurt Tom Thomas' feelings, so he had said maybe he wouldn't give her anything. He and his lady friend had quarreled but he was sorry now and had come in to buy the fur coat. His lady friend was an actress in the movies in Hollywood. Tom Thomas himself was a hog rancher at Chino. It was hot at Chino just now. Water was scarce. The hogs shouldn't have been sold until October, but—

"Oh, I see—" said Sybelle.

She was wrestling with her conscience and with Mr. Ashleigh's clear statement of the Dodd-Brookshire attitude:

> Dodd-Brookshire employees are to maintain a friendly but impersonal relationship with patrons. They are never, under any conditions, to enter into disputes among our clientele as to the advisability or inadvisability of purchases. To do so would be impertinent. . . .
>
> Ashleigh.

Tom Thomas took out a big blue cotton handkerchief and mopped his brow.

"Look here, Miss," he said. "Maybe I'm all wrong. Maybe I should make up with my lady friend and buy her the coat afterwards. Hunh?"

Well, he was such a big helpless fella, kinda like an overgrown kid standing there, that Sybelle just simply forgot Mr. Ashleigh.

"Sure you ought," she said. "You don't want to make an investment of all that money when you are not even aware, as yet, that the lady would accept the present."

Tom Thomas received this judgment as from unimpeachable authority.

"That's mighty kind of you, Miss," he said. "I'll go see her." He took back his check. "But if it's all ironed out I'll sure come back here to buy the coat from *you*."

"Thank you, sir," said Sybelle.

She watched him stride across the fur department and enter an elevator stooping, as if habitually fearful that doors were too low. Miss Evens, haughtily pleased at having sold her customer two expensive coats, paused a moment to console Sybelle.

"Thank you, my dear," she said. "They won't *all* be like that—forever." Then, "Did you have to haul out the whole stock?"

"He said he'd come back," said Sybelle.

Miss Evens smiled, with the correct Dodd-Brookshire attitude.

"Just a looker, my dear," said Miss Evens.

BUT Tom Thomas was back inside of two hours.

He had changed his clothes and now wore a very decent suit of blue serge, a clean white shirt and neat black tie. Only his hat and his shoes were the same. His return passed without notice from anyone save Sybelle, as Miss Claudette Colbert had just arrived in the fur department.

"You're back in a hurry, sir!"

Tom Thomas grinned happily.

"It's okay," he announced, "but she says to bring the coat out on approval—in case she doesn't like it."

Sybelle was obliged to consult Mrs. Hartsook, manager of the department. Mrs. Hartsook ruled that it was now too late to check on Tom Thomas' financial responsibility; that she would see whether a messenger was available to take the coat out for a try-on that evening and return it to the store, but she feared . . .

> The Dodd-Brookshire employee who places service above self will make his or her way to positions of greater responsibility. . . . Ashleigh.

"I shall be very glad to take the coat out to the customer, Mrs. Hartsook," said Sybelle.

"Very good of you, my dear!"

Tom Thomas eagerly offered to accompany Sybelle to the home of his lady friend, but Sybelle coolly and impersonally declined. She was handed taxi fare by Mrs. Hartsook. Tom Thomas said he would be along very shortly to take his lady friend out to dinner. He gave her name as Miss Virginia Trent and a good address in Beverly Hills.

Miss Virginia Trent, it developed, lived in a Venetian-Italian-Spanish *palazzo*-bungalow with two other movie actresses named Valerie Symonds and Nathalia Breckinridge. A colored maid opened the door. Miss Breckinridge, in negligee with cocktail shaker in hand, greeted Sybelle.

"Oh—the—coat—from Dodd-Brookshire . . . please sit down—I'll tell Miss Trent." Sybelle noted, with pride, that the Dodd-Brookshire attitude had made an immediate impression on Miss Breckinridge.

WHILE Sybelle waited, Miss Valerie Symonds entered the living room. She walked stiff-legged and with an extreme dignity. Sybelle had made the mistake of leaving the coat box on a chair near the divan. Miss Symonds, with a stiff bow to Sybelle, picked up the coat box and started to open it.

(Continued on page 62)

Is Your Name Here?

BELOW is a list of surnames of some of the most distinguished American families. Our research staff, over a period of years, has prepared manuscripts dealing with the history of each. If your name is listed, you should have a copy of your manuscript. You will find it not only of keen interest, but a source of pride and satisfaction to yourself and kin. The suitability of such a manuscript as an unusual, thoughtful *Christmas Gift* especially recommends itself. Including those of relatives, how many of the names on your gift list appear below?

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French
Fritz—Fritts
Frost
Fuller
Fulton

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Wray
Wren(n)
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Yeoman(s)
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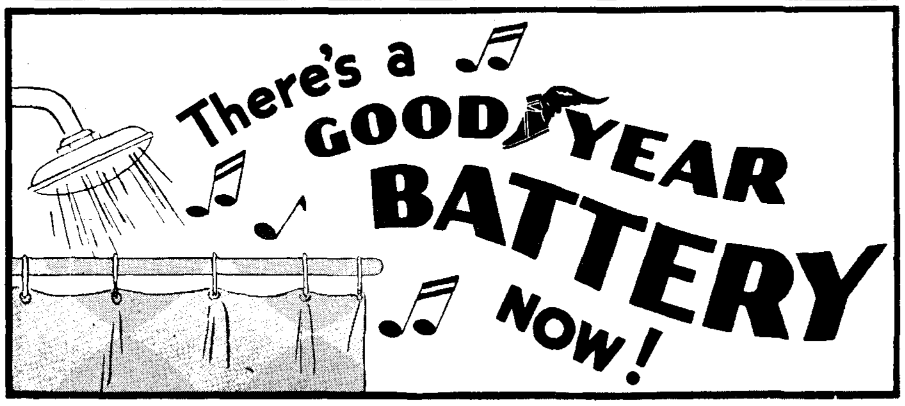
There's a GOODYEAR BATTERY NOW!

(Continued from page 61)

"Are you Miss Trent?" Sybelle inquired, rising.

"How silly of you, my dear," said Miss Symonds, continuing to open the box. "I'm the sober one—with character. You can tell I'm perfectly sober, can't you? But can you tell about my character? I mean—about my character—what sort of character would you say I have, my dear?"

Sybelle said, firmly, "This coat is sent on approval for Miss Virginia Trent. I don't think she'd like the box opened before—"

The box already was opened. Miss Symonds took the coat out and held it before her.

"How perfectly darling of Maurice! *Darling* of Maurice—"

"Gimme that coat!"

A large, broad-shouldered girl with lipstick, rouge, mascara and much perfume stepped heavily into the room and snatched the coat from Miss Symonds. She held it up admiringly.

"Gee!" she said, "the cluck came through!"

"Simply darling of Maurice!" said Miss Symonds, sitting down on a chair.

"Dodd-Brookshire, my dear," said Miss Breckinridge, who had, occasionally, a Southern accent. She mentioned Dodd-Brookshire as if in warning, and with an anxious glance at Sybelle.

"Mr. Thomas asked us to send it on approval," said Sybelle, in carefully modulated tones. "You are to try it on for fit and style. If it meets with—"

Miss Trent looked at Sybelle for the first time.

"Ain't he paid for it?" she asked.

The common thing! It just simply set Sybelle's teeth on edge. She talked like Dodd-Brookshire was a cheap installment store.

"Mr. Thomas is arranging business details in the morning, I believe," said Sybelle, haughtily. "The fitting on approval is a courtesy to customers."

"I get it," said Miss Trent. "It ain't mine yet, hunh? Well—let's see if it fits—"

"Mr. Maurice Cohen is an executive of one of the largest studios in Hollywood," said Miss Symonds to Sybelle, "and a simply *darling* man. His credit is good at the Vendome and the Brown Derby—"

IGNORING her, Miss Trent tried on the coat with Miss Breckinridge's assistance. Sybelle noted with uneasiness that her guess of size 16 was pretty accurate. Her uneasiness mounted to panic when Miss Trent, surveying herself in a door mirror, announced: "It's okay. I'll wear it tonight." Miss Breckinridge assured her that she "looked a knockout." Miss Symonds said Maurice was a darling. All three seemed to have forgot that the coat had not, as yet, been paid for.

Matters pertaining to credit are to be handled with utmost tact. Dodd-Brookshire assumes that its clientele would not wish to take any unfair advantage. However, this does not mean that those who prove themselves unworthy Dodd-Brookshire's confidence are to be allowed unwarranted liberties. . . .
Ashleigh.

The arrival of three young men at this juncture heightened the crisis. Their names were Jiggs, Snorter and Charley. Miss Trent, still wearing the coat, accepted their compliments. No embarrassing questions were asked. Snorter looked at Sybelle and walked over. "Heaven must have been mighty lonesome when you left, baby," he said. "What are *you* doing here?"

Miss Breckinridge cleared her throat.

"Dodd-Brookshire!" she said, warningly. "*She* brought the coat!"

Snorter and the other young men stared at Sybelle. They looked a little abashed.

"Well, boys, let's get rolling," said Miss Trent, gaily flaunting Dodd-Brookshire's coat. "Who's got any money? Snorter, be a gentleman and tip Dodd-Brookshire for bringing me this nice coat!"

WHERE was Tom Thomas? Why hadn't he come? What would she do? This awful common thing thought she'd walk right out the door with the coat. Should she call the store? It would be closed by now. . . .

Initiative is the priceless ability to take firm but discreet command of any given situation. Dodd-Brookshire employees are expected to use initiative. . . .
Ashleigh.

"I'm very glad the coat fits and is satisfactory, Miss Trent," said Sybelle, evenly. "I think that perhaps I'd better be starting back—"

"Sure. Go right ahead."

"I am under instructions to return the coat to the store. So if you'll please take it off—"

Snorter guffawed.

"Aw-aw, baby!" he said to Miss Trent. "Did Maurice stop payment on the check?"

Miss Trent merely looked annoyed. She grabbed Sybelle's arm and dragged her into the back hall. "Listen," she said, "you're acting dumb. Don't you want a commission on this sale? I wear it—and he's *gotta* buy it. See the point?"

Well, Sybelle simply would like to have given her a good piece of her mind. The idea of her thinking that she would want any part of such a scheme to make poor Tom Thomas buy the coat. But Sybelle said merely: "Dodd-Brookshire doesn't do business that sort of way, Miss Trent."

Sybelle was mighty glad she kept her temper, because Miss Trent lost hers completely. She started using the most horrible language like a Billingsgate and a common fishwife. Miss Breckinridge and Miss Symonds got into it hot and heavy; and the three fellas tried to make peace, they were so mortified—and right in the midst of the hullabaloo in walked Mr. Tom Thomas.

Poor Tom Thomas, he was so mortified he like to of sank right through the floor. *Her* and her drunken friends exposing their true natures and dragging Dodd-Brookshire into their common doings. They finally got it all explained to Tom Thomas; but until Miss Trent—her real name prob'ly was Bloomstein or somepin—lost her temper again and threw the coat at poor Tom Thomas he didn't wake up. Then he woke up all righty and told Miss Trent he saw through her and offered to take all three of those Hollywood extra men outside, and they wouldn't go—so he merely turned to Sybelle and apologized.

"I'm sure sorry *you* had to hear all this, Miss," he said, kinda reverent in his voice. "This sure is the seamy side of life."

Sybelle did not heap cold fire on his head.

"Incidents of this kind of thing," said Sybelle, "frequently happen in the business world. I am a business girl and I guess I can stand it."

Tom Thomas helped her wrap up the coat. He insisted on riding back to the Dodd-Brookshire store with her, to make sure she would not lose the coat or be robbed of it.

Poor fella, he sat kinda hunched down in a corner of the cab; a big, strong fella that is so utterly helpless dealing with girls of Miss Trent's type that are nothing but Beverly Hills gold diggers.

"I sure been a sap," Mr. Thomas said.

(Continued on page 64)

"You'll be all set now for a tough winter"

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Thank the kindly climate of the Cognac region for the incomparable flavour and bouquet of Three-Star Hennessy. And thank steadfast ideals and tireless patience for the "clean" taste and age-old uniformity that make this delectable Cognac the world's preferred liqueur.

84 PROOF

★ ★ ★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY

SOLE UNITED STATES AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

(*Continued from page* 62)

"I knew she wasn't a refined lady, Miss; but a man like me can't expect a refined lady to go for a hog ranch at Chino. I don't know why I ever dragged *you* into this. I feel like an awful heel—dragging a nice lady like you into such doings."

The Dodd-Brookshire atmosphere is not a superficial attempt to achieve the recherché and the ostentatiously smart. It is an effort merely to create the mellow air of a refined home, to put our clientele graciously at their ease . . .
Ashleigh.

Therefore, Sybelle said only what anyone would have said that had ever listened to Mr. Ashleigh:

"You mustn't feel *badly* at all, Mr. Thomas. While this has certainly been a new experience to me, one grows by their experiences, doesn't one?"

"That's a mighty nice way to look at it," said Mr. Thomas, humbly grateful.

AT THE Employees' Entrance of the Dodd-Brookshire, Sybelle and Mr. Thomas ran into Harry. Sybelle put on a distant expression and said quickly to Mr. Thomas: "You'll excuse me, I'm sure?" Then, as Harry started to speak, "I'll show you what I meant on the telephone about the—" She allowed her voice to trail vaguely off as she hurried into the Employees' Entrance with the coat box. Harry followed her. Mr. Thomas remained outside.

Poor Harry! He was assistant manager of a chain store in charge of the meat market and an awful sweet fella, but somehow it seemed like why she had outgrown Harry. Besides, Harry's eyebrows kinda ran together and he had big ears . . .

"What *is* this, Sybbie? Who's that guy?"

Sybelle turned angrily on Harry.

"For Pete's sake, whatcha hanging around here *tonight* for?"

"You said maybe you'd—"

"You have a wrong and erroneous impression, my dear Harry—"

"Who's that big punk out there?"

"That's Mr. Thomas—the—the Dodd-Brookshire manager—in Denver—if you must be asking so inquisitive—"

Harry glowered bitterly.

"Oh, so that's how it is!"

"Don't be so vulgarian—"

"I get it!"

Sybelle opened the door of the automatic elevator and slammed it shut behind her. She left the fur coat with the night watchman, waiting to see that it was promptly and properly put away, and returned to the Employees' Entrance. Mr. Thomas was still waiting. Harry had disappeared.

"Oh—did the shipping-room man leave?"

"Yeah, went around that way."

Nodding as if it were a matter of small importance, Sybelle put on her white chamois gloves. Tom Thomas stood on one foot and then the other.

"I hope you'll take this in the right way, Miss," he said, "but you've gone through a heap of trouble on my account today. I—I'd like to buy you a nice meal some place—if you ain't got any other engagement or anything?"

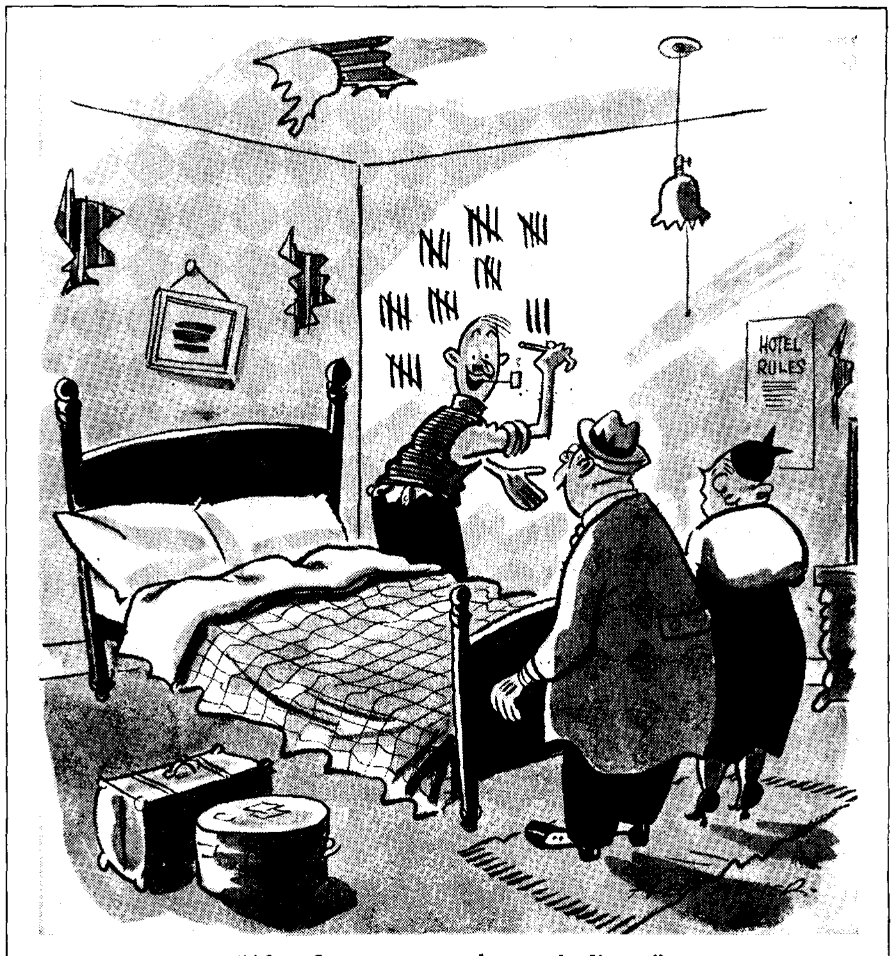
Sybelle considered, frowning a little.

"We-ell—I suppose I could call home. Mother will be worried—and I'd have to leave right afterwards. We're going to some concert or other, I believe—"

Tom Thomas gently and reverently escorted Sybelle to the Coconut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel. She had remarked that "it might be amusing."

During dinner, Sybelle learned a great deal about Tom Thomas. It seemed like why Tom Thomas owned an extremely large hog ranch without encumbrances. His house was located up a beautiful canyon with eucalyptus and pepper trees and there was absolutely *no odor*. Besides, Tom Thomas did not hafta feed the hogs himself as he had two regular and four part-time assistants. He was still kinda grieving for the way that awful Trent somebody had acted up—you could tell that he was a big, easy-going gentle fella, that nothing was too good for a girl if he loved her.

Mr. Thomas looked at Sybelle with a worshiping look as he paid the check and tipped the waiter a whole dollar.



"After five guests we change the linens"

FRED NEHER

"You know, Miss Connor," he said, sincerely, "you sure opened my eyes tonight. I can see now that I was mighty careless selecting a lady friend."

"Men are easily deceived, I suppose."

"They sure are. It's only when they meet—well, a *real* lady, that they get a standard to go by."

At parting, Sybelle felt a sudden stir of real interest in Tom Thomas. Wasn't he gonna—

"Well, goodby, Miss. I'll sure be a lot more careful next time!"

Sybelle drove grandly off in a taxicab to Glendale. Her last, tormenting glimpse of Tom Thomas showed him standing on the curb waving his hat.

Mankind invariably will make its way to that atmosphere in which the good life can have its only true flowering. This is the Dodd-Brookshire faith. . . . Ashleigh.

AND sure enough it seemed like why Mr. Ashleigh had truly spoken, because, look, the very next morning who should turn up in the fur department but Tom Thomas!

He was terribly worried.

"Miss Connor, I just had to see you! I got a call from my lady friend about midnight. She wanted to make up and said if I didn't give her another chance she'd—well—she'd harm herself!"

The Dodd-Brookshire employee is never to be obtrusive; but always to be cheerfully helpful. . . . Ashleigh.

Sybelle smiled amusedly at Mr. Thomas.

"I do hope you are not all upset, Mr. Thomas!"

"You think she's just bluffing?"

"I most certainly do!"

"Just wants to get me back on the hook, eh?"

"A girl of her type would do anything when driven to the last resort. Of course, it is none of my affair, Mr. Thomas, but my impersonal advice would be just to ignore her!"

"Phew! That's a relief. I was plumb worried—couldn't hardly get any of my sleep."

"You poor man. Have you partaken of any breakfast?"

"Nope, I ain't. I been walking around waiting for the store to open and—"

Followed then three exciting days for Sybelle. It turned out that Mr. Thomas did not hafta go back to the ranch right away; in fact, something got the matter with Mr. Thomas' truck. He and Sybelle attended a foreign movie at the Filmarte Theater the first evening, a Hollywood Bowl "concert under the stars" the second evening and the third evening they went to see Tallulah Bankhead in a truly legitimate play.

Then, tragedy. Tom Thomas announced that he was leaving for Chino the next (Sunday) morning. He did not speak of marriage—or even of love. And Sybelle realized that she loved Tom Thomas. Also, that maybe she had overdone the Dodd-Brookshire attitude.

The time of dreadfully final parting had come. Sybelle's taxi extravagantly waited in front of Mr. Thomas' hotel while he, hat in hand, was saying: "It's sure been a privilege knowing a girl like you, Miss Connor. It was just good business on your account, I guess—because I sure am going to buy a fur coat at Dodd-Brookshire some day soon—but I certainly appreciate it. You've opened my eyes."

Desperate, Sybelle thought of dropping the elaborate pretense that "Daddy dear met her at the Beverly-Wilshire hotel corner and whisked her away to Brentwood." She thought of saying, "Mr. Thomas, I wish you would escort me home to Glendale." She weighed the dreadful expediency of having Mr. Thomas meet Pop and Mom, routed out of bed at this hour. But fear of the discovery of her deception halted her. That and the sternest admonition of Mr. Ashleigh:

Great business institutions, like great souls, are built by an inflexible devotion to the highest ideals. Come what may, Dodd-Brookshire will not falter. To falter is to accept defeat. . . . Ashleigh.

"Look," Sybelle said, gaily, "you won't have to shove off so very bright and early. You haven't seen—uh—Mulholland Drive. I'll wangle Mother's flivver and take you for a ride in the morning. Yes?"

Tom Thomas said it sure would be mighty fine of her to do that.

They started off the next morning out Wilshire Boulevard toward Hollywood. Sybelle chattered with hysterical fluency, trying to decide on some plan of action. How does a girl that convinces a fella she is a perfect lady show him she is still kinda human and just folks without disgusting him that she is just a liar . . . ?

"Look out!"

A large, shiny truck dashed from a side street without making the boulevard stop. Sybelle jammed on the brakes and swerved. But it was too late. Her flivver careened smack into the rear section of the truck, with a crunching of front fender and a clatter of headlight glass.

The smartly uniformed truck driver leaned out of his cab:

"Another woman driver, huh? Why didn't you keep your eyes on the road, sister?"

Sybelle just simply went all to pieces inside. The Irish in her why it seemed like—

"You gotta nerve, you big dumb lunkhead!" she screamed. "Lookit what you done! Just lookit! Stop grinning—it ain't funny, you dirty bohunk nitwit. Whyn'tcha make the boulevard stop? Can'tcha *read?* Wash your ears and wipe your nose an' go back to school—but first you're gonna pay every cent my car costs to fix, you big dough-bellied, gnat-brained cluck!"

THIS truck driver made some snide, snooty remarks in answer and Sybelle, looking up, saw the neatly scripted sign, "DODD-BROOKSHIRE," on the side of the truck. Then, well, she kinda lost her temper . . .

Ooooh, it was all so wonderful. Mr. Thomas collared the truck driver and made him apologize on his knees to Sybelle right in the middle of the street. A dirty crook copper came along and arrested Mr. Thomas and Sybelle and the truck driver. And right in the police station Tom Thomas put an arm around Sybelle and said: "Don't worry, honey. You sure told him! You sure told 'em all. This is still a free country!"

But the most marvelous part of all was next morning, when, after the marriage ceremony, Tom Thomas escorted Sybelle to the office of Mr. Ashleigh, personnel manager of Dodd-Brookshire. Sybelle had wanted merely to write Dodd-Brookshire a letter resigning her position. But Mr. Thomas said that wouldn't be square and aboveboard.

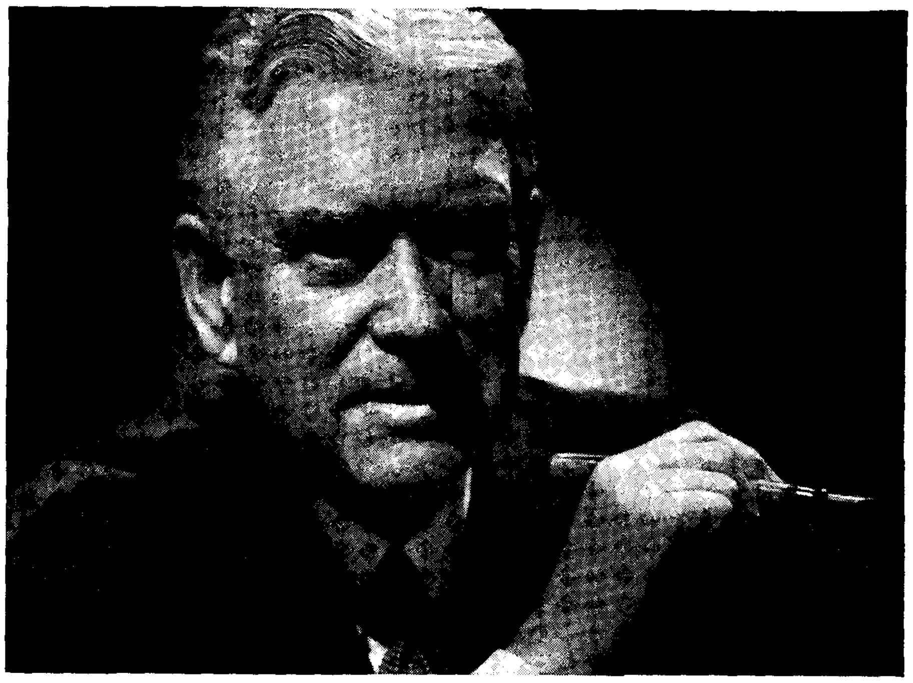
Well, this Mr. Ashleigh kinda frowned behind his big desk when Tom Thomas told him—and looked at Sybelle real sad.

"Such short notice, Miss Connor," he said, regretfully, "and after your very intemperate complaint against the Trucking Service—this is hardly the Dodd-Brookshire attitude, do you think?"

It really was a scream. Because Sybelle just simply giggled right in Mr. Ashleigh's prim and proper face and said:

"Bushwa, Mr. Ashleigh. When a girl's gotta get married she's gotta!"

Let the doctor's judgment guide you in your choice of a laxative



YOUR doctor is a guardian of health. He knows that many things that seem unimportant to you may be vital to your well-being.

For instance, doctors expect a laxative to measure up to certain definite standards before giving it their approval. If your doctor would write down his requirements for a laxative, these are the points he would consider important:

WHAT DOCTORS LOOK FOR IN A LAXATIVE

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset the digestion.

EX-LAX CHECKS ON EVERY POINT

Ex-Lax meets the doctor's demands. Meets them so completely that many doctors use Ex-Lax for themselves and for their own families.

For over 30 years mothers have been giving Ex-Lax to their children with perfect confidence. Today, Ex-Lax numbers its users in the millions. They have made it the largest-selling laxative in the whole, wide world.

ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU

Try Ex-Lax. Prove to yourself how fine a laxative it is. Ex-Lax is *not* disturbing or upsetting. Ex-Lax does *not* over-act. It does *not* "force" or cause stomach pains. Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax is thoroughly effective. Ex-Lax is particularly kind to the delicate systems of children. They need this type of laxative as much as you do—or even more.

THE TASTE IS DELIGHTFUL

Try Ex-Lax for a pleasant change from nasty, bitter medicines. Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children like it, of course, and take it without resistance . . . All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS! . . . Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds: get lots of sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the Chocolated Laxative.

When Nature forgets—
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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.
Name................................
Address................................
City................................Age..........
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Regardless of cold—this woman and her children drive in perfect comfort wherever they want to go. When blizzards howl **outside**, it is always warm **inside** her Arvin heated car.

Be Warm

This traveling salesman has to drive in all kinds of weather. Most of the time he doesn't even have to wear an overcoat in the car—his Arvin heater keeps him that warm.

in your Car

On cold days these children don't have to be bundled up like Eskimos to drive them to school or to Grandma's. They ride in a warm car... with an Arvin High-Temperature hot water heater.

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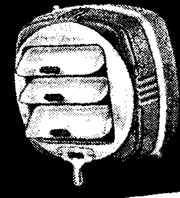

It costs so little now to enjoy the marvelous comfort of a genuine Arvin that you can't afford to take a chance on a so-called "bargain price" heater. Buy an Arvin—the heater that gives you the most heat-per-dollar value. Sold everywhere.

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Columbus, Indiana . . . *Also makers of the Arvin Radios for the car and the home*
Dole Thermostats Assure Maximum Efficiency

YOU'LL BE *Warm* WITH AN
ARVIN
HIGH-TEMPERATURE HOT-WATER
Car Heater

You Need a Change

Continued from page 28

where no legislation compels, people still will not adopt the simple means required for abating this nuisance.

The advantages of the electric light were obvious from the time of its invention. But twenty years elapsed before it was universally adopted in thickly settled communities, and twenty more before electric time- and labor-saving appliances become common. For a hundred years the shape of spectacles changed not at all, and the size increased only slightly. Grandpa and Grandma peered comically over the tops, around the sides or under their steel- or gold-rimmed frames. Only now are lenses being made to fit the eye socket and the bows arranged so that they will be held firmly in place without pressure. The rubber heel, in spite of all the advertising about "jarring your brains," took a quarter of a century to secure wide acceptance. Probably those who now zip their way through life think the zipper is a new invention. But to my knowledge it was already available in 1900, although until a very few years ago mothers, with fingers weary and worn, buttoned endless rows of buttons on children's leggings.

Until recently, I myself stubbornly clung to an old-fashioned razor, proud of my ability to wield it in either hand. I would doubtless still be using it had so much of my life not been spent on trains. I could adjust myself to the sway of the car, but was always being knocked and jostled into nicking myself by less stable fellow passengers.

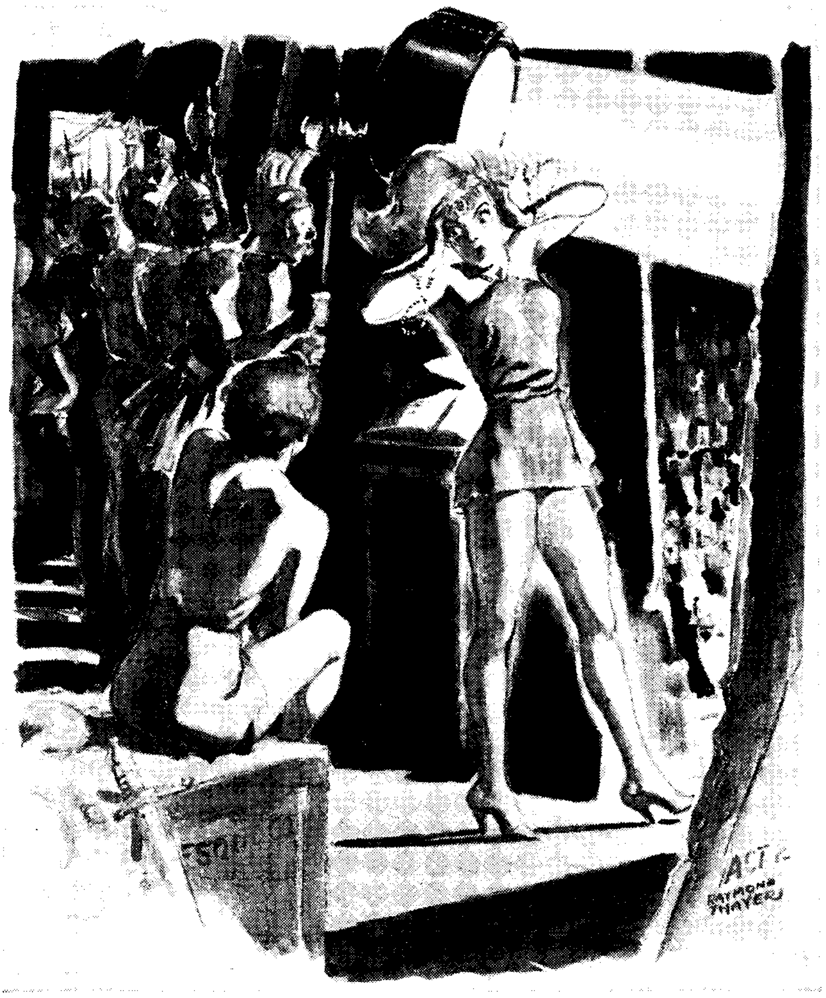
Long underwear might never have passed into the limbo of forgotten things in America had not engineers produced central heating systems which made the scratching discomfort too painful to be borne. Our British visitors use the term "central heating" with a tone of scorn and complain bitterly of our hot houses, not aware that they themselves are uncomfortable because, lacking such snug refuges, they retain perforce the heavy underwear habit.

Europeans also poke great fun at us because of our habit of taking a daily bath. The oils, they say, keep the skin in good shape, and we wash off these oils. They claim this in spite of the fact that our complexions are fully as good as theirs. We now believe wholeheartedly and firmly in the virtues of fresh air—so firmly that people will sit in drafts exposing themselves to colds and pneumonia because they are convinced that fresh air in any form is beneficial. But the battle between the open window and the shut window rages unceasingly on all fronts.

Poisoned Wells

The world over, if anyone tries to convince the owner of an open well that it is a potential source of danger, he encounters a semireligious faith in its purity. Wells are cherished with passionate intensity despite overwhelming evidence that most of them are not properly protected from surface pollution.

Up to 1900 the United States had death rates from intestinal and water-borne diseases that were tremendous, because not until then had we recognized the importance of water, although Europe had already installed good systems. Years of effort had been expended even to get boards of health to agree and city fathers to furnish appropriations for providing pure water. In most places the people themselves accepted it



"M'gosh! I can't remember whether I go on and say, 'Hurrah,' or say 'Hurrah,' and go on!" RAYMOND THAYER

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ON UNION PACIFIC'S SENSATIONAL TRAIN
The Challenger

For business or pleasure, no other method of travel can match the comfort, convenience and economy of *The Challenger.*

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CHICAGO TO LOS ANGELES (one way)	$34.50
3 meals, 1st day en route	.90
3 meals, 2nd day en route	.90
Breakfast, 3rd day en route	.25
Total	$36.55

$54.91 in Pullman Tourist sleeping car including fare, lower berth and 7 meals en route.

YOU ENJOY THESE FEATURES

- Low-cost meals—breakfasts 25c, luncheons 30c, dinners 35c in "Coffee Shop" dining car.
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THE PROGRESSIVE
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without demur because they had no voice in the matter, but it was an indirect acceptance rather than a direct conversion. At any rate it was done, and in consequence our typhoid rate now compares favorably with that of any country in the world.

It was once generally believed that typhoid fever might be caused by sewer gas, and any soil pipe in the house was regarded as a menace to the health of the inmates because it might spring a leak. But medical research has long since proved that the infection cannot be conveyed by this means. Furthermore, air ventilation can be provided for with perfect safety by a vent and a trap in the soil pipe.

Nevertheless, the Briton, once convinced of the guilt of soil pipes, refused to believe in their innocence, even though the charge against them had been dismissed. British law still bars them from inside the house. Anywhere in and about London, even on apartment and office buildings, great ugly excrescences can be seen crawling in all directions. An American friend of mine in England desired to install in his home an extra bathroom, which for architectural reasons had to be in front. But no permit could be secured unless the ugly black pipe disfigured the façade. The Briton carries his prejudices even into his scientific laboratories, where open drains in the cement floor are built to carry off wastes.

We have in our possession knowledge to improve health fifty per cent. We can make gains comparable to the past, but no longer by such indirect means as water installations and sewer systems, or even compulsory vaccinations and diphtheria immunizations in public schools. We shall, in the future, have to deal with persons rather than with things—a far more difficult undertaking. Hereafter progress will depend largely upon educating the individual into co-operation. It saddens me to think of the million headaches that occur every day and the infinity of unnecessary digestive disorders that lead to disability and premature old age. We have, I repeat, available means of prevention and could apply them—if the public would only let us.

A democracy can make haste but slowly. One of the few advantages of a dictatorship is that by a stroke of the pen an ordinance can be issued to compel changes which will, in time, alter habits.

Make 'Em Be Healthy

In China the new republic ordered off the pigtails; in Turkey Mustapha Kemal directed the women to discard their veils; in Italy Mussolini commanded the traffic to go to the right. The German Empire had secured a tremendous lead over the rest of the world in health matters by interfering with the personal habits of the most obedient of peoples. "It must be done this way," said the Kaiser, and it was done. But under the republic, instead of doing health work by ukase, it had to be conducted by propaganda; the individual became the judge of what was good for him. Without the proper machinery for mass education, health work went rapidly downhill. Now, under Hitler, the government fiat again prevails, and the health curve is rising.

Engineers have made tremendous strides in mosquito elimination, but the prevention of malaria in rural districts is primarily a problem in habit changing. Our own South suffers generally from malaria although it has been proved in Tennessee that by screening an entire community, even the rough Negro cabins, malaria could be reduced to small proportions.

In some of the Southern states the soil is constantly polluted. For years leaflets have been printed, public addresses made, lectures given in hall and home, the radio utilized and an immense force put behind the eradication of hookworm. But much hookworm still remains, a disease which could be removed from the face of the earth if a simple change in personal habits could be effected.

It has been known for a quarter of a century that a diet of hominy, molasses and pork does not contain the proper ingredients for health. Those Southerners who persist in this diet have pellagra. A broad campaign of instruction has been and is being carried on. Public health nurses have gone from door to door; prevention has been taught in the schools; both state and federal governments have taken part. The people must know that the diet is harmful, but they still follow it.

With our tremendous educational resources, and by the expenditure of enormous exertion, we have succeeded about thirty years after the information became available in accomplishing a change in the diet of children of the urban upper and middle classes.

Delights of Diet

Mary comes home from school and with enthusiasm announces, "Mother, I had a wonderful lunch."

"What did you have, dear?"

"Liver and spinach."

Mother shudders inwardly, but she has only herself to blame for this unnatural appetite. Because of the insistent educative pressure which has been exerted on her, she has bred these tastes in her child. Were it suddenly to be announced that spinach was the cause of a frightful disease probably the same effort would have to be started all over again to train her out of her present belief in the virtues of spinach.

That taste for food is a habit can be easily proved. Milk in the tropics is difficult to obtain. To meet this deficiency in Peiping a soybean preparation was developed which provided the essential ingredients of milk, but which was sickening and repugnant to the taste of anyone who first essayed it. Nevertheless, babies who had been brought up on this nauseating beverage loved it, clamored for it, absorbed it greedily and grew strong and healthy.

Our favorite dishes are generally those to which we have become accustomed in childhood. If the food habits of the family into which we marry are different, we may in time accept them, but we will always hark back in memory to "the pies that Mother used to make," though more often than not they were inferior to the modern baker's product.

The Britisher clings tenaciously to his oversupply of meat, breakfasting on kidneys, bloaters, kippered herrings, mutton chops. Despite the abstemious French *petit dejeuner*, the French diet on the whole is overbalanced with fats and proteins, while that of the Italians is highly seasoned with condiments, generally harmful. Ice water, which appears at every American restaurant and many private homes, is universally known to retard digestion. Nevertheless, the people demand it and will have it.

For the sake of conviviality and sociability more fuel is often provided for the body than is needed, and fat people are the result. We instruct our children not to pilfer the icebox before they go to bed, but to the guest we always say, "We've something to eat in the refrigerator," and ourselves set the bad example. And how many people go home immediately after the theater without having one last highball, a rarebit or, after the movie, a sandwich and glass of beer?

From the medical point of view the

(*Continued on page* 68)

Have you pleasure loving Eyes?
SCHENLEY
A Schenley PRODUCT
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
Cream of Kentucky
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
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Norman Rockwell

If you have eyes wide awake for pleasure—*and economy too*—you'll be perfectly *delighted* with this famous *"double-rich"* Kentucky straight Bourbon!

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ACE HIGH WITH ALL KINGS

WHEN kings of business meet, it's *good* business to look neat. Even a little thing like a comb becomes important. Wise wives provide the comb that saves the scalp... speeds the parting...protects precious hairs from being torn away.

It's the ACE COMB, my countrymen. Ace Combs have firm, evenly spaced teeth—as requisite in a comb as in a man. There are Ace Combs for men, women and children; for purse, pocket, or powder room; for wave setting, and for dry shampoos. 15¢, 20¢, 25¢, 35¢, 50¢, at drug and department stores.

ACE COMBS

A Product of
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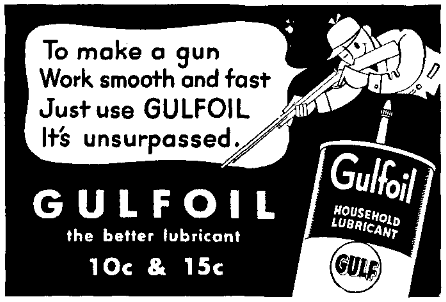

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Work smooth and fast
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It's unsurpassed.

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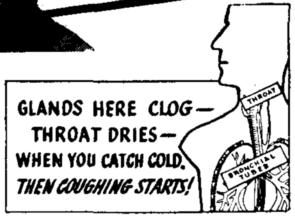
"My cough was so bad," writes Marjorie Sheerin, Brooklyn, "I called a doctor. He said to take Pertussin. *Next morning my cough was gone!*"



Your throat and your bronchial tubes are lined with tiny moisture glands. When you catch cold, these glands clog—their secretion dries. Sticky mucus collects. You feel a tickling . . . you cough!

To stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture, use PERTUSSIN. A spoonful or two increases the flow of your throat's moisture. Germ-laden phlegm loosens, is easily expelled. Soon—relief! Safe even for babies. Tastes good. Get a bottle now!

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440 Washington Street, N. Y. C.
Please send—at once—generous trial bottle of Pertussin—*free!*

Name____________________

Address____________________

(Continued from page 67)

social custom of tea dancing, dinner dancing, night-club dancing, is silly. The food on the table gets cold. Nor does it digest well when muscular effort is being simultaneously exerted. When the farmer swallows his lunch and rushes off to the field to pitch hay, he is no more sensible than the commuter who lies late abed, bolts his breakfast, and runs to the station to catch his train.

Moreover, food does not digest well when a person is tired. Hence, dinner at night is far from ideal, although business routine makes it impossible in the average home to arrange life otherwise. If I could live as I want to, I would have a big breakfast immediately upon rising and a reasonably good lunch. Toast and a glass of milk would end the day peacefully. I realize that the adult has no hope of attaining such a goal, although he so orders his children's lives that the rising generation is thriving as no generation has ever done before.

We consistently fail to apply recognized physiological rules to ourselves. Wherever we go we eat, although we have had more fuel at our regular meals than the machine can utilize. Motoring along a country road, sooner or later we succumb to hot dogs, barbecue sandwiches or some patent form of ice cream. On the train the candy butcher shouts, "Peanuts, popcorn, chewing gum and chocolate," and rarely in vain. The indigestible masses of food absorbed at picnics—deviled eggs, pickles, cold chicken, cake—more than offset the benefits of fresh air and sun.

Treachery at the Table

Perhaps the primary guilt for the habit of overeating might be assigned to the French who took such interest in the art of cooking. They discovered means of stimulating taste goblets in the tongue and thereby made people all over the world food-conscious. The Germans, the Austrians, the Italians, believe, even more strongly than we, that people must be crammed with food. The *pension*, or American-plan hotel, and ocean liners cater to this philosophy; the food is free and every diner eats thereof to capacity.

Many individuals might attain a happier life by leading a simpler one. Meals, for instance, proceed according to a set order of courses. It is not necessarily the right one. In fact, if the meal should begin with dessert, the sweet would dull the appetite and we might eat less.

Holidays are traditionally devoted to overeating. Do you remember Thanksgiving Day when you were a child? The kitchen a bustle of activity, the turkey being stuffed, the smell of hot cookies and cranberries and mince and pumpkin pies, rare treats in the form of nuts, raisin clusters, fruits and candy; the familiar odors bringing smiles to the faces of the old people, who smacked their lips over their own memories, and also to the children who squirmed anticipatorily; then, in mid-afternoon, the consummation of all this preparation.

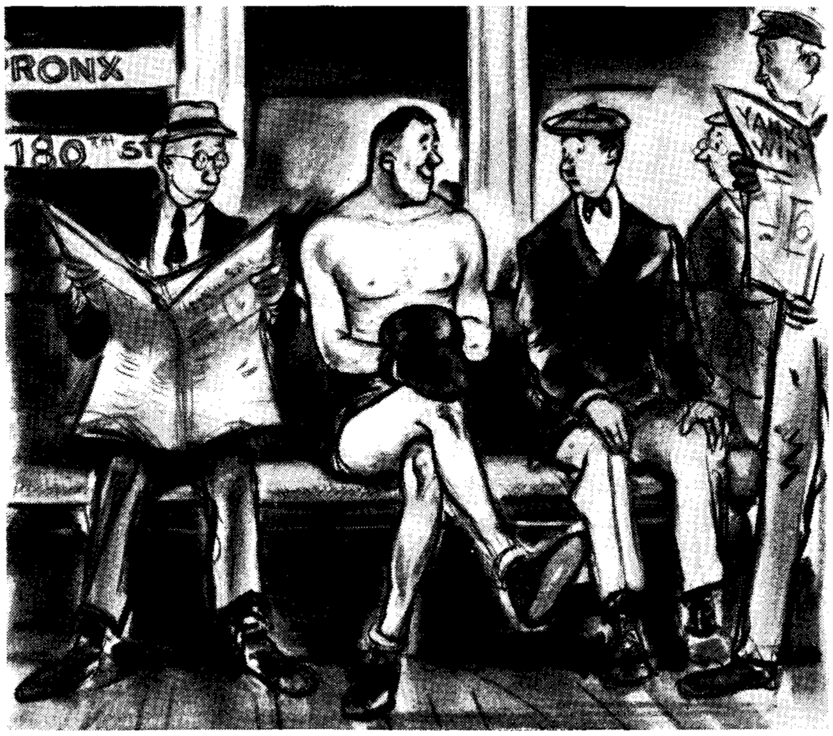
Everybody was thoroughly happy; nobody spared a thought for his stomach.

The Chemist's Nightmare

Imagine this much-abused organ as a chemical laboratory which is prepared to supply differing digestive juices for the various constituents of the meal. Delivery is made through a tube. First, celery stalks flavored with salt and mixed with olives put in an appearance. The chemist begins to sort, but before the task is more than started, along comes a flood of soup, ingredients unknown, accompanied by crackers. The correct distribution is barely under way when down come turkey, potatoes, turnips, corn, beans, peas, cranberry sauce, bread, jelly (homemade, in which Mother takes much pride), and greens doused with vinegar. In a perfect frenzy, the chemist gives emergency orders, but almost immediately a mug of ice-cold cider floods the laboratory, stopping the whole process. Everything has to be warmed up again, but the chill is barely off when mince pie, compounded of spices, meat, nuts, apples and raisins, piles in. Though he may work ever so faithfully, the chemist cannot cope with the situation, particularly when upon the mound is heaped fruit, nuts and candy.

Such occasions stand out as high lights in our memories. To change a way of existence once adopted is repugnant to our whole psychology. Life is but a tissue of habits, and we believe deeply that the old ways are the best ways. "As comfortable as an old shoe" or "like an old glove it wears well" are favorite maxims. Age is surrounded by a shining halo of sanctity, sometimes so blinding as to shut out the light.

"Habit with him was all the test of truth; 'it must be right: I've done it from my youth.'"



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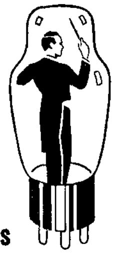

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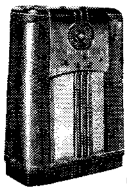

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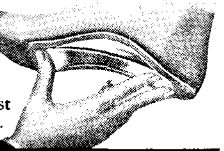

Dr Scholl's
FOOT COMFORT APPLIANCES
AND REMEDIES FOR ALL FOOT TROUBLES

Head First

Continued from page 17

When Stanford lost to Columbia and Alabama in the Rose Bowl, we were licked by Old Man Psychology, and no one else. The eastern sports writers talked us out of the Columbia game. They took us for a ride in the newspapers and we fell for it.

An interesting mental hazard confronted us. The East was fed up with victories of western football teams over their eastern rivals in intersectional games. The sports writers wanted the western team to lose. So they wrote a lot of stories to the effect that Columbia couldn't beat a good college team if it tried. The western papers picked up the story. The kids on our team read it, thought they were pretty good and that Columbia was just a push-over.

Days of Terrific Tension

They approached the game expecting to have a lot of fun with Columbia. But when the whistle blew they found themselves out on a field that was ankle-deep in mud and cold water. That wasn't so much fun. So they went into play in a halfhearted way against a team that was eager to win. We should have won. Stanford gained four times as much ground in the game as did Columbia. Bobby Grayson personally gained more ground than the whole Columbia team combined. Five times the Stanford team had chances to score and failed. The kids got the idea that the breaks were all against them. The Columbia team didn't have much to do with it except that when their opportunity came they romped over the Stanford goal line for one touchdown and won the game.

The Alabama game was lost pretty much on mental attitude also. We had a stronger line than Alabama. Our backfield was more versatile and a greater threat on power plays. The Alabamians, like most teams from the South, had a fine passing attack, but we had one, too. We had used the passing threat more that season than they had. On paper we were the better team.

Alabama opened up with a long pass that broke up our teamwork. They flipped over another one and that was a jolt to our self-confidence. Then Howell and Hutson began flipping the ball around like a couple of shortstops. The Stanford team relied on power plays and every time they pushed the Alabamians down the field and scored, Howell flipped another pass to Hutson. In the bat of an eyelash they took the lead again. Our kids figured "The luck's against us. What's the use?"

A Heavy Blow

It is always some unexpected thing that gives Old Man Psychology his opportunity to wreck your well-made plans to win the ball game. Take the game that we played against Northwestern in Chicago a few years ago.

In the first quarter the wind was blowing against us so hard that our punts blew right back in our faces. In the first half Bill Sims intercepted a Northwestern pass and raced over the line for a touchdown. The referee tooted for a penalty and called the play back. Twice when Stanford's pass receivers were in the clear the ball was blown away from them by the high wind. When the gun sounded at the end of the first half we had the ball on the one-inch line. During that game we had six chances to score, but we couldn't cash in on them. The boys got the idea there was a jinx after them, and there went the ball game.

The psychology setup of the last Rose Bowl contest was about the most interesting I have ever encountered in any football game. This time the papers were full of stories about the Texas Mustangs and their passing attack. They were going to toss the pigskin around just as though it were a baseball. No ordinary team could stop them. Not even a good football team that depended upon power plays.

The Stanford boys were all set to go. They knew that they were in for a tough battle and that it was no setup. They knew the Mustangs played unorthodox football and they were liable to do anything.

The two or three days before the Rose Bowl game have always been days of terrific tension. Prior to the Alabama game I made the mistake of giving a blackboard talk. It only added to the strain. I would never make that mistake again.

Before this last game we just wisecracked, told stories and kidded around. We had a lot of horseplay to break the tension. I tried to get the boys laughing so that they would forget about the Rose Bowl. The morning of the game they had settled down quite a lot.

We went out to the Bowl an hour and a half before the game started. That was to avoid being caught in the traffic.

"Just get your clothes off and sit around and chew the fat," I said. "Forget about the damn' ball game."

They did that. Just before it was time to go out on the field I called the squad together.

"I am not going to give you a fight talk," I said. "You have played together all year. There is nothing new to tell you. You know what you have to do."

Then I named the fellows who were playing their last game for Stanford. Grayson, Hamilton, Muller, Adams, Rouble, Topping, Moscrip, Reynolds and Black.

"This is your last crack at it," I said. "It's up to you."

Jinx or Swell Head

Out they went, as psychologically right as any football team that ever trotted onto a field.

The boys not only played good football, but they worked the old psychology game on the other team right out there in the line-up. They would get all set and then talk the Mustangs into doing what they wanted them to do. In their huddles they worked out frame-ups, then walked up to the line and put them over.

One of the best Mustang players was Spain, the big tackle. At one critical point in the game when the Stanford offense lined up, Hamilton shouted to Grayson, "You can't run over Spain. He's an All-America. Better go over the other way."

Grayson argued back and they put on quite a quarrel while they were getting ready for the signals. The Mustangs took it all in. They got so interested that they let down their guard. Then Grayson and Hamilton, working like one man, romped right over Spain.

Once a series of bad breaks put the Mustangs on our three-yard line with the ball in their possession. Normally in a pickle like that a team goes into a seven-man-line defense. But Muller, our center, stayed out of line, leaving only six men to hold the Mustangs. While Southern Methodist was still in the huddle, Grayson went over to Muller.

"You'd better get in that line. They'll be romping right through us over your position."

(Continued on page 70)

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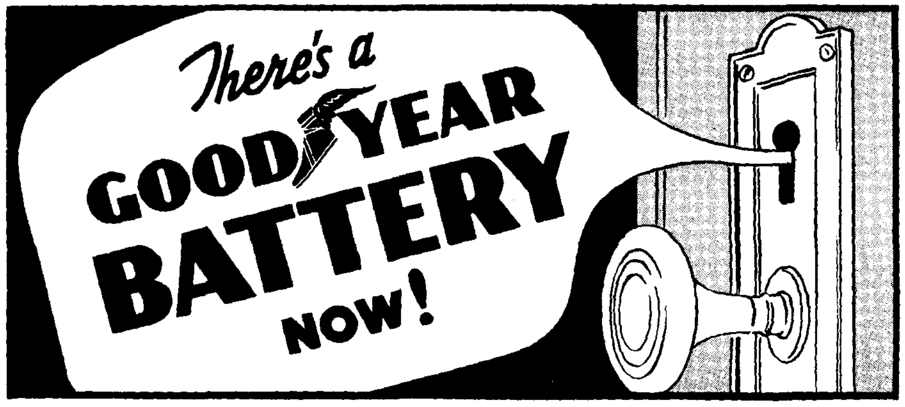

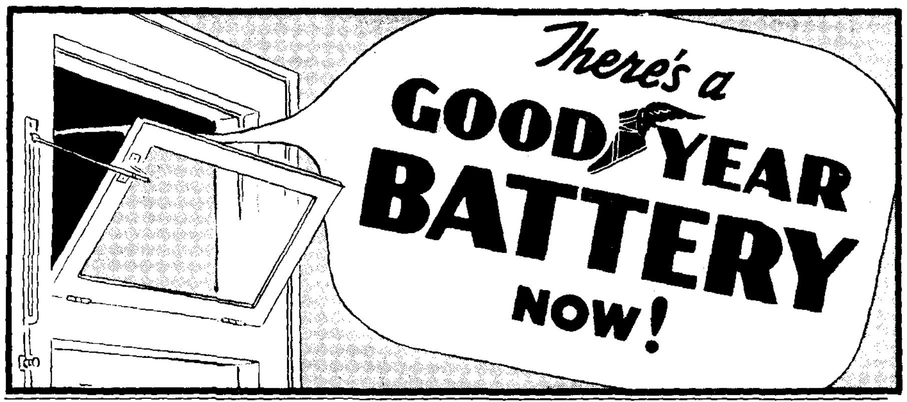

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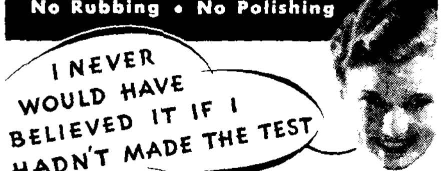
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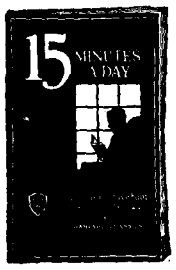

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(Continued from page 69)

Muller argued back with Grayson, who was field captain of our team.

"You tend to your own job and I'll handle mine," he yelled, feigning anger. They put on quite a fight, blaming each other because the Mustangs were down there.

The Mustangs took it all in, then lined up for their play. To their surprise, Muller crashed through the line, lifted the ball out of their halfback's hands like a flash almost the instant it had been passed from center. The ball never touched the ground at all. If Muller had not stumbled he would have raced the whole length of the field for a touchdown himself. As it was, the boys had talked the ball out of the Mustangs' possession and wiped out the only serious threat to the Stanford goal line.

One reason Old Man Psychology is so tough is that the old boy never hits you twice in the same place. One day he socks you with a jinx. The next time he uses the swell head. Take that time my old Pitt team was upset by little Bucknell.

The Underdog Fights Harder

Bucknell had played good ball all season, but when they came up to play us we thought that all we had to do was walk out on the field and Bucknell would be scared to death. Everybody thought it was a cinch. We monkeyed around for half of the game. It seemed that everything we *did do* was backwards. We couldn't get going. Bucknell picked up a fumble and ran for a touchdown. Then when we did put on the pressure in the second half, we made several mistakes. They kicked a field goal so that we had to make two touchdowns to beat them. There wasn't enough time left to do it.

I was up against a similar situation in our game with U. S. C. last year. We had beaten U. S. C. two years straight. The kids figured that the vow they had taken as sophomores never to yield to U. S. C. was working on the minds of the Trojan players. They figured the Trojans were as good as licked already.

I realized that if I didn't frame some kind of psychology my team would be cocky and overconfident and lose the ball game. About ten days before the U. S. C. game I told the boys that everybody expected us to beat the Trojans and that Howard Jones would take advantage of the psychological effect to fox us out of the game.

"We'd better be ready for the toughest game of the season," I warned the boys. "We're up on top and they're way down on the bottom. There isn't anything they wouldn't do to knock us over."

In the dressing room before that game there was a very high tension. I guess I put the alarm on too heavily, because the squad swung from overconfidence to the jitters in almost no time at all. Then in looking around I discovered Grayson was missing. I looked all over but couldn't find him. Finally I said, "Anybody seen Grayson?" But no one had missed him up till that time. Then the heat was on. No field general. We were just about ready to go out on the field when in walks Grayson.

"Where the devil have you been?" I asked him.

"I've been in jail," said Grayson.

In Person

He explained that he had borrowed a car to visit somebody, and as he was hurrying to the Coliseum, he had run through a stop signal. A cop had overhauled him. The copper asked Bobby for his license. Bobby didn't have one. In a borrowed car, with no driver's license, it looked as though he had stolen a machine. Bobby explained who he was and that he had to get out to the game.

"If you're Bobby Grayson, I'm Joe Louis," said the cop. "Come on down to the station, Bobby."

At the station they looked up pictures in the sports section of the newspaper and decided he was Bobby Grayson after all and they let him go, just in time to get to the game.

Bobby's story was so funny it relieved the tension right away and put the kids in an entirely different frame of mind. They kidded him about it all through the game, which was a tough one.

During the game Grayson was knocked out as stiff as a board. They carried him off the field and put him on a blanket on the side lines. When Bobby came to he was lying on his back looking up at a blimp overhead. He was still woozy and was trying to make out the letters of advertising which trailed behind the blimp. Then he realized there was a ball game going on.

"What's the score?" he demanded.

Somebody said nothing to nothing.

"My God. I've got to get out there."

Of course I couldn't put him right back in. But when I put him back in the last quarter, he engineered the ball down to a position where Moscrip could kick a field goal, the only points scored in the ball game.

I would rather go into a game as coach of the underdog team than as the mentor of a squad for whom the sports writers are whooping it up. The underdog always fights harder. You can give the underdog team a better mental build-up than you can the favorite.

About the best job of upsetting the applecart I ever saw was in New York when the Stanford team went to play the Army. Army had a great team that year led by Chris Cagle, an All-America halfback and a spectacular player. Stanford wasn't supposed to have a prayer with the Army.

Pop Warner worked one of the oddest psychological angles I've ever known to fire up that Stanford team. Most of the boys on the squad were blonds. Pop dug up some scientist's discovery that brunets were more virile than fair-haired lads. He worked up quite a discourse on the subject and handed it to the boys, pointing out the fact that the two or three outstanding players on the team were dark.

The Blond Whirlwind

He said that blonds were the most flighty and in a pinch they couldn't be depended upon. The idea certainly put the blonds on their mettle. They worked their heads off to prove that Pop was wrong. By the time we reached New York, they were a gang of fair-haired boys eager to prove that all Nordics were not door mats.

We found ourselves stopping at the same hotel with the Oregon State team which was to play New York University the Thursday before our game with the Army. Oregon State had been kicked around by Pacific Coast teams that year and we felt sorry for them because N. Y. U. was on the up and up. To make matters worse, some of the Oregon players had the flu. They looked terrible. Most of the Oregonians were blonds, too, and to our great surprise they went out and walloped N. Y. U., which ran to dark-haired players.

That was the spark that fired the Stanford boys. If Oregon State could do it, so could they. From then on they were mentally ripe and we had nothing more to worry about. The more the newspapers pitied us and talked about us as a bunch of ham ballplayers, the more determined the Stanford players became. The more the sports writers talked about how silly Chris Cagle would make the Stanford defense look, the more the team determined to bottle him up.

That is exactly what happened. The boys hemmed up Cagle so completely that it stunned the Army team. Time after time Stanford broke through the Army line and threw Cagle for big losses. Army just couldn't figure it out. The game ended 26 to 0.

The secret of playing the old psychology game in football, in my opinion, is to recognize that you have a lot of different types of boys on your team and deal with them as individuals rather than as a squad. This is exactly the opposite of the ideas held by the old-fashioned coach. He used to crack down on his players and try to make them mean and cross on the theory that they would go out and fight harder for Alma Mater.

But those days are gone for good. I have never given but one fight talk in my life. I have always believed that fight talks don't do a bit of good. If a boy is in good physical condition to play, all you have to do is run your coaching to make him like to play. It is human nature to like to do things without being told. I have given individual fight talks to boys, catching them between the dressing room and the playing field. I try to tell each player what is the matter with him when he and I are alone. I never embarrass him before the whole crowd.

Before the game I usually talk to the team in an ordinary tone of voice and tell them what I think they can do. I try to anticipate what the other team will do and tell the boys how to stop them by certain plays. If I see they are getting nervous I usually begin to tell stories.

Between halves in the dressing room I let the boys relax for the first five minutes. I study over the list of notes from the assistant coach who has been watching the play from the stands. Then I open up and give them a few suggestions. If a player isn't blocking properly I say to him, "The trouble is you are lunging against that fellow and he is skidding by you. Try to make him come to you."

Each outstanding football coach has had his individual ways of working his players up to the proper emotional pitch for the game. There are a lot of ways to work the old psychology game.

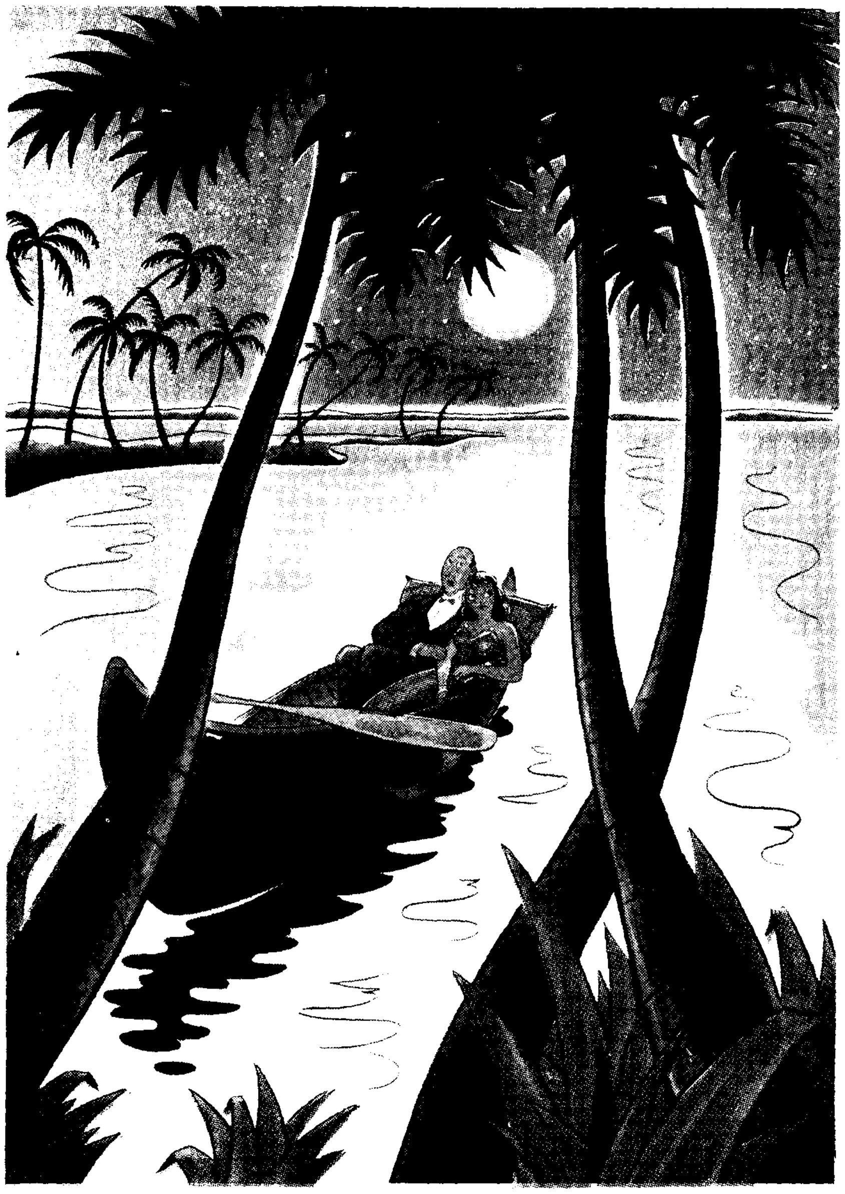
The most unusual in my experience was that used by Uncle Charlie Moran to steam up the "Praying Colonels" of Centre College. Outwardly Uncle Charlie was a very hard-boiled character. He came from Horse Cave, Kentucky, up in the hills where men are men and not softies. He could swear like a trooper and was ready to fight at the drop of a hat.

Rockne Was a Showman

But his hard-boiled side was just a mask. Uncle Charlie was very sensitive, almost chickenhearted. He was a spellbinder and during his talks to the team before the game tears would run down his face. The boys would get worked up, too. When he left the dressing room they would drop on their knees and pray as earnestly as evangelists. By the time they finished this ceremony they were ready to fight the world.

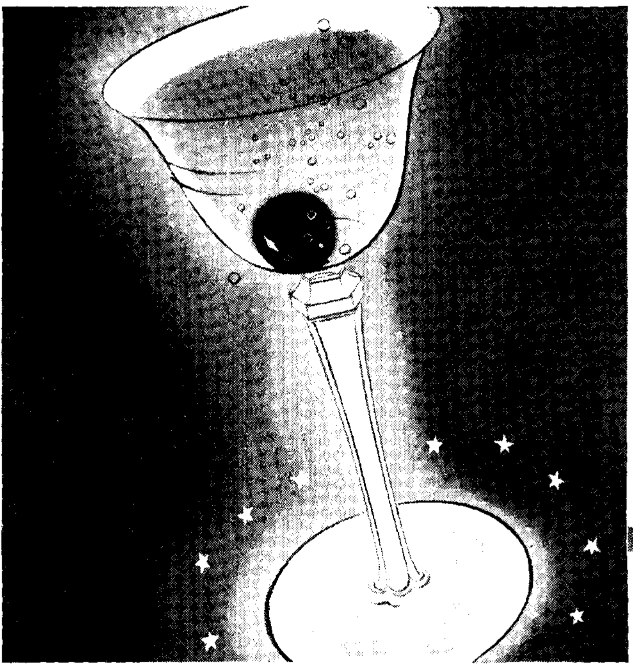
Knute Rockne was another spellbinder. He was a born showman. He made a great scene of his fight talks and worked on the emotions of the "Fighting Irish" until they were ripe to put forth

(Continued on page 72)



"Marry me, Gwendolyn, and I'll take you away from all this!"

FRANK BEAVEN



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And it cannot be repeated too often that the *flavor* of Club Cocktails *improves by standing in bottles.* The bouquet takes on a full-bloom character which is a supreme reward to the expectant palate.

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G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO. HARTFORD, CONN.

HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB COCKTAILS

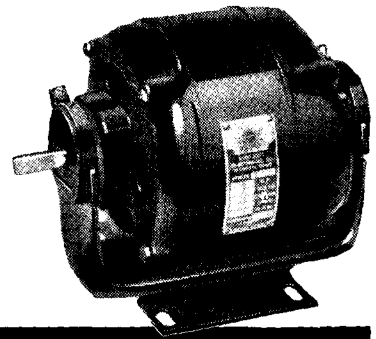
8 kinds prepared and bottled by
HEUBLEIN OF HARTFORD

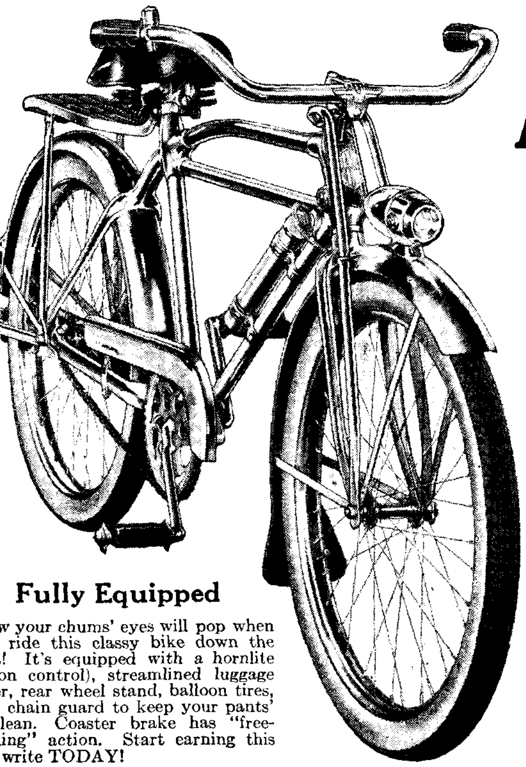
A Suggestion to husbands
SUNLIGHT ELECTRIC MOTORS

There's a girl who's wondering what you'll give her for Christmas. And maybe, while you're considering something soft and lacy, she is hoping for a gift that will lighten her household drudgery.. a *new* washing machine, for example . . . one that will save her more time and energy, one that is safer and easier to operate. Why not examine the new washing machines yourself? And here's a suggestion: If you want to give her the best, choose a washer that is powered by a Sunlight motor—the sturdy motor which has supplied dependable power for most of the better washing machines for more than twenty-two years.

Product of General Motors

SUNLIGHT ELECTRICAL COMPANY WARREN OHIO





EARN THIS Aluminum BIKE!

BOYS, 12 to 16! A 1936 model deluxe Silver King bicycle for you! It's a beauty! Long, low, fully streamlined. Made of aluminum alloy; 20% lighter than most bikes; has bow-arch frame. Swift, classy, strong. A bike you'll be proud to own!

You can earn it, and any of 300 other big prizes, including a typewriter, printing press, musical instruments, clothing. Make MONEY at the same time! Just deliver Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, and The American Magazine to customers whom you secure in your neighborhood. Many boys earn a prize the first day; you can, too, if you try! To start, write *at once* to

Jim Thayer, Dept. C-143
The Crowell Publishing Co.
Springfield . . . . Ohio

Fully Equipped

How your chums' eyes will pop when YOU ride this classy bike down the street! It's equipped with a hornlite (button control), streamlined luggage carrier, rear wheel stand, balloon tires, and a chain guard to keep your pants' leg clean. Coaster brake has "free-wheeling" action. Start earning this bike; write TODAY!

THERE'S A GOOD YEAR BATTERY NOW!

(Continued from page 71)

superhuman efforts. He played the psychology game for all it was worth.

Pop Warner talks to his boys in that low, slow drawl of his. He gives his players very few instructions. When things were going wrong I have seen Pop come in between halves and spit and sputter and mumble to himself so that nobody knew exactly what he was talking about. But we always felt for the Old Fox and somehow Warner teams always managed to go out on the field and do better in the second half than they did in the first. That's the real test.

"Hurry-up" Yost of Michigan was the old driver type. He pounded his point-a-minute teams for more action, more scoring. That was considered the thing to do in those days. The coach was boss, the czar. His word was final. In those days the football coach was the miracle man. Today college players are too sophisticated to take the hard-boiled talk from a coach of the Yost or Andy Smith driver type.

Alonzo Stagg is more of the sentimental type of coach. Stagg is a fine character. He lives the way he talks and the boys know it. You might say that Stagg was the inspirational type of coach. So was Percy Haughton of Harvard.

Howard Jones introduced something new in psychology when he built up the Southern California Trojans for their amazing seven-year winning streak. Jones is the businesslike coach. He makes it short and snappy and crisp.

He has a sort of big-corporation relationship with his players. He is "Mr. Jones" to everybody on the team. The boys wouldn't think of calling him by his first name. He has strict rules and his word is final. He is never abusive nor rough. "Gosh darn" and "Sam Hill" are probably the strongest language he ever used. He is never emotional. But he can give his players the very devil in a cutting, sarcastic sort of way that is very dignified and reserved.

Lou Little of Columbia follows a psychology something like my own although he is more strict with his men than I am. Environment may have something to do with it. Out on the Stanford farm we horse around and the boys and I are just a bunch of kids together. I try to treat them all as equals. I try to make them feel that they are all part of the game and not just pieces of machinery.

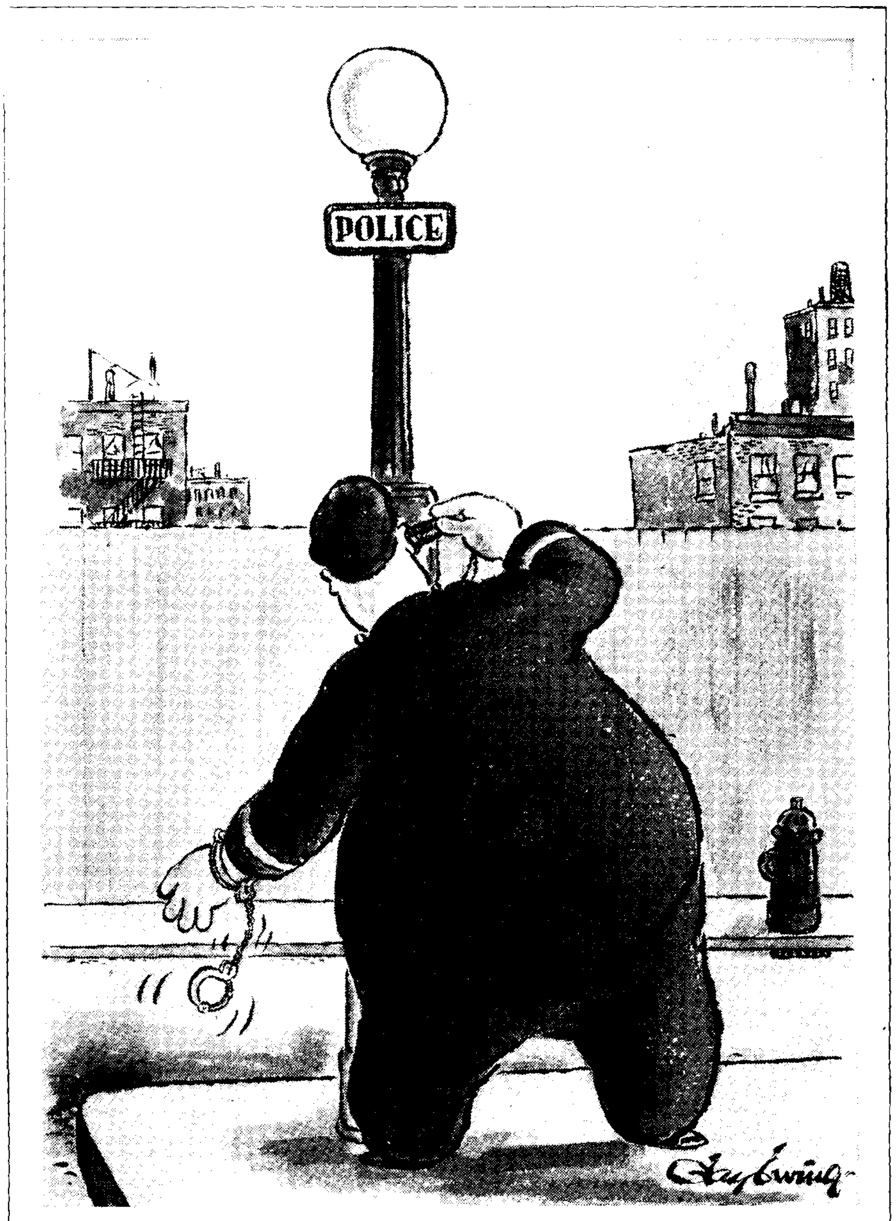
Easy Does It

"Here's a brain storm of mine," I tell them, when I have a new play. "Let's try it and see if you think it will work."

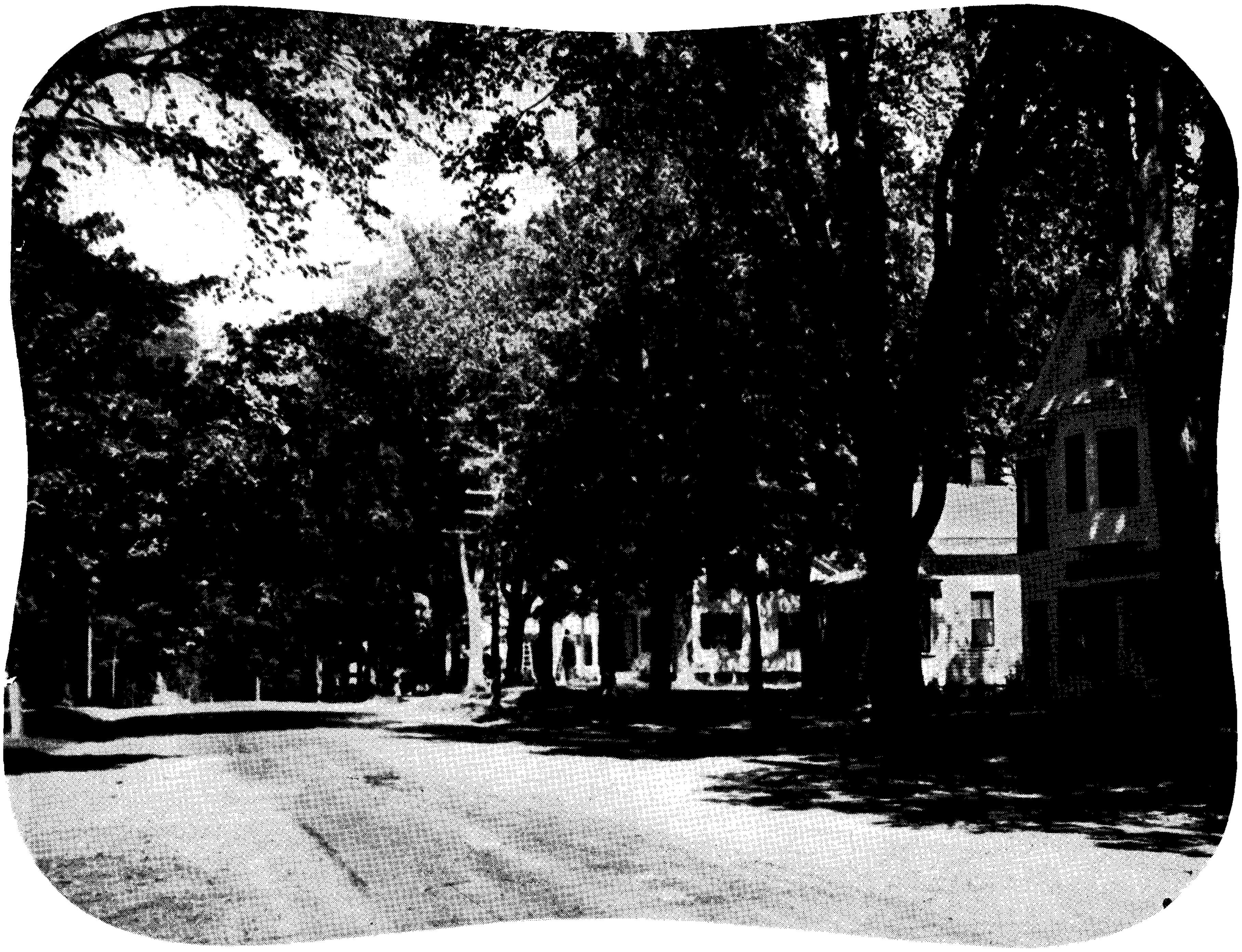
It has been my idea that if you take a bunch of kids and let them have fun at the game and don't make it hard work, you will get results. Maybe I am kidding myself, but what makes me think I'm not is this: After the Rose Bowl game had wound up our strenuous football season and made it possible for the kids to break training and relax, I said to them:

"What are you fellows going to do in the afternoons now?"

They just looked at one another and said nothing. But when we got back to the farm on the first afternoon most of them were out in their practice suits kicking and running and tackling and blocking as hard as ever, just for the fun of it. It must have been for the fun of it, because most of them had already played their last college game.



"Hullo! Gimme th' Missing Persons Bureau!" JAY IRVING



What is the fare to Easy Street?

FOR ANY MAN, the fare to Easy Street is but a few cents a day.

You, let us say, want a certain sum of money by the time your temples are gray—$5,000, $10,000, $25,000 or more—enough to make you financially secure. Or enough to send your boy or girl to college, enough to buy a business of your own, enough to someday buy that "little place in the country" you've dreamed about.

Very well—you simply determine the amount of money you think you will need for these things. And through Investors Syndicate you can literally buy your own future *on easy terms.*

And you don't have to be a *young* man to do this. Any man with ten or fifteen years of earning power left—*even a moderate earning power*—can make a financial success of his life.

An Investors Syndicate representative can tell you *how.* He can tell you exactly how much money you need put aside.

He can show you how small sums of money put aside regularly will, through the power of compound interest, return to you $5,000, $10,000, $25,000—any amount you determine to have.

He can demonstrate to you the soundness of this plan, and how this money will be safeguarded in your interest—by an institution which, for nearly half a century, has enjoyed the endorsement of authorities in sound finance. An institution which, during every year of its entire life has met every obligation on time, when due.

Ask a representative to see you. Ask him to explain the *Living Protection* plan. And today, write Investors Syndicate, Dept. C-611, Minneapolis, Minn., for a copy of *A New Plan of Life*—a booklet that every man should read.

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Established 1894
Living Protection... everyman's road
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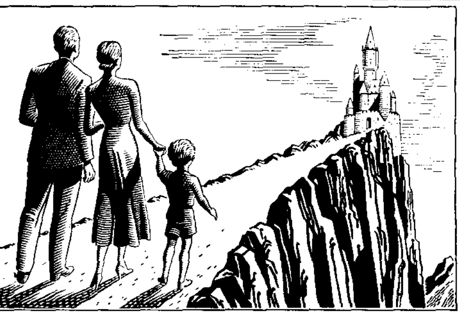

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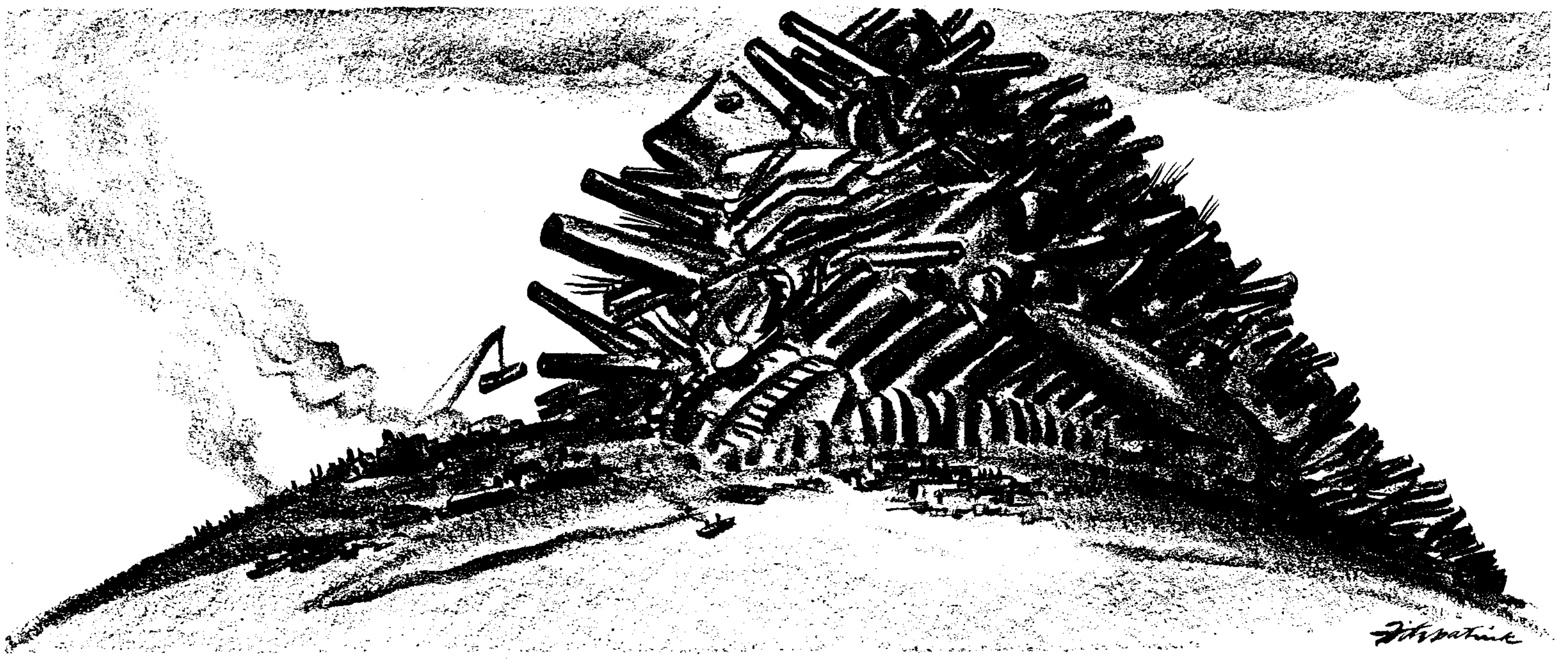

The Struggle for Peace

THE joy with which the word of the Armistice was received eighteen years ago was not simulated. No press agents or propagandists were required to whip up public interest. The agony of war was its own messenger. Throughout the world the prospect of peace was hailed with tumultuous enthusiasm.

When the fighting ceased, strong public-spirited men gathered together in Paris to lay the foundations of a permanent peace. The treaties written were soon unpopular but few back in 1919 guessed that armaments would increase and not decrease during the years ahead.

Yet this is precisely what has happened. The Russian army today is immensely more powerful than its predecessor was in 1914. The Italian forces are larger and better equipped. So, too, are the French and British. Germany either is already as well armed as back in 1914 or soon will be.

Appropriations for military purposes were never greater except during actual war. Immense sums are being expended on armaments by every large country and by many small ones. The vast appropriations are made for armies and navies in spite of the poverty of the peoples.

The government of every important power has endless needs for the money now being expended on the creation of larger armies and navies. Japanese farmers grumble over the bitter poverty of their homes and yet taxes must be found for the support of an army capable of fighting Russia and a navy adequate in case of war with Great Britain or the United States.

The people of Italy, Russia, Britain, France, Germany or the United States could use profitably and pleasantly the sums now expended on fighting forces. Left to themselves no people really wants war. A few zealots and militarists are forever talking about the holiness of killing but when they have the chance to express themselves the people generally are not interested.

But we go on arming just the same. Instead of using our resources to lift the common standard of living, to provide better education, better health protection, finer recreation and the facilities generally for better living, throughout the world billions are appropriated to provide the machinery of destruction and to train young men in the most modern arts of dealing out death.

Are we and all other people nursing notions of national suicide? We know that another large-scale war might result in the practical annihilation of this civilization. Japanese, Russians, Germans, Italians, Americans, all informed people, are clearly aware of the inherent dangers. None of us individually or as a nation wants to die, to be impoverished or to see our civilization destroyed. But we go on arming.

Why? Chiefly because we are afraid. Fear is not the only driving force in this strange campaign. Covetousness plays its part in the plans of at least three governments. Fear, however, is the principal motive.

If we were not apprehensive of what might happen, if we were completely safe from attack it would be exceedingly difficult to get an appropriation for the Navy. We just don't quite dare to trust to the good intentions of other peoples. But we are certainly not going to attack any other government.

The same sentiments prevail in varying degrees in other lands. The Japanese admittedly are not precisely passive in their Chinese enterprise. Mussolini did not wait until Haile Selassie's Ethiopians had invaded Italy. The Japanese seem careful enough, however, not to force war on Russia. So, too, Mussolini managed to avoid fighting the British in the Mediterranean. Any government can successfully appeal to the popular desire for peace.

Do these great armies and navies mean that we are actually doomed to wage another and a more terrible world war? Probably not. A declaration of war is a deliberate act on the part of any government. True, the Chinese could not avoid the Japanese invasions and the Ethiopians could not prevent Mussolini's attack, but both Rome and Tokyo were free to choose war or peace.

Russia has had sufficient provocation to make war on Japan if Moscow really wanted to fight. Episodes can be magnified or reduced as governments desire, even though public opinion stirred up by propagandists sometimes drives ministers to action they would like to avoid.

Still a president or a prime minister or a dictator has to make an actual decision for war or peace. Congresses or parliaments have to ratify these decisions. Finally, public opinion has to act. A discouraged public opinion ended the Romanov, Hapsburg and Hohenzollern dynasties in the last war. Even in autocratically governed nations the force of public opinion must be taken into account.

In spite of H. G. Wells' gloomy forebodings, war is certainly not inevitable. The danger of war is, however, great enough to impose a heavy burden on the sane, honorable statesmen of our generation. A hothead or a fool in any important land can make it exceedingly difficult for other nations to avoid war. The task of the leaders of the definitely peace-loving nations is to manage their affairs so that war can be avoided.

If the democratic, liberal nations have reasonable luck in choosing their statesmen, it will be possible to avoid important wars despite the generals and the admirals. We are arming now because of the fears and suspicions which were left in the wake of the World War. These tend to be dissipated as the years pass. Time is the great ally of world peace.

Seldom, however, have statesmen been asked to carry a heavier responsibility. They need all the help alert and enlightened public opinion can provide.

Only we three shall know our formula

at's the formula! Let it never be changed. y *we three* shall know it," rang the voice ames Thompson, founder of the Glenmore tillery, way back in 1901.

Into the safe it goes, and one of us shall ays be present to see that this procedure ollowed exactly in every drop of whiskey distill." For no whiskey can be better than formula *and* the integrity of the men make it.

oday, safeguarding every drop of whis- which Glenmore has distilled, the old formula, and every detail of its process, still stands. Thus no matter which of the Glenmore whiskies you try, you recognize why this formula and process have been so jealously guarded through more than three decades.

Glenmore's GLENMORE, for example, is a Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, so smooth, and mild, and full bodied, it can be offered at *full 100 proof strength*—the same high proof you get in costliest whiskies. Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc. Louisville • Owensboro, Kentucky.

Glenmore
100 PROOF
Glenmore
ONE PINT
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
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OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

The Spirit of Old Kentucky

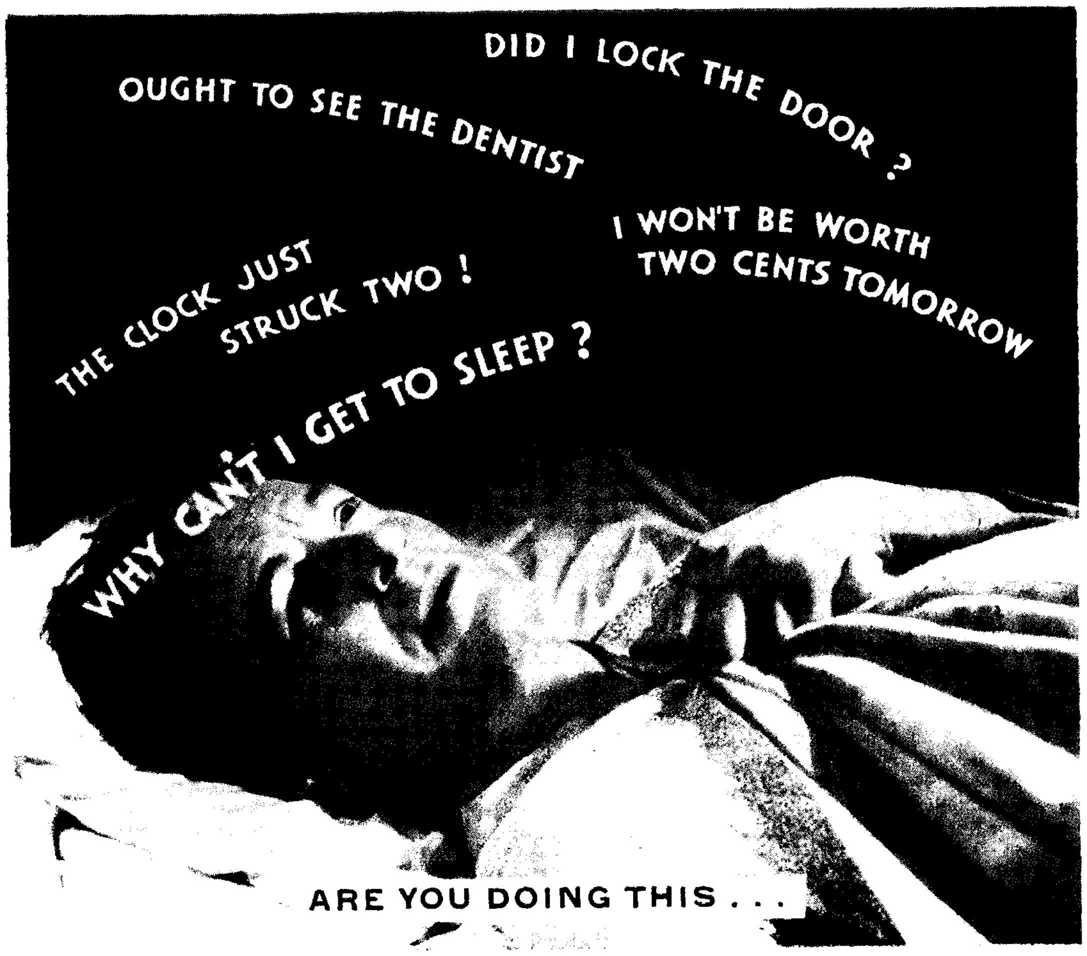
Glenmore

Founded on Public Confidence

ILLERS OF KENTUCKY TAVERN, 100 PROOF — GLENMORE, 100 PROOF — MINT SPRINGS, 90 PROOF (KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES); TOM HARDY, 90 PROOF (A BLEND OF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKIES)

SLEEP TONIGHT

for Thousands ... *This natural drugless way*


DID I LOCK THE DOOR ?
OUGHT TO SEE THE DENTIST
I WON'T BE WORTH TWO CENTS TOMORROW
THE CLOCK JUST STRUCK TWO !
WHY CAN'T I GET TO SLEEP ?

ARE YOU DOING THIS . . .

. . . OR THIS?

Try this Natural Aid that is helping so many thousands get to sleep QUICKLY—gives them new energy next day, too!

THOSE dreadful hours of lying awake before sleep comes, tossing and turning. How they wreck your nerves. Sap your strength. Unfit you for the next day, socially and commercially.

Is it necessary to suffer such nights, now? For *many* it is not. *Thousands* have found that, by taking a drink of hot Ovaltine at bedtime, they can get to sleep quicker, and wake up more refreshed the next day.

You, too, may have this same experience with Ovaltine. The quicker you try it, the sooner you will find out!

What Ovaltine is

Ovaltine is a pure food-drink, created in Switzerland and now made over here. It was used as a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers during the World War. And since then, its "sleep" benefits have become so widely known that it is now the world's favorite "nightcap."

But—what will it do for *you?*

We can't guarantee anything, of course, but here is how its action is explained . . . the way it helps induce sleep in many cases:

1. **First, when taken as a hot drink at bedtime, it helps to draw blood from the brain to the stomach—thus helping to reduce the activity of the brain. This "composes" the mind for sleep.**
2. **Second, it gives the stomach a light job to do and provides it with light nourishment. This helps relieve that hollow, restless feeling that so often keeps people awake.**
3. **Third, by setting up these favorable conditions in the body, it helps to foster *sounder* sleep. That is doubtless why so many people say they get up next morning feeling more *refreshed* . . . after they've had Ovaltine the night before.**

Thus Ovaltine exerts its benefits in *three* ways to help you get more restful sleep.

But, the big question is—the thing you're asking yourself, is . . . will it help *you?*

Try it and see

No answer can be given to that, except . . . *try it!*

Find out for yourself what Ovaltine may do for you. The easiest way to do that is to get a can of Ovaltine and make a cupful of it—*tonight.*

20,000 doctors approve Ovaltine, you know. Many hospitals and institutions use it. Won't you try it yourself?

Just mix 3 or 4 teaspoonfuls in a cup of hot milk and drink it, before you go to bed.

See if you don't sleep better, perhaps, than you have in weeks. *See* if you don't enjoy more *restful* slumber. See if you don't wake up next morning feeling more refreshed and rested than you have in a *long* while.

There is no telling how much Ovaltine may benefit you. For *sleep* is one of the greatest boons you can have!

So *get* a can of Ovaltine, from your grocer or druggist *now. Make* a cup of it, and try it *tomorrow* night, too—and the night after that.

Just make up your mind to make this test. Or—if you can wait a few days—let us send you a *trial* package of Ovaltine—enough for a 2-nights' trial.

Just clip the coupon below, and send in 10c with it to cover the cost of postage and handling. It may be the most *profitable* thing you ever did.

MAIL FOR 2-NIGHT TEST

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. S6-C-11
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine. (*Wrap dime in a piece of paper—don't paste it.*)
(*One package to a person.*)

Name ....

Address ....

City .... *State* ....

3682

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The Swiss Food-Drink—Now made in U.S.A.